



IRISH LIFE

AND


HUMOUR

IN

ANECDOTE AND STORY.

BY WILLIAM HARVEY





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BY

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A VERY cordial reception was given to "Irish Life and Humour in Anecdote and Story" on its appearance two years ago. Favourable press notices were seconded by the rapid disposal of a large edition. The suggestion was frequently made that while it would be well to reprint the original work as a book for the library, it would be a good thing if an abridgement were prepared and issued at a popular price. It was felt that such a book would appeal to the traveller and holiday-maker. Acting on that suggestion, the author has condensed the original bulky volume into the present publication. He has endeavoured to preserve the best stories of Irish wit and humour which his collection contained, and readers will find that though the following pages fall short of his original work in quantity they do not suffer in quality.

In his selection of stories, the author has endeavoured, as far as possible, to illustrate the main features of Irish character. As a general rule he has given the anecdotes exactly as he found them—without comment or observation—leaving them to speak for themselves. It is his hope that the volume will afford pleasure to Irishmen at home and abroad, and to many others who have not had the privilege of birth in the Land of the Shamrock.

4 GOWRIE STREET,
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IRISH LIFE AND HUMOUR

IN ANECDOTE AND STORY.

I.—THE JARVEY.

LIKE the Lakes of Killarney and the Giant's Causeway, the Irish jarvey is one of the attractions of the Emerald Isle. The tourist who returns with pleasing memories of the "Devil's Punch-Bowl" and the "Wishing Stone," also returns with happy recollections of the jaunting car and its witty driver. Of the wit and humour of his country the jarvey is typical, and in some ways this is lucky, for he, perhaps more than most others, comes in contact with those who are desirous of witnessing the characteristic traits of the Irish people. He is complimentary when he thinks it suits his purpose, is sarcastic when his "fare" would make merry at his expense, can practise a little deception when it lies in the way of business, but is perfectly honest when he feels that the occasion demands him to be so. To take the last feature first, what is more expressive of the jarvey's honesty, while at the same time it implies all the other traits we have mentioned, than the story of the Cork gentleman who, having an English friend on a visit to him, took the latter round the town on a car to show him the sights? Coming to a public building with which he was not acquainted, he asked the jarvey what it was. "Sure, I don't know, sir," was the reply. "Don't know?" queried the gentleman in surprise, "why, I thought there

wasn't a square foot in the whole town that a jarvey did not know the history of?" "Well, it's this way, sir," explained the jarvey, who knew his man, "I could have told you all about that building if you'd been a stranger!"

Sometimes the tourist was of opinion that the driver was "drawing the long bow," and remonstrated in consequence. "The way you're describing the different places to me," said a tourist, "you evidently consider me a stranger here." "Av coorse, sor," replied the sour-looking driver. "What makes you think I've never been here before?" "The fact that no wan iver comes back that's been here afore."

Another worthy car-driver, whose propensity for explaining places to the stranger had roused the ire of a native, who recognised that he was drawing the long bow, and who was remonstrated with for telling so many lies, warded off the attack with the words, "Indeed, thin, I've a great deal more regard for the truth than to be dhragging her out on every palthry occasion."

It was the truth, however, that was "dragged out" on another occasion. A member of the nobility—a large landowner in Ireland—paid a visit to his Irish estates. His visit was a private affair, and no one was cognisant of it but his own agent. On the first day after his arrival he hired a car to take him over his property. He was unaccompanied, and, the journey being a long one, he struck up a conversation with the driver as a means of passing time. "Who owns these estates?" he queried in a careless tone. "Well, yer honour," said the jarvey, "he's a lord—and he's not ov much account: he gets all his money from the poor people here, and spends it with the big people in London, and we never hardly see him." "Indeed," said the gentleman, "and why do the people put up with such a man?" "Faith, then," said Paddy frankly, "I don't know." "It's a wonder they don't shoot him," said the nobleman. "It is," was the somewhat laconic reply. "Come now, Pat," said the nobleman in an insinuating tone, "tell me

really why don't they shoot him?" "Well," ventured the jarvey, "it's this way, yer honour—what's everybody's business is nobody's business, and that's the truth."

As is to be expected, the jarvey has always a certain interest in his horse. He is ever ready to excuse its weaknesses when his "fare" ventures to point them out, and is always prepared to excuse himself if he is reproached concerning the condition of his steed.

"I say, Paddy," said one tourist to his car-driver, "that is the worst looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fat him up is it?" queried the Jehu, "faix, the poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now!"

Similar to this, so far at least as the load is concerned, is the reply which another driver gave on one occasion. He was driving a car between towns in the North of Ireland, and the horse was going so slow that numerous other vehicles overtook it. This roused the ire of one of the passengers, who shouted, "Push on, Paddy, you'll be late." "Who says I'll be late?" quickly asked the driver. "I do," said the passenger, prepared to stick to his guns. "Shure, an' how do ye know I'll be late?" continued the driver. "I know it by my watch," answered the passenger somewhat hotly. "Och, shure, then," said Paddy, his native wit coming to his rescue, "if your watch had a load on it like my poor ould baste it wouldn't go so fast."

As was indicated by an earlier story, questioning the driver comes in handy as a means of whiling away the time, and many are the questions which the long-suffering jarvey has to answer. These queries sometimes refer to his own domestic affairs, concerning which usually he is nothing loath to speak. A passenger who had drawn his driver into a long discussion concerning the unhappiness of his married life, elicited the fact that the driver's wife had eloped, and also that the driver intended giving a not inconsiderable sum of money to the man with whom she had gone. "What!" exclaimed the passenger

in surprise, "you're going to give all that money to the man who has eloped with your wife?" "Av coorse," said the jarvey, "and indeed I think it's me bist move. If Oi don't me woife'll be comin' back to me agin."

Very apt was a description of the wilds of Mayo given by a jarvey. He had two passengers with him, one of whom lived in a very rich grazing district. He was astonished at the bleak, miserable aspect of the country they were passing through, and so began questioning the driver as to its quality, powers of production, and what it would feed to the acre. "Well, sor," replied the driver, "it might feed a hare to the acre in summer, but in the winter she would have to run for her life."

It was this same tourist who, when driving along a country road, drew the jarvey's attention to a miserable looking tatterdemalion, and remarked—"What a shocking thing it is to see a man in such rags and misery." "Begorra, then, yer honour," replied the driver with the characteristically Irish desire to put a good face on everything, "that's not from poverty at all, at all. The truth is that the man's so ticklesome that sorra a tailor in the counthry can attempt to take his measure."

The jarvey, like other folks, sometimes "puts his foot in it" as the saying is, and apropos this the late Marquis of Dufferin told a good story. In his bachelor days he proceeded on a visit to Killyleagh Castle, from which he obtained the lady he married. His lordship, who, as is well known, wore a glass eye, engaged an Irish jaunting car at Crossgar Station, and always anxious to study human nature, picked up a conversation with the driver. "Is there anything new about this part of the country?" enquired his lordship. "Ach, now, naethin'," said Jehu, "except that they say that foine girl, Katie Hamilton, is goin' to marry blind Dufferin!" The jarvey's prophetic utterance was rewarded by an extra tip and the frequent telling of the story by the Marquis himself.

As we have remarked, the car-driver can be complimentary when it seems to suit his purpose. An old lady was getting into a car one day in Dublin, and finding it a somewhat difficult job, she turned to the driver with the request, "Help me in, my good man, for I'm very old." "Begorra, ma'm," was Pat's gallant reply, "no matter what age you are you don't look it."

Like his brother Jehu all over the world, the Irish jarvey is always anxious for a fare. "What is the shortest way to St. Patrick's?" queried a gentleman of a Dublin car-driver. "Your honour," said the jarvey, laying his hand on the seat of the car, "that is."

During a Royal visit to Ireland, and when Dublin was in a stir in consequence thereof, an English reporter drove from North Wall to Sackville Street, for which journey the legal fare is sixpence. Unhappily he asked the jarvey his fare. "T'ree shillin', sir," said Pat. "Nonsense," said the reporter, "it is only a mile, besides I know there is an arrangement in Dublin for a fixed boundary. Aren't we inside that boundary?" "Devil a bit, sir," said Pat, who, like many of his fellow-countrymen, anticipated prosperity for Ireland on account of the Royal visit, "they've altered the boundary since the Queen's come, an' it finishes at the ould gate they've been buildin' in Lesson Street." "Here you are, then," said the journalist, adding, "but, you rascal, I'll take a cheaper man next time." "Very good, sir," returned Pat with an air of independence, "but there's only one chaper in Dublin this day, and that's the Lord Mayor's carriage, an' that ye can have for nothin', though 'tis as much as yer life is worth to ride in it."

Once he secures his "fare" the jarvey endeavours to get rid of him as soon as possible, and accordingly he seldom puts off much time on the way.

In one of the busy streets of Belfast the traffic was being regulated by a young Irish constable. A number of carts were

being directed to one side when a cab drove up and endeavoured to get in front. The constable immediately held up his hand as a signal to stop, but the Jehu drove on. At this the constable seized the horse, and remarked angrily to the driver, "Why didn't you stop? Didn't you see my hand go up?" "Well," said the cabby, "I noticed it get suddenly dark; but I had as much as I could do to kape the horse from shyin' at yer feet!"

Occasionally the jarvey is caustic when the legal fare is tendered to him without the much-relished tip. An old lady in Dublin, weighing about sixteen stone avoirdupois, engaged a Jehu to convey her to a North Wall steamer. Arrived there, she presented the driver with his legal fare—sixpence. Gazing at the coin in his hand, and then at the fat old lady, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh as he turned away—"I'll laive ye to the Almighty, ma'am!"

The jarvey seldom likes to be caught in error, and usually does his best to get out of a fix. "It's a cold night, Pat," suggested a passenger one wintry evening. "Begorra it is," exclaimed Pat. "Do you think," continued the gentleman, "you could tell me the Latin for cold, Pat?" "The Latin for cowl'd is it?" said the Irishman, "Faix, I disremember it just now, though I have it at my finger ends this minit."

The jarvey's humour is always present. "Drive me to a good hotel, jarvey," said a visitor to Dublin during a Royal visit. "Well, sir," asked the driver, "which do you want?" "Any will do so long as I can get a room," was the reply. "Then," said Paddy, "if that's the way of it, ye had betther go across and throw stones at a peeler." "Why?" asked the gentleman in some curiosity. "Ye'd git locked up, then, sir," explained the driver, "an' sure 'tis the only way to get a room in Dublin this night, sir; heaven be praised!"

In addition to his legal fare the driver is always open to take a dram. A tourist was driving along a dusty road in the west of Ireland one hot summer day, and stopped at a small inn for

refreshment. On asking the jarvey if he was dry that worthy replied, "Dhroy? Did yer honour say dhroy? I'm so dhroy that if ye slapped my back ye'd see the dust flyin' out ov me mouth!"

The suggestion here broadly made was conveyed by a more subtle hint on another occasion. A man, driven home on a very wet night, wished to give the car-driver something to keep the cold out. Finding nothing at hand but a liqueur-stand with its tiny glasses, he filled up one and handed it to Jehu, remarking—"You'll think none the worse of this because it was made by the holy monks." "God bless the holy monks!" exclaimed the driver as he drained the glass, "it's thimselves that can make good liquor, but the man that blew that glass was very short of breath."

Two gentlemen were riding on a jaunting car in Belfast, when they were delayed by a block in the traffic. A newspaper boy approached the car, and addressed one of the gentlemen, who was a doctor. "Oi say, docthor, buy a paper." "I don't want one, my lad," replied the doctor. "Give me a ha'penny, docthor," pursued the youth. "I haven't got one, my lad," answered the doctor. Without replying, the boy approached the gentleman on the other side of the car. "Buy a paper, sorr." "I don't need one, boy," was again the answer received. "Give me a ha'penny, sorr," repeated the boy. "I haven't got one, boy," once more was the reply. The boy then turned to the driver, and said—"Oi say, jarvey, droive these gints to the worrk'ouse."

In addition to the jarvey the private coachman and the pony-hirer deserve notice.

While recently visiting the charming Lakes of Killarney and negotiating the famous Gap of Dunloe, on pony-back, a lady remarked to her fellow-equestrian, jestingly allusive of the extreme quiet and cautiousness of the ponies—"Are you not afraid your charger will run away?" Before the person addressed had time to reply, the guide, who walked alongside,

remarked, without the vestige of a smile—"You needn't be wan bit in dhread, me lady; he'd die before he'd be so mane as to run away!"

A merry young Irishman was employed as a coachman by a Liverpool family. While suffering from a very severe cold he made his appearance one morning with his hair cut close to his head. "Why, Dennis," said his mistress, in shocked accents; "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?" "Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cowl'd, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cowl'd on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair-cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowl'd. Do ye see the power of me rasoning, mum?" The lady was obliged to concede that Dennis's logic was irresistible.

A good story is told by a tourist, and it is characteristic of Pat's ready wit. The tourist and a French friend had a three hours' drive on a jaunting car in Dublin. Pat, the driver, was very obliging and talkative, giving them all the information he could about the places of interest they passed. When the drive was over the tourists owed Pat six shillings, but wishing to make him a present for his acting as guide to them, they discussed in French what amount they should add to the fare. "Ah," said Pat, "Oi know what you're saying." "Why, do you speak French?" "Oi understand it." "Indeed! Well, what was it we were saying?" "Oh," quickly answered Pat, "you were saying 'Let's give poor Pat half a sovereign.'" And he got it.

A little black-eyed and nimble-tongued Irish street-car conductor in Dublin came into the car and called out in his peculiarly penetrating voice—"Wan seat on the roight! Sit closer on the roight, ladies an' gentlemine, an' mek room for a leddy phwat's standing!" A big, surly-looking man, who was occupying space enough for two, said sullenly—"We can't sit

any closer." "Can't yez!" retorted the little conductor. "Begorra, you niver wint coortin' thin!" It is needless to add that room was made on the "roight" for the lady.

A young Irishman applied for a situation as a car conductor in one of the principal towns of Scotland. The manager thought him fit for the work, so asked him what pay he wanted. "Bedad," he replied, "never moind the pay—just give me the job, and Oi'll have a car of me own in a fortnight."

A street-car conductor called out shrilly to the passengers standing in the aisle—"Will thim in front plaze to move up, so that thim behind can take the places of thim in front, an' lave room for thim who are nayther in front nor behind?"

A jarvey, who was driving through the streets of Dublin, met with an obstruction in the shape of a man riding a donkey. If brevity is the soul of wit, Pat's remark reaches a high standard. It was—"Now, then, you two!"

A car-driver having driven a gentleman a long stage during a storm of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about being wet, but plaze yer honour, I'm very dry!"

A driver of a jaunting car said to a stranger of martial appearance, "Just make it a couple of shillings, Captain, dear!" "No!" "Eighteenpence then, Major!" "No!" "Och thin, Colonel, darling, just threppence for a glass o' whisky!" "No, I tell you!" "Git out with ye thin, ye boa conshthructor; sure an' I know'd ye all the toime!"

A gentleman who had been driving in a car paid the driver sixpence, the legal fare. The driver immediately threw a cloth over his horse's head. "What did you do that for?" said the gentleman. "Yer honner, I would not have the poor beast see he had gone all that way for sixpence!"

At a certain town in the South of Ireland a party of tourists was driving one Christmas Eve on an outside car along a road which ran dangerously close to the cliffs, besides being badly kept and covered with boulders. Luckily, on this occasion the

journey was performed without accident, and one of the party congratulated the jarvey on his skilful driving. The honest Jehu took their congratulations quietly, and complacently remarked—"Yes, yer honour, an' there's not another driver in Ireland cud do it as I'm afther doin' it—without linchpins!"

The Irish jarvey had always an eye to the main chance, and seldom failed to make the best of his opportunities.

Patrick Kelly was the only man who owned a jaunting-car in the whole village of L——, in Kerry, and as he had the monopoly of the business he made a very good thing by letting it out on hire to the neighbours. One day Kelly, according to report, indulged too freely at the village inn, and as he became a danger to the community by violently assaulting anybody he chanced to meet in the street he was taken in charge and locked up. The next day he was brought before the magistrate and fined forty shillings, with the option of seven days. When sentence was passed, Kelly scratched his head for a second, and then informed his honour "that if it was all the same to him he'd be taking the seven days." Accordingly he was taken into custody preparatory to being conducted to gaol. Now, the prison was ten miles away, and the only possible means of getting a prisoner there was by driving. As Kelly himself had the only car in the place, there was nothing to do but to hire it. For some time the constable and his prisoner haggled over the terms. Kelly struck out firmly for fifty shillings, to be paid in advance, and at last the constable had to consent to the extortion. Accordingly they drove off, and without any misadventures arrived at the prison. When they had alighted, Kelly suddenly informed his companion that he had changed his mind, as the prison wasn't a decent-looking place, and would pay the fine. He thereupon drew out the fifty shillings he had received, counted out the forty, and paid them over to the inspector. Then, jumping on his car, he drove away, leaving the constable to walk back.

II.—THE DOMESTIC SERVANT.

THE domestic servant may safely be regarded as a type of Irish character. Numberless are the stories which cluster round the proverbial "Bridget," and if some are hardly to her credit, many are indicative of the fact that she can frequently hold her own with the best. Her knowledge of life is sometimes limited and leads to amusing blunders, and her desire for a sweetheart gives rise to many mirth-provoking stories. Like her fellow-servants of every nationality she is not always above reproach in the matter of cleanliness and ability, but what she lacks in domestic economy she makes up in wit and humour.

As has been said, Bridget's desire to have a young man has given rise to many stories.

"Of course," explained a young lady when she was engaging a raw girl as maid-of-all-work, "I find everything." "Indade!" exclaimed the domestic, while a smile of satisfaction diffused her features, "includin' a swateheart, mum?"

Another mistress, engaging an Irish servant, explained somewhat sarcastically—"There's a piano in the kitchen, a bicycle for your own use, and a tennis lawn set apart exclusively for all my servants and their friends." "Well, ma'am," replied the maid, on whom the sarcasm was not wholly lost, "if there's any stipulation as to a dowry in the event of marriage, I think your terms will suit."

"That was a very nice letter of Patrick's offering you marriage, Mary," said a mistress who helped her domestic with her correspondence. "What shall I say in reply for you?" "Tell him, mum, if you plaze," explained Mary, "that when I get my wages raised next month, mum, I'll begin to save for the wedding things."

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last

evening?" "Will, mum, thot's f'r him t' say. Oi done me best wid th' m'terials at hand, mum."

"Charley writes me that he will coach his class this season. Isn't he a son to be proud of?" "He is indade, mum," said Bridget, "an' we kin both fale throe proudness, fer it's mesilf thot has a bye who is a coachman too."

"Bridget," exclaimed the lady of the house, "this is altogethor too much; you have a new follower in the kitchen every week." "Well, ma'am," was the reply, "you see, the food in this house is so bad no one will come for longer than a week."

"Now, Bridget," said a mistress when arranging the preliminaries, "when I have company I shall expect you to stay out of the room." "Yis, mum," said Bridget, "an' Oi'll expect the same av you."

Mrs Thom's maid had been away to a friend's funeral, and on her return her mistress asked her how she had got on. "Indade, mum," replied Mary, "I had jist an iligant toime. Oi sat in a foine coach wid the corp's husband, and he squazed me hand all the toime, and towld me, says he, 'Troth, Mary, but ye're jist the belle av th' funeral.'"

Bridget confided to her mistress when taking service that she had lately become engaged to be married. She stated, however, that she and Tim would have to wait two years, and in the meantime she wished to be earning money. When Tim made his first call the family remarked that they had never known so quiet a man. The sound of Bridget's voice rose now and then from the kitchen, but Tim's words were apparently few and far between. "Tim is not much of a talker, is he, Bridget?" said the mistress of the house next morning. "I should scarcely have known there was any one with you last evening." "He'll talk more when we've been engaged a while longer, I'm thinking, ma'am," said Bridget. "He's too bashful yet to do anything but eat, ma'am, when he's wid me!"

"Mary," said a mistress one morning, "I was almost sure,

once last evening while the policeman was in the kitchen, that I heard a sound very much like two people kissing." "Did you hear it only wanst, mum?" queried Mary. "Yes," said the mistress. "Then it wasn't us," replied Mary.

"What is the matter, Bridget?" asked a lady of her servant who had given notice that she was to leave. "Why are you going to leave?" "Sure, ma'am," explained Bridget, "my policeman has been appointed to another beat."

"Bridget, I don't think it is hardly the thing for you to entertain company in the kitchen." "Don't ye worry, mum. Shure, an' Oi wouldn't be afther depdroivin' ye o' th' parler."

A lady one day, being in need of some small change, called down stairs to the cook and inquired:—"Mary, have you any coppers down there?" "Yes, mum, I've two; but, if you please, mum, they're both me cousins!" was the unexpected reply.

The same lady hearing sounds of mirth ascending from the lower regions of her house one night, rang the bell and inquired of the servant, "Is that hilarity I hear in the kitchen, Bridget?" "No, ma'am," was the reply, "it's Mr Murphy, and the jokes of him would make the Pope himself laugh."

"Bridget, how did it happen that when we came in last night after the theatre there was a policeman in the kitchen?" "Sure, mum, Oi don't know; but Oi think the theatre didn't last as long as usual."

"Mary, Mary," called the voice of the lady of the house down the stairs, "Isn't that the voice of your young man downstairs?" "No, indeed, mum," answered Mary promptly. The lady of the house retired and Mary said to her beau—"Sure, Mike, and isn't it real nice that you are over forty. Honestly, it wud pain me to tell a lie."

"What is so laughable, Nora?" "Th' policeman's big mustache, mum." "Dear me! His mustache seems to tickle you every time he passes." "Oh, no, mum. Just betwax eight and noine at noight."

"When that young man comes, Bridget, show him into the parlour," explained a young lady one afternoon. "My young man or yours, mum?" was the pertinent query.

"No, ma'am," said Bridget. "Oi can't shtay anny longer. Yer daughther has too many dudes callin' on her." "The ideal!" said her mistress. "That's none of your affair." "Oi know thot," was the reply, "but the neighbours don't. Oi'm afeared they'll be thinkin' the dudes is callin' on me."

"I don't want you to have so much company," said a mistress, adding, "you have more callers in a day than I have in a week." "Well, mum," replied the domestic, "perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have."

"How is it, Mary, that whenever I enter the kitchen I always find a man there?" enquired a mistress. "I don't know, ma'am, indeed, unless it be them there soft shoes ye wears, that don't make no noise!" replied Mary.

"Do you think that young policeman who calls here so often means business, Norah?" said an enquiring lady. "I think he do, mum," answered the blushing cook. "He's begun to complain about my cooking already."

A young matron, whose girlish appearance sometimes subjects her to the persecutions of impudent strangers, neatly rebuked one of those public nuisances in a large railway station. He was dressed in a style that he regarded as very "fetching," and he ogled the young woman persistently. Finally he edged through the crowd until he was directly in front of her, when he bent down, and, lifting his hat, said—"Beg pardon, but I'm sure I've met you somewhere." "Oh, yes," began the young woman, in a pleasant voice. "Delighted"—broke in the youth ecstatically. "You are the young man who calls on our cook," continued the young woman, in a clear voice. "I'll tell Bridget that I saw you."

Sometimes interest in Bridget leads to a little amusement.

It was at an Irish ball, and a gay young fellow in crossing

the room to request Bridget's hand in the next reel stumbled over the outstretched foot of Mr. Terence O'Grady, who promptly arose, and in the politest manner, said, "I beg your pardon, sir." "No offence—no offence, sir, at all," responded the other; "it was my fault." "I beg your pardon, sir, it was entirely my fault," was the response, accompanied with a graceful wave of the hand. "No, sir," answered Masther O'Toole, "yer intirely in the wrong, sir; I tell ye it was altogether my fault." "I tell ye it was not, sir," responded Misther O'Grady; "do you mane to say I'd be tilling ye a lie, sir?" "Bad luck to ye, sir, d'ye mane to say I'd be afther tilling ye a lie, sir, when I till ye it wasn't your fault?" responded O'Toole quite wroth. "Bad luck to yer bad brading, ye ignorant polthroon; d'ye think ye'd be a getting the betther uv me in manners?" shouted Misther O'Grady, as with a tip and a blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole flat as a pancake. Order was eventually restored, but not without some difficulty.

A mistress engaged a cook from the North who was supposed to be an experienced kitchen servant. A hare was received as a present, and her mistress went as usual next morning to give her instructions for dinner. "I wish to have soup, Mary. I suppose you know how to prepare it?" "Oh, yes, certainly, ma'am," she replied. "Well, I should like it good this evening, as one or two friends are coming to dine with us." The dinner hour approached, and the mistress went into the kitchen to see how things were progressing. Her surprise may better be imagined than described at seeing the cook seated in a chair with the hare on her lap, tugging and pulling in vain at its skin. "Why, Mary," she exclaimed in horror, "what are you trying to do?" "Well, ma'am," answered the maid, "I have never had such a beast to pluck before. I have sat here these two hours, but never a bit can I get off."

Mrs Bradbury was instructing the new cook. One morning she went into the kitchen and found Katie weeping over a pan of onions. "Oh, you're having a harder time than you need

to have, Katie," said she. "Always peel onions under water." "Indade, ma'am," said Katie, "I'm the last one to do that, askin' yer pardon. Me brother Mick was always divin' and pickin' up stones from the bottom. It's little he couldn't do under wather, if 'twas tyin' his shoes or writin' a letter; but me, I'm that unaisy in it I'd be gettin' me mouth full and drownin' entirely. So if ye plaze, ma'am, I'll pale thim the same ould way I've always been accustomed to, and dhry me tears afterwards."

"What have you done to the plum-pudding, Bridget?" "The brandy ye gave me to pour on it got spilt, mem," explained Bridget, "so I used paraffin instead. Can't you get it to burn?"

"I think, Sarah," said a mistress one day when she was giving instructions, "you had better roast the mutton for dinner, and postpone the pork." "Sure, mum," said Sarah blankly, "I can roast and bile and stew wi' the best, but it's the first time I ever heard o' pos'ponin' a jint!"

A lady advertised for a cook, and many applied for the situation. Owing to the lady's fastidiousness, however, none of them seemed to suit her requirements, until at the eleventh hour a Bridget also made application, and was put to the test. "Are you able to do plain cooking?" enquired the lady. "The plainer the better for me, ma'am," was the frank reply. "Now, look here, Bridget," said the lady; "my husband likes his meat boiled, and I like mine roasted. You understand?" "Yes, ma'am," assented Bridget. "Now then," said the lady, "if I gave you a fowl to cook for dinner, how would you do it?" Bridget thought for a moment, and then replied, "I wud roast it first, ma'am, and you could ate your share, thin I would boil what you left for the masther."

Bridget is frequently of an independent mind. "I'm leavin', mum," said the maid of all work to her mistress, who was an invalid. "I'm goin' dressmakin', and I couldn't stay here no-hows, anyhow." "Oh, it's too bad, but I would have given

you due notice and a week's wages." "I'll give you warnin' till I pack me trunk, mum. I'm no slave, and I'm not used to bein' complained of, either. I kin cook with the best of 'em, and I wouldn't go down on me knees to lord or lady, not me. Didn't you tell your husband to look after the house while you was sick, mum?" "I did." "It was the mistake of your life, mum. He makes a god of his stomach. That he do, mum, and a serf of his servants." "He's one of the best-hearted men alive." "I'm speakin' of his stomach, mum. I made him hash, as he likes for breakfast. He says there was too much meat in it. I makes him another plate for the next mornin', and he says it was all potatoes. 'I guess I can't suit you,' says I. 'Don't guess again,' says he, and I told him that he didn't know no more about stylish hash than a cow does about runnin' a dancin' school. He said he would make me a gift of a cook book so I could learn how to make hash. Me! I could make hash before he had teeth to eat with. Me and him can't live under the same roof, mum, an' you kin make your choice."

A vicar's wife, upon whom visitors had unexpectedly called, hastened to the kitchen to inquire what in the emergency could be provided for luncheon. "Well, ma'am," said the girl, turning to the cooking-book, "you might have a fricassee, ma'am—a fricasseed rabbit." "But," exclaimed the mistress, "where's the rabbit to come from?" "La, ma'am, I don't know. But it says here, 'What you haven't got you can leave out.'"

A lady, who had been giving a dinner-party, had told her maid to put away all the refreshments that were left on the table before retiring to bed. The next day, on looking for them, the lady could not find them, so calling to her maid, she asked—"Bridget, what did you do with those things I told you to put away last night?" "Shure, mum," explained Bridget, "and ye tould me to put 'em away, and I did, mum, and enjoyed 'em, too."

"Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the

pantry floor, Annie?" enquired a lady of her servant. "Oh, yes, mum—aisily," was the reply. "I shteppped in it."

A cookery school girl said to the servant one day, "Bridget, what did you do with that Christmas cake I baked yesterday? Mr. Finefello is here, and I want to give him some." "Well, Miss," said Bridget, "Oi'll get it for ye if ye say so, but, sure, it isn't me wud be discooragin' a noice young man loike that."

"This isn't a clean knife, Jane," said a young lady to her servant. "Isn't it, mum?" queried the servant, and then she added, "I don't know how that is. I'm sure it ought to be. The last thing cut was soap."

"Bridget, what is the clock doing on the range?" asked a mistress one morning when she entered the kitchen and saw the clock occupying a place on the range. "Didn't you tell me ter boil the eggs five minutes by the clock?" enquired the cook.

"I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget," said a young lady when engaging a servant. "Then, bedad, ma'am," said the cook, "let me hear no complaints!"

A young lady was greatly distressed as Bridget awkwardly dropped the chicken on the floor when about to place it on the table, and exclaimed, "Dear me! Now we've lost our dinner!" "Indade ye've not," said Bridget complacently, "Oi have me foot on it!"

"Woman, alive," said a lady to her servant, "you have cooked the fowl I got for Sunday instead of the beef." "Shure Oi didn't know it was the mate ye wanted fur to-day," was the reply. "You might have known I wanted the fowl on Sunday without my telling you," said the mistress angrily. "Moight I, indade?" asked the servant in a tone of contempt. "Did ye expict ter get a moind reader fur five bob a wake?"

"Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps," said a mistress to her servant, an inexperienced girl who was waiting table. "Yes, mum," said the servant in a tone which shewed she was anxious to please, "where shall I spill it?"

She was a young wife, just married, from boarding-school, and although educated regardless of expense, didn't know beans from any other vegetables. Hence this dialogue with the cook—"Now, Biddy, what are we to have for dinner?" "There's two chickens to dress, mum." "I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?" "Why, mum, they're in their feathers yet." "Oh, then, serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with the feathers on. It will be a surprise to hubby." "It will that, mum. Shure, if you want to help, you could be parin' the turnips." "Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque." "I think, mum, that washing the celery do be more in your line." "All right, Biddy. I'll take it up to the bathroom, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck." "Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you were eddicated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself, if we be going to work together."

"Bridget, I've come down to help you," said this same young lady on another occasion. "Begging your pardon, mum, I'd rather not, as I am werry busy to-day," replied Bridget.

A servant was complimented by her mistress before company on the elaborate ornamentation of a large pie at dinner. "Why, Bridget, you are quite an artist. How did you manage to do this so beautifully?" she inquired, thinking to rally her for the company's amusement. "Indade, an' it was mesilf that did it, mum," said Bridget, with a malicious grin. "Isn't it purty? I did it with your false teeth, mum!"

"Bridget," said the mistress in a reproving tone of voice, "breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when you went to bed." "It was, ma'am," admitted Bridget. "I knew you was awake, for I heard ye movin' about; an' I said to meself ye'd need sleep this mornin', an' I wouldn't disturb ye wid an early breakfast, ma'am."

"Here, Bridget," said the kind-hearted boarder, "are some crabs. I heard your mistress say that she was fond of them. Will you cook them for her?" "Sure and I will," responded Bridget, taking the strong paper bag containing the collection from the hand of the boarder. "And it's much obliged the mistress'll be to you, sir," and Bridget started up stairs to show the prize to her mistress, who was ill in bed, while the boarder went to his room on the top floor. Now it happened that Bridget, in the course of her varied cooking experiences, had never before come in direct contact with crabs. She supposed, very naturally, that the little beasts were dead, the same as the other animals had been which she had prepared for the tables of her various mistresses; and, consequently, she had not the slightest idea of the hideous crawling life contained in the bag, which she held so carelessly in her arms as she entered the room of her mistress. The crabs, however, were only biding their time. "Mum," she said, "here's a present the ginerous Top-Floor-Front gave me, with the direction that I be after cooking thim for the mistress," and she held the bag close to her bosom by way of calling attention to its contents. "What are they, Bridget?" inquired the mistress. "Crabs," replied Bridget, with a broad grin. "Oh, it's a foin warm heart the Top-Floor-Front has, mum." "Why, Bridget," said the mistress, anxiously watching her careless handling of the bag, "don't you know that crabs are alive and can pinch?" "Sure, mum, and you'll be after making jolly, even if you are sick," and Bridget's smile broadened. "Why, I've baked bushels of the darlint little beasties," and by way of showing her familiarity with the animals she opened the bag and thrust her nose into it to have a good look at them. Now it happened that an exceedingly large, long-armed and strong-clawed revengeful old crab had pushed himself to the top of the pile within the bag. His beady black eyes caught sight of Bridget's plump nose. He did not know what it was; but it certainly looked as though it was made to pinch. The nose came closer

and closer. Suddenly, the long arm shot upward and the strong pinchers closed with a snap around the red end. "Holy mother!!!" and with a yell that made the window panes rattle in the house across the street, Bridget leaped up into the air, hurling the bag of crustaceans violently from her; but not until another of the "darlint little beasties" had fastened hold on the little finger of her right hand and two more had gripped the neat white collar she always wore around her neck. The bag fell on the bed in front of the sick woman, burst open, and about a dozen of the hideous crawlers started for shelter underneath the friendly bed clothes, while a couple made a scurry for the sick woman's long red hair, which was unfastened and lay on the pillow around her head, doubtless mistaking it for seaweed. Never, in all history, sacred or profane, did a woman get out of bed as quickly as did the screaming mistress, and when she jumped she knocked the crabs sprawling in every direction all over the room. The Top-Floor-Front and the French Dancing Master in the back hall room came down stairs, two steps at a time; and gallantly rushed to the ladies' rescue. The instant they opened the door Bridget, with a yell that would have made the hair of a Comanche Indian stand on end, bounded out, knocking the little dancing master flat on his back, and made a dive for her bedroom in the basement. Fortunately the shock of the collision broke the hold of the crabs and they fell to the floor. The mistress stood screaming on the top of the centre table, a fringe of crabs hanging to her nightgown and a couple dangling from her long red hair. The moment she caught sight of the kind-hearted boarder she fell fainting into his arms. The two men secured the crabs and placed them in a large tin pail. Then the kind-hearted boarder started out to hunt up Bridget. He found her in her bedroom, with her head under the bed clothes, mumbling prayers and counting her beads as fast as she could make her fingers fly. When she saw the kind-hearted boarder she leaped to her feet and shouted—"A foine man you are, you dirty blackguard, to

be after frightening the seven wits out of a poor girl with your nasty spidery crabs, with the deevil's own grip in their toes. Get out!" and she hurled an old shoe at his head. The kind-hearted boarder got.

In cleaning as in cooking the servant is not always too particular.

"Why didn't you clean the windows this week, Mary?" asked Mrs. Browne. "Oi couldn't, mum. There was so much other worruk to do," said Mary. "Well, if you can't do it, I will have to get someone that can," continued Mrs. Browne. "Oi wish ye would, mum," replied Mary; "for there's too much worruk here fer me to do alone."

"Mary Anne," said Mrs. Watts one day when she was making an inspection, "these banisters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair-rails are clean and as smooth as glass." "Yis, mum," said Mary Ann with a smile. "She has three small boys."

"Norah, you must always sweep behind the doors," said a young lady who noticed an accumulation of dust in odd corners. "Yes'm," said Norah; "I always does. It's the asiest way of gettin' the durrit out of sight."

"See, Bridget," said a mistress angrily to her housemaid, "I can write my name in the dust on this mantelpiece." "There's nothin' like eddication, after all, is there, mum?" said Bridget, admiringly.

"Goodness, Jane, what a kitchen!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Every pot, pan, and dish is dirty, the table is a perfect litter, and—why, it will take you all night to clean things up! What have you been doing?" "Sure, ma'am," explained Jane, "the young leddies has just been showin' me how they bile a pertater at their cookery school."

"Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed?" asked a lady of her servant. "Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so ye can look out," replied Bridget; "but I intentionally lift thim a little dirty on the

outside so thim aignorant Jones children nixt door couldn't look in."

Mrs. Anderson was having one of her houses cleaned, preparatory to letting it to a new tenant. Assisting her was a "cleaner" named Bridget, who proved to be very inefficient. Finding a room which was supposed to be in order still very dirty, Mrs. Anderson swept it herself. Then she said to Bridget, whom she met in the hall—"Why, I thought you said you had swept the front room, and here I have got a whole dustpan full of dirt out of it." Nothing disconcerted, Bridget responded with a beaming smile—"Did ye, now, ma'am? I got two."

"Bridget, I am tired of your carelessness. Only look at all that dust lying about on the furniture; it is six months old at the very least." "Then it is no fault of mine," said Bridget in a dignified tone. "You know very well, mum, that I have been with you only three months."

"Why, Mary, when I engaged you," said a lady, "I understood you could make entres well." "I thought I could, mum," replied Mary. "I made the beds in my last place."

"Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?" "Oi don't know, mum, unless ye raise me wages."

A servant-maid, who was left-handed, placed the knives and forks upon the dinner-table in the same awkward fashion. Her master remarked to her that she had placed them all left-handed. "Ah! true, indeed, sir," she said, "and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?"

"I can't stand the missus, sur," said a servant in a complaining voice to her master. "It's a pity, Bridget," said the master sarcastically, "that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you." "Sure, sur," replied Bridget, "we all make mistakes."

"Shall I dust the bric-a-brac, mum?" asked a young maid.

"Not to-day, Nora," was the meaning reply. "I don't think we can afford it."

"Oi can't stay, ma'am, unless ye gives me more wages," said Bridget to her mistress. "What?" exclaimed the mistress. "Why, you don't know how to cook or to do housework at all." "That's just it, ma'am," explained the domestic, "an' not knowin' how, sure the wurk is all the harder for me."

"I told you half an hour ago to turn on the gas in the parlour, Bridget?" said a mistress enquiringly. "Sure, an' I did, mum," answered Bridget. "Don't ye shmell it?"

"Come, Bridget, how much longer are you going to be filling that pepper box?" "Shure, ma'am, and it's meself can't say how long it'll be takin' me to get all this stuff in the thing through the little holes in the top."

The "answering of the door" is a duty in which the servant occasionally shines.

"Have you answered the door, Bridget?" enquired a mistress who thought she heard the bell ring. "Not exactly, mum," said Bridget savagely, as at the same time she felt her head; "but Oi spoke to it jist now, whin Oi cracked my head against it."

Among the well-known servants of a well-known house in Dublin is one young woman of native wit, who is never at a loss for an expedient. She attended a knock at the door one day, when a stranger presented himself, and asked to see the lady of the house. "What name shall I say?" "Mr. Stiltzenheimer," said he. "Beg pardon, sir," said she. "Stiltzenheimer," repeated he. The girl hesitated at the name, which was evidently beyond the intricacies of her speech, and then opening the door of the parlour, said with a laugh—"Step in, sir, if you please, and—and bring the name with you."

"Is your mistress in?" enquired a caller. "Did you see her at the window as you came up the walk?" said the maid.

"No," was the response. "Well," explained the girl, "she said if you hadn't seen her to say that she was out."

"Is your mistress in?" asked another visitor. "Faith, Oi don't know," replied the servant. "She towld me this mornin' Oi wuz enough to put a saint out. However, judgin' from that, ma'am, I guess she's in."

"Is the Rev. Mr. Brown at home?" asked a stranger, confronted by a smiling maid at the parsonage door. "No, sorr, he is attinding a widding," answered the maid. "I particularly want to see him. Can you tell me when I shall be likely to find him?" asked the caller. "Well, sorr," was the smiling reply, "I don't know just whin he'll be back, for he has another funeral to attind afther, and the both will delay him some time, sorr!"

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, instructing her new maid, "when a lady comes to call upon me, you must hand her this tray, and bring her card straight upstairs to me." "Yis'm," replied Bridget promptly. The next afternoon Mrs. Morse was surprised by the appearance of Bridget, bearing a card in her hand. "Why, Bridget," she remonstrated, "didn't I tell you yesterday to hand the little silver tray to the callers?" "Yis'm," replied the smiling maid, "an' I did hand it to her, an' it's herself was unwillin' to take it: but whin I tould her it was my mistress's ixpriss orthers, she give in, quite mild an' pleased like. You'll find it safe wid her down in the drawing-room, ma'am." And sure enough, Mrs. Morse, when she had made a hasty descent, found her visitor holding the salver, while her mouth was twitching with suppressed amusement. "I didn't dare refuse it," she said meekly, "as long as Bridget was so urgent."

The scarcity of servant girls led Mrs. Vaughan to engage a farmer's daughter from a rural district. Her want of familiarity with town ways and language led to many amusing scenes. One afternoon a lady called at the Vaughan residence, and rang the bell. Kathleen answered the call. "Can Mrs.

Vaughan be seen?" the visitor asked. "Can she be seen?" sniggered Kathleen. "Shure, an' Oi think she can; she's six feet hoigh, and four feet woide! Can she be seen? Sorrah a bit of anything ilse can ye see whin she's about."

Mr. H——, a Manchester merchant, had been over to Connaught, and while there engaged a servant. She duly arrived, but, to say the least, she was unsophisticated. She was called Biddy, and visiting cards were things unknown to her, so her mistress carefully explained their use. One day some ladies called to see Mrs. H——, and Biddy answered the door. "Phwat do yez want?" she asked. "We wish to see Mrs. H——," was the reply. "Have yez a ticket?" was Biddy's next question. "A ticket! What do you mean?" asked the astonished inquirer. "If yez have a ticket ye can see the mistress, an' if ye have not, sure it's meself will close the door on yez," replied Biddy, firmly.

"Did anyone call while I was out?" enquired a lady at her new housemaid. "Yis, mum," was the answer, "foive leddies an' two gintlemen." "Where are their cards?" asked the mistress. "There was no need o' thim lavin' any," said Bridget. "Why not, I should like to know?" persisted the mistress. "Oi was at home," explained Bridget. "You?" interrogated the lady mysteriously. "Yes, mum," said Bridget; "they called on me, mum."

"Mary," said a mistress to her maid who appeared without cap or apron, "why is it that you persist in going about without your uniform?" "Sure, mum," said the pretty maid who hated it, "everybody knows by this time that I am not the lady."

"Jane," said a young lady to her servant, "I've laid the key of my escritoire somewhere, and I cannot find it. I wish you would bring me that box of old keys. I daresay I can find one to fit it." "It's no use, ma'am," said Jane in a moment of forgetfulness; "there isn't a key in the 'ouse as'll fit that desk."

An Irish servant girl was preparing the ice cream, tea and cakes for a Brooklyn evening party, when her employer remarked to her daughter jocularly, apropos of the heat—"I'm afraid those mosquitoes will come in to-night over the back fence." Going downstairs to the kitchen later she was surprised to find several gallons of tea more than she needed already made. "You've made too much tea, Norah," she said. "I told you the big kettle full would be quite enough." "Sure, that's so, ma'am," replied the girl, "but that was before you said anything about the other gists." "What other guests?" inquired the hostess in astonishment. "Why, the Mossquitoes, ma'am, you said were comin' over the back fince."

"There is one thing I wish to say to you," said a housewife to a new domestic. "The last girl had a habit of coming into the parlour and playing the piano occasionally. You never play the piano, do you?" "Yis, mum, I plays," said the domestic; "but I'll hev to charge ye half a crown a week aixtry if I'm to furnish music for the family."

At a party given by a lady an "extra" maid was engaged to assist the regular servant in passing tea and cake. The "extra hand," to whom this duty was entirely new, became rather excited, and bustled to and fro with more energy than grace. When about to retire, after going the round of the room, she suddenly stopped, and pointing to a portion of the company in an adjoining apartment, innocently inquired of the regular housemaid, loud enough for the whole company to hear—"Hev ye fed them crathurs over there yet?"

"Bridget, I can't get into the parlour," said a lady to her servant. "Sure it's meself knows that," said Bridget, "an' ye won't, for I've got the kay in me pockit." "Open the door immediately!" demanded the mistress. "Will ye go in if I do?" enquired Bridget. "Certainly I will," said the mistress. "Then ye don't get the kay. Shure, it's by your orders," explained Bridget. "Ye said yesterday, 'Don't let me come downstairs in the morning and see any dust on the parlour

furniture.' So I just puts the kay in me pocket, an', says I, then she sha'n't!"

"And remember, Bridget, there are two things I must insist upon—truthfulness and obedience!" "Yes, mum," said Bridget pointedly. "And when you tell me to tell the ladies you're out when you're in, which shall it be, mum?"

"There's a man in the parlour wants to see you, sir," announced Bridget. "I'll be there in a minute," said the master. "Ask him to take a chair." "Sure, sir," explained Bridget, "he says he's going to take all the furniture. He is from the instalment company."

"What does this mean, Bridget?" exclaimed the lady of the house, returning from shopping; "the telephone's been taken out!" "Sure, ma'am, the girl over the way came over and said her missus would like to use it for a little while, and I sint it over to her; but I had a terrible job gettin' it unscrewed from the wall, ma'am."

"Didn't the alarm clock go off?" enquired the mistress one morning. "It must have went off, mum, for I can't foind it this mornin'," answered Bridget. "Why, what did you do with it?" queried the mistress. "I jist laid it on the shed in the back yard, mum, so that it wouldn't annoy me."

"Has Mr. Johnson got home for dinner yet, Bridget?" "No, mum," answered the servant. "I thought I heard him downstairs." "Sure that was the dog you heard growlin', mum," explained Bridget.

"Sure, Oi had another row wit' the missus, an' Oi dunno if she'd loike me to lave or not," said the cook. "She hasn't said anything to me, Bridget," said the housemaid. "Bedad! if she wanted me to shtay Oi'd lave, an' if she wanted me to lave Oi'd shtay!" replied the cook in true Hibernian fashion.

A lady after making arrangements for an evening party went down to the kitchen to see Bridget. "Now, Bridget," she said, "I am going to give a party. I sincerely hope you

will make yourself generally useful." "Sure, I'll do my best," replied Bridget, "but I'm so sorry I can't dance."

"Charles, you know how fond Mary, our cook, always seems of music. Well, I had a ticket for the concert this afternoon and I offered it to her, and said—'Mary, there is to be a little work with a short overture that you will like.' And what do you suppose she said?" "Asked for another for the policeman," said Charles smiling. "No; but she said so earnestly, 'Thank yer, ma'am, but Oi've plenty o' work here, widout goin' out for more. And I won't go, thank yer, ma'am.'"

A lady, having had a few angry words with her husband one day, had occasion, a few moments after, to send her servant for some fish for dinner. "Bridget," said the mistress, "go down the town at once and get me a plaice." "Indade, an' I will, ma'am," said Bridget; "and I may as well get wan for myself, too, for I can't stand the masther no more than yerself."

"Have you any near relatives, Norah?" asked a mistress in the South of her servant. "Only an aunt, ma'am," was the reply, "and she isn't what you would call near, for it's in Ulshter she lives, ma'am."

"Did the fishmonger send the lobsters?" "He did, mum, but I sent thim back. They wuzn't ripe!"

"I am not such a fool as I look," said a mistress in a superior tone. "No, mum," replied the servant mildly; "you're not."

"Didn't you hear the door-bell, Mary?" "Yes, mum." "Well, why didn't you answer it." "I did answer it; I said, 'Oh, bother!' mum."

"Didn't the ladies who called leave any cards?" "They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own, and better, too."

An Irish servant girl in a Newcastle family was very anxious to know the meaning of the word "Kismet," which was inscribed over the door of her mistress's house. Upon being asked, her mistress informed her that it meant "Fate," and the incident passed from the lady's mind. A few days later

the servant came hobbling downstairs with an agonised expression on her face, when the mistress asked what was the matter. "Shure, ma'am, but its some terrible corns I've got on my kismet!" was the reply.

"What in the world are you putting ashes on the floor for, Bridget?" asked the lady of the house. "Shure, ma'am," was the reply, "an' didn't ye say to doost the parlour?"

"I thought you said you could do plain sewing?" said a mistress angrily. "So I did, ma'am." "Just look at the stitches in this apron you made, I can see them across the room." "Yes, ma'am. Isn't that plain enough to satisfy you, ma'am?"

A mistress said one day to a pretty Irish maid whose much-braided and abundant hair looked as if it had not seen a brush for months—"Kathleen, your hair isn't brushed often enough. How often do you do it?" Kathleen, shyly—"Sometimes I do it now, but other days I do it then—generally then!"

"You will find the work easy," said Mrs. Blimber. "We live very simply, and there are no children to——" "Oh, Oi'll not take the place if there's no children," interrupted the applicant. "The idea! You're certainly an exception to the rule." "Well, if there's no childer, all the dishes Oi break 'll be blamed on me."

"You quite understand, Bridget," said a lady to her new servant, "that I shall only be 'at home' every Wednesday from three to five?" "Yis, mum," replied Bridget, and then to herself she said, "Bridget, me swate soul, if iver a woman had a hivenly sitivation, sure it's yersilf has got it. Wid the mistress only at home fur two hours ivery wake, phwat a roarin' time Oi can have av it. Hurroo fur ould Oireland!"

III.—SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

THE Irish soldier is not unknown in the realm of anecdote and story. Made of good material, Paddy does not hesitate to enlist in the service of his king and country, and, whatever may be his private opinion of the injustices of his native isle, he is loyalty itself when the honour of the Empire is in danger. Of a jovial temperament naturally, he enters into—indeed makes—the free and unrestrained sociality that is associated with barrack-room life, and in times of peace and war alike he has always that reckless joviality which is so characteristic of his country.

A young lad on a market day in a provincial town was attending a donkey attached to a cart, and had his arm round the neck of the animal, when two recruiting sergeants passed. One of them, in an endeavour to be funny, said—"What are you hugging your brother so tightly for?" "'Cause," was the ready rejoinder, "I was afraid he'd 'list!"

An Irishman hailing from Dublin crossed the Channel and enlisted in a line regiment. One morning, when assembling on parade for drill, Pat happened to fall in next to a London recruit. On the order "Double!" being given by the drill-sergeant, the Cockney was heard to exclaim:—"Oh, hang doubling!" To which Pat immediately replied—"And hang London, ye spalpeen!"

A drill-sergeant was inspecting some recruits on parade, and was loud in his threats of what he would do if they ever dared turn out so dirty again. He stood in front of one recruit and swore that he had not cleaned his boots for over a month. Then, walking round to the back of him, he convulsed every one with laughter by shouting—"Private Murphy, sure you're

the filthiest baste that ever walked. Bedad, turn round and look at the back of your neck; you haven't washed it since ye 'listed."

The drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he rated a raw recruit for his awkwardness. "Now, Rafferty, you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly, man, and get them in line!" "Please, sarjint," said Rafferty, "they're not mine; they're Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!"

A recruit in one of His Majesty's riding schools had the misfortune to part company with his horse when the animal kicked. According to custom, the sergeant strode up to him and demanded—"Did you receive orders to dismount?" "I did, sor." "Where from?" "From hindquarters, yer honner," said Pat with a grin.

"On the field of battle," said the Major in a tone of voice intended to inspire valour, "a brave soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest. You understand? Private Flannigan, where would you be found then on the battlefield?" "In the ammunition waggon, sor," replied Flannigan.

A man, more patriotic than clever, enlisted in a dragoon regiment with the intention of becoming a gallant soldier. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use your sword if your opponent fainted?" "Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."

A recruiting-sergeant said to a young man—"Now, what's the good of a fine-looking fellow like you going about idle, when by serving the King you can have a shilling a day of pocket money and all found." "Yes, bedad," replied Pat, "the chance of being found dead on the battlefield."

A story is told of a recruit who had been taken to be sworn in by a Magistrate. Everything was satisfactory, and Pat answered all the questions, until the Magistrate said to him

suddenly—"Have you ever been in prison?" The man looked quite startled, but presently said—"No, sor, I niver was; but, shure, I don't mind a few days if ye think it should be done." "Pass him," said the Magistrate; "he will do."

A party of recruits were being instructed how to form fours, and there being an odd file, the second from the left had only two in the section instead of four. The man in the rear rank had to step back two paces to cover off the back line of fours, and he could not see through this, so the instructor said to him—"M'Guire, you are the only man in the squad that can't form fours." "How can I form fours," replied M'Guire, "when there's only two of us?"

A militiaman, while at musketry, was singularly consistent in never hitting the target. "What in the world are you firing at, my man?" wrathfully exclaimed the musketry instructor, who was standing near a freshly tarred fence, some distance from the target. "I'm firing at the gate, your honour," was the reply. "What gate, you fool?" said the musketry instructor. "The tar gate, your honour," replied Pat, with charming simplicity.

Private Doolan was a true son of Erin, always happy and always ready for a joke. One day, the major crossing the drill square shouted, good humouredly—"Bad luck for you, Doolan." Doolan sprang to attention, saluted, and replied, "Good luck to you, sir, and may nather of us be right."

An Irishman was once serving in a regiment in India. Not liking the climate, Pat tried to evolve a trick by which he could get home. Accordingly he went to the doctor and told him his eyesight was bad. The doctor looked at him for a while, and then said—"How can you prove to me that your eyesight is bad?" Pat looked about the room, and at last said—"Well, doctor, do ye see that nail upon the wall." "Yes," replied the doctor. "Well then," said Pat, "I can't."

Here is an amusing story of a sapper. He was repairing a telegraph wire, when he slipped, but saved himself by hanging

on the wire. There he swayed backward and forward for nearly a minute, shouting like mad. At last he let go, and down he came, luckily without hurting himself. "Why didn't you hold on, Pat?" asked one of his comrades, who had come running up with a ladder. "We'd have got you down all right." "Begorra, Tom," answered Pat, "I was afraid the wire wud break and give me a fall!"

A housekeeper was showing some visitors the family portraits in the picture gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she said, "was the great-great-grandfather of the present owner of the property. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought in a battle in which he did not have an arm or a leg carried away." Then she added proudly—"He took part in 24 engagements."

Pat M'Guire had been misbehaving, and appeared before his commanding officer, charged, for the third time, with the crime of drunkenness. After Pat had stated his case, the Colonel, in severe tones, said—"Eight days confined to barracks!" But in endeavouring to write the "8" on Pat's defaulter-sheet, the pen spluttered. Pat, noticing this, leaned forward, and, in a loud whisper, said—"Thry if it will make a sivin, sorr." This remark caused a general burst of laughter, and Pat saved his bacon.

A private soldier named Murphy was brought before the commanding officer charged with selling part of his kit. Said the colonel—"Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?" "I'd worn thim for two years, sorr, an' I thought be that time they was me own prapperty." "Nothing of the sort, man! Those boots belong to the Queen." "To the Quane, is it, yer anner? Sure, thin, Oi didn't know the lady took twilves!"

A soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, and Pat boldly challenged him, and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw it away,

but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up, and quietly returned to his sentry box. The officer turned, and at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking, is it, sor?" said the sentry. "Sure an' Oi'm only keeping it in, to show the corporal when he comes round as evidence again' you."

An officer who had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the battles in Holland was lying on the ground, and an unfortunate soldier who was near him, and was also severely wounded, made a terrible howling, when the officer exclaimed—"Hold yer row, will ye? Do you think there is nobody killed but yourself?"

The following episode happened at the brilliant charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman. One of them got his thumb cut off, and turning to his chum, ejaculated—"What ever shall I do? I'm done for life!" Pat, taking things somewhat coolly, and thinking his chum was making a fuss over a mere trifle, responded solemnly—"Begorra, that's nothin' to make a fuss about; here's poor Sam Jones wid his head cut off, an' not a word is he sayin'!"

A recruit was once brought up for breaking into barracks—that is, getting in over the wall instead of entering by the gate. "But, Murphy," said the officer, "though you were late you should have come in by the gate." "Plaise, yer honour," said Murphy, "I was afraid of waking the sintry."

Sir William Lockhart used to tell an amusing story relating to the period of his colonelcy. A trooper, whose love of liquor was proverbial, arrived at barracks one night in a condition which seemed to justify guardroom detention. Brought before Sir William next morning, and asked what he had to say for himself, the trooper pleaded—"But I was not meself, at all, at all, sorr; I was supernaturally sober, sorr!" "Supernaturally sober!" exclaimed the astonished colonel. "What on earth do you mean?" "Sorra a dhrink did Oi have all day,

sorr!" was the melancholy reply. Sir William let the culprit off.

Patrick O'Mars, a private in the 104th, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate in using a subterfuge in evading the granting of one. "Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?" Patrick answered—"My wife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance." The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said—"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she doesn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised the dickens whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs." "That settles it. I suppose I can't have the furlough, then?" said Pat. "No; I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to grant it under the circumstances." It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said—"Can I say something to ye sir?" "Certainly, Patrick, what is it?" "You won't be angry, sir, if I say it?" "Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?" "I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in me life."

Our soldiers like a joke at the expense of their superiors. The following was copied from a sentry-box on Royal Infirmary guard, Dublin:—Scene: Barrack-room. Dinner-time. Enter orderly officer: "Any complaints, me men?" Soldier (an Irishman): "Yis, sor; the spuds, sor." Orderly officer (turning to orderly sergeant): "The spuds? What does he mean?" Orderly sergeant (also an Irishman): "The man's eddication has been niglicted, sor; he manes praties!"

"Did I see any service?" exclaimed Mulcahy; "I should say I did. P'raps you never heard what the gineral said to me at

the great battle we was in together. I'd been peggin' away all day, loadin' and firin' without stoppin' for bit or sup. It was jist beyant sundown when the gineral came riding along. He jist watched me for awhile, and finally he sings out, says he, 'Private Mulcahy!'—I let her drive once more and then turned about and gave him the salute—'Private Mulcahy,' says he, go to the rear; ye've killed men enough for one day."

"Murphy," said an officer to his new servant, "I have left my mess boots out this morning. I want them soled." "Very good sor," said Murphy. "Did you take those boots, Murphy?" enquired the officer later in the day. "Yes, sor," said Private Murphy (feeling in his pocket and putting on the table twenty-five pence); "and that's awl I could get for them. Th' corporal who bought thim said he would have given half-a-crown av it had bin payday."

Sergeant Maloney was charged with being found drinking in the company of two privates. "Captain," he said, "Oi did it to prevent them two privates getting drunk." "What do you mean?" thundered the captain. "Sure, now, captain," replied the sergeant, "they had each a pint av whisky, which was too much for them, so I helped them to dispose av it, captain."

"Sure, an' if Oi'm sent to the front," said a raw Tommy, "faix Oi'll maybe be kilt entoirely; indade, an' Oi'll make up my mind to it, so as Oi'll not be disappointed if Oi don't come home again."

In a village tavern they were singing the praises of Tommy Atkins, while a sergeant, legs wide apart, stood in front of the fire sunning himself in the company's eulogies. At last, after some special compliment to the army, the gallant sergeant puffed out his chest, smote it with his white glove, and exclaimed—"And that, me bhoys, is the backbone o' the British Army!"

An officer, addressing his men, who had just returned from a somewhat fruitless expedition, said—"You were no doubt dis-

appointed because this campaign gave you no opportunity to fight; but if there had been any fighting there would have been many absent faces here to-day!"

At the ration store Mike Rafferty, an old soldier, was engaged in handing the loaves of bread to the orderly men in their turn. Suddenly he turned to the quartermaster, and with a twinkle in his eye, said—"Av ye plaze, sor, there's a loaf short; who'll I give it to?" "Keep it yourself, Mike," replied the quartermaster.

"Halt! you can't go in there," said Sergeant Brown. "Why not?" asked Private M'Ginnis. "Because it's the general's tent, blockhead!" was the answer. "Then why have they got 'Private' over the door?" asked M'Ginnis.

During a severe engagement in the Afghan war a private was espied by his captain in the act of beating a hasty retreat. The man had been a favourite with his superior officer, and when the latter approached him on the subject the following day it was in a spirit more of sorrow than of anger. "I must confess, Pat," he said, "that your action in the engagement yesterday surprised me." "An' what's the rayson of that, captain, dear?" "Reason enough, Pat. Didn't you promise me you'd be in the thickest of the fight, and didn't I catch you actually running away, you rascal?" "Running away, is it? 'Dade, captain, but ye desave yerself. It was in remembrance of my promise, sor, that Oi was runnin' around troyin' to foind out jist where the foight was the thickest, so Oi was." Pat's wit saved him from a court-martial.

An old soldier who had served his twenty-one years was discharged at Portsmouth. He went to the station with his wife and children, and demanded three half-fare tickets for his three youngest. "How old are they?" asked the booking-clerk, suspiciously. "Elivin years, all av them. They're thriples," was the answer. "Fine youngsters," said the clerk. "Where were they born?" "Pathrick was born in

Cairo, Bridget was born in Bombay, an' Micky was born in Madhras," was the proud reply.

Private Mike M'Geever had been out foraging and been chased by a party of Boers till darkness enabled him to elude them. When tired out he fell asleep behind some bushes, which afforded good hiding. At daylight he was awakened by hearing a party of seven Boer scouts, who had left their horses behind a hill, and were viewing the British camp. Mike all at once was struck by a daring idea, and he proceeded to carry it out. "Present arrums," he shouted, "an' be riddy to fire." He then stepped boldly out in front of the astonished Boers, and said—"Put yer rifles down and march in front av me into camp quietly, or I'll giv the urther an' you'll get a dozen bullets each." The astonished Boers, thinking the bushes were lined with soldiers, obeyed, and when Mike had seen them secured he reported to his captain, who asked him—"How did you manage to capture them yourself?" "Sure, sir," he answered, "I surrhounded thim."

A landlord was taking his departure for London, in command of an Irish regiment. On the quay were gathered many of his tenants. "For heaven's sake, yer honour," said one of these men, accosting him with great earnestness, "don't go and be massacred by the Boers!" "But I am not going to South Africa," the colonel explained; "only to England. Besides, if I were going to be shot I'd give the preference to my own tenants." "Sure, and that shows a rale friendly feeling between us!" said the delighted tenant, gripping him by the hand.

At an engagement in South Africa, when our soldiers were charging a kopje, an Irishman, who was suddenly terrified, turned and fled, to reappear after all was safe. His officer, who had seen him, challenged him with his cowardly conduct, whereupon Pat replied—"By my sowl, sor, wasn't it better to be a coward for half-an-hour than a corpse all my life?"

An Irishman with Lord Methuen thus addressed a group of

his comrades:—"Be jabbers, this is a fine counthry for a soldier! Ye gets a blade of grass six inches high, and ye take cover behind it; and they nicks it off inch by inch, and when it gets to the last inch, be jabbers, look out!"

Just after the battle of Magersfontein, where the 42nd Highlanders were almost cut up, an Irishman belonging to the same was seen the next morning turning over a huge heap of broken implements of warfare in search of something. "What are you doing there, Private Murphy?" shouted an officer. "Beg pardon, sor," was the quick reply, "but Oi'm lookin' for Private M'Cabe's helmet." The officer then walked a few yards away, when a sudden thought struck him, so he shouted back—"Why doesn't Private M'Cabe look for his own helmet?" "'Cause his head was in it!" came the unexpected reply, and the officer walked away dumbfounded.

Familiarity with both rifle and shell fire breeds a certain contempt. A Dublin Fusilier was removing forage from the old camp at Glencoe, when a shell came from the Boers' forty-pounder and entered the ground with a bang five yards distant. The Fusilier was bending at the time, and he did not even take the trouble to look up. His officer heard him say to himself, as he turned his back on the shell, "Och! go to blazes wi' yez!"

A soldier was lying among long grass sniping at the Boers, who were returning the compliment. "Sergeant," said Pat, "are there any snakes in this country?" "Yes, my boy; plenty of them." "Shure," replied the Irishman, "Saint Pathrick didn't hate snakes wus than I do," and he went on with his rifle practice rather nervously. Suddenly he gave a yell. "What's the matter?" asked the sergeant. "Be jabbers, it's kilt I am entoirely. Shure, a snake's bit through my boot," and Pat held up his foot in horror. A closer inspection, however, caused a look of relief to illumine his features. "Hurroo!" he shouted gleefully, "it's mistook I am; bedad, it's only a toe shot off after all."

Not all the married Reservists were perturbed at the idea of leaving home to fight the Boers. For instance, a herculean Irishman seemed in the wildest spirits at the prospect, and talked upon "chucking up his job" with the greatest equanimity. Curiosity tempted a spectator to say, "I suppose you're a single man." He positively exploded. "An' is it a single man you'd be takin' me for? Why, Oi've been married nine year come Christmas, and a divil of a married life have Oi had, to be sure. Whin the order's 'Action, front!' and the Boer rifles begins to spake, shure it'll be the most peaceful moment Oi've had since Oi was led loike a lamb to the altar."

Lord Roberts once found himself the centre of a circle of new friends in a West End London club. There was a very tall gentleman present who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity to raise a laugh at the other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronisingly to his lordship and remarked—"I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you." To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

Richard Harding Davis relates this incident, which happened while he was acting as correspondent during the late South African War. A regiment of Scottish Highlanders, noted for their bravery in action, during the heat of one battle were suddenly seen to break ranks and run in all directions. The officers as well shared in the stampede, and apparently made no attempts to urge the men under them into line. Their behaviour was a surprise to everybody on the field, and after the battle was over, the colonel of the regiment was summoned before General Roberts. "What the goodness was the matter with your regiment?" asked "Bobs." "Well," replied the colonel, "there is not a man in the regiment afraid of a Dutchman's bullet, but we were steered into a field literally infested

with wasps' nests, and you know, general, we were all in kilts, and with bare legs." The Commander-in-Chief smiled and accepted the explanation as sufficient.

At a certain London charity bazaar a lamp got upset, and a valuable rug on sale at a stall caught fire. One of the ladies in charge, with great promptness, caught up a large flower-pot, and, by spilling the moist earth it contained over the blazing rug, extinguished the flames and averted what might have been a serious catastrophe, considering that all the stalls were decked with flimsy and inflammable drapery. It happened that Lord Roberts was present at the bazaar, and, in speaking to him of the incident and of the presence of mind displayed by the lady, a friend of his said—"Though several men were near the stall at the time, the lady was the first to act. After all, you men must come to a woman for resource." "That may indeed be so," replied Earl Roberts, with a twinkle, "but I hope I may be allowed to say that you ladies almost invariably come to us men for resources." After which, it is known, the Earl personally purchased the damaged rug.

Lord Kitchener is another Irish soldier of distinction of whom some stories are told. This officer adds to his many qualities as a soldier the art of turning a compliment with becoming grace. It has been said of him for a long time that he is proof against all feminine charms, and it is said that when he waited upon Queen Victoria at Windsor, Her Majesty was curious enough to put a pointed question. "Is it true, my Lord," she enquired, "that you have never yet cared for woman?" "Yes, Your Majesty," replied the Sirdar, "quite true—with one exception." "Ah!" exclaimed Her Majesty, anticipating a confession, "and who is she?" "Your Majesty," replied his Lordship as he bowed respectfully.

IV.—PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

OUTSIDE Ireland there is a popular belief that the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle are a priest-ridden people. The belief is largely founded on the influence exerted by the clergy in certain Parliamentary and other elections. Probably it is in part erroneous, though from the statements of Irishmen themselves it appears that the priesthood have very large powers of control in all matters affecting the well-being of their people. Seumas MacManus, who knows his country and writes interestingly of it, gives us a glimpse of the clergyman as he exists in Erin.

The priest, writes MacManus, is by far the most important man in our neighbourhood. The autocrat of all the Russias is far from being vouchsafed the dutiful obedience paid the priest, and no prince or potentate ever got a tithe of the whole-souled love that is lavished on the sagart arun. In every mountain parish the priest's word is more truly law than the enactments of the British Parliament. The extraordinary obedience and respect paid to the priest's word is founded not in the remotest manner upon servility or fear, but upon filial love and implicit faith which our mountain priests have engendered in the hearts of those who have never in vain looked to them for sympathy, for help, for guidance and for protection.

Concerning the "man of God" many stories are told. The people pay him all the reverence Seumas MacManus says they do, but in spite of that they indulge in little pleasantries with him.

"Pat," said a priest to one of his parishioners, "there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute?"

"Me services, sor," said Pat readily. "What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter," observed the priest. "No; but if it rains next Sunday, Oi'll sit over the hole," said Pat.

The farmers on a small estate in the West of Ireland went into the Land Courts to have their rents reduced. On hearing the evidence, the Sub-Commissioners found that the landlord had acted fairly, and even generously, to his tenants; and instead of lowering the rents, they raised them. The following Sunday the parish priest ascended the pulpit and announced—"Beloved, I shall take for my text this morning that passage of Holy Scripture which says—'And the Rent was made worse!'" Needless to say the sermon was a thoroughly practical one.

Thomas Sheridan, the Irish clergyman and grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, had a great distaste for metaphysical discussions, whereas his son Tom, the actor, had a great liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity. "Pray, father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?" Sheridan, who saw what was coming, said—"Yes, certainly." "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed." "What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference." "My dear father," said Tom, "tell me what it is that you can do with (mind!) total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

Pat Murphy, being in the habit of lying in bed until a late hour every Sunday morning, was accosted one morning by the village priest, who, having heard of his lazy habits, thought he would speak to him on the matter. "Good-morning, Pat." "Good-morning, yer riverence," said Pat. "Ah! Pat, me boy, how nice it is to get up between four and five o'clock on a bright summer's morning. How nice it is to walk out in the early morning sunshine. How nice it is to hear the little birds singing their sweet songs in the early morn." "Yis, yer riverence;

but it is a jolly sight nicer to turn over and have another snooze!"

A well known dean tells the following story against himself: He came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon. The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lectured for his lack of manners. "You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught." "Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."

An Irishman who was to undergo trial for theft was being comforted by his priest. "Keep up your heart, Dennis, my boy. Take my word for it, you'll get justice." "Troth, yer riverence," replied Dennis in an undertone, "and that's just what I am afraid of."

A clergyman had a parishioner who was much addicted to drink. Meeting the man one day when, as the people say, he had "a drop in," the priest insisted that he should take the pledge, saying it was the only protection against the temptations of the public-house. "You've never seen a teetotaller drunk, Tom," said the priest. "Ah, your riverence," replied Tom, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell for the life o' me whether they wor teetotallers or not!"

"Don't you know that the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said a priest to a labourer who was busily working on the roadside with his head bare under a broiling sun. The man wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman. "Do you think I'd be doin' this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and he gave the handle another turn.

"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?" "Yes, your honour." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, your honour." "Oh, Patrick, Patrick. When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig, on the great judgment

day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?" "Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, then, your riverence, I'd say, 'Mrs Maloney, there's your pig.'"

A poor woman who had a son of whom she was very proud unintentionally paid him a very bad compliment. Speaking of her boy to the priest, she said—"There isn't in the barony, yer reverence, a cleverer lad nor Tom. Look at thim"—pointing to two small chairs in the cabin. "He made thim out of his own head; and faix, he has enough wood left to make me a big armchair."

An honoured Archbishop of Dublin, in his declining days when partly paralysed, was wont to creep from his house door to St Stephen's Green unattended. Upon one occasion he fell heavily to the ground, and was assisted to his feet by a bright little girl, who further offered to lead his Grace home. On his expressing his doubts as to her ability to do so, the girl replied—"My father's the same every day."

The following is an anecdote which a Roman Catholic priest, now deceased, was fond of telling in his informal parish lectures. Its quaint and homely moral is evident. Bridget only came to confession occasionally, and when she did come she found it very difficult to remember any wrong-doing on her own part. She had, however, a better memory for her husband's sins. "It's Moike, me husband, that's the bad one, faether," she said once to her confessor. "It's three weeks that Moike niver confesses, an' hiven knows his sins is scarlet. He dhrinks like a baste an' shmokes loike a flue. He swears that bhad St. Patrick wud trimble. An' sure yo shud see Moike smash the dishes an' break the furniture an' fling the stove-lids an'—" "Six 'Hail Marys' every day for a week and three fast days, Bridget," said the father. "Och, fwhat do you mane, faether? Sure, Oi niver confessed a sin!" "But you confessed Mike's," said the father, quietly, "and as long as you

make his confessions for him I think you ought to do the penance, Bridget."

Mr Manning, a Dublin journalist, who assisted the Healyites on the occasion of one North Mayo election, told the following story:—An incident of this election business was the visit of Mr John Dillon to a certain country chapel. He attended last Mass, and was to speak at a meeting timed for twelve o'clock in the parish. The worthy pastor knew of his coming, and, being no sympathiser, took certain sure steps to discomfit his distinguished visitor. Long prayers before Mass were offered with deep solemnity, and after the Gospel some five columns of the Maynooth Pastoral were recited with slow and convincing emphasis. Later on the priest addressed his congregation, and told them how his church was poor and lowly, not fit for distinguished visitors, not to say for the worship of God. Thus it was that a collection had been set on foot to reconstruct the sacred edifice, and he would read to them the sums already handed in. It might be an encouragement to the others. The poorest subscription would be gladly accepted. Then he gave out yards of items, with running comments and encouragements. After Mass devotions were offered up. All through this Mr. Dillon's face was a painful study. Twelve o'clock passed, one o'clock struck, the echoes of the band outside died away, and the rain was beginning to come down as it did on the day the ark was floated. He was in a painful dilemma. He could not give scandal by leaving—yet his meeting must be dwindling and dwindling. It was almost two o'clock when the great leader left the little church to find both bands and his "vast" meeting had, like the oft-quoted Arabs, silently stolen away. Then the worthy pastor smiled a gentle smile, and said to his clerk—"Patsy, it's an easy mind I have since I gave up meddling in politics."

A priest, who takes great interest in some men belonging to his flock who are engaged in constructing a railway in Ireland, saw one of them entering a public-house. He hailed him, but

Pat simply looked, and walked in. Waiting till he came out, the priest accosted him thus—"Pat, didn't you hear me calling?" "Yes, your ravrince, I did, but—but I had only the price of one."

In a little country town a priest of one of the churches announced that a collection would be made to defray the cost of coal for heating the church. Everybody contributed but Tim D——, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him, but nothing else. The priest noted Tim's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home. A similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, everyone gave except Tim, who again looked sly. The priest wondered, and after the service took his parishioner to task. "Now, Tim," he said, "why didn't you give something, if it was but little?" "Faith, I'm up to ye!" said Tim. "Tim!" "Yes, father." "What do you mean?" "Oh, nothing. Just that I'm up to ye, that's all." "Tim, your words are disrespectful, and require an explanation. What do you mean?" "Oh, faith, father, a thrying to pull the wool over me eyes, a thrying to make us believe ye wants the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer riv'rence knows it's heated by stame!"

A distinguished Irish prelate was by nature a very keen sportsman, and though he never allowed his tastes in this direction to interfere with his many duties, there was nothing he enjoyed more than a day's shooting now and then. On one of these occasions he was met by an old lady, who strongly disapproved of any member of the clerical profession, and especially one of the heads of the Church, indulging in such pursuits. "I have never read in the Bible that any of the Apostles went out shooting, my lord," she observed severely. "Well, you see," returned his lordship cheerfully, "all their spare time they spent out fishing!" The old lady retired discomfited.

A priest who resided in Cork, and was a strong advocate of temperance, was, through failing health, compelled to call in

medical assistance. The doctor recommended a stimulant, but this was objected to by his reverence, because, as he said, "My servants would know, then my parishioners; and how could I preach to others if I myself became a castaway." "Nonsense," replied the doctor, "you have all the requisites in your side-board except the hot water, and that could be supplied from your shaving water without anyone being a bit the wiser." A few days afterwards a squire who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had heard of the priest's illness, called, and said to the servant who answered the door—"Well, Michael, how is his reverence to-day?" "He is fine in his health, glory be to God; but, your honour," added Michael in a whisper, "I think he is quare in his mind." "Quare in his mind! What do you mean?" "Well, your honour, I'll lave it to yourself to judge when I tell you he is calling for shaving water five times a day."

A clergyman in Cork one day remarked to his servant—"Patrick, I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if anyone calls I do not wish to be disturbed." "All right, sor. Will I tell them you're not in?" "No, Pat, that would be a lie." "An' what'll I say, yer reverence?" "Oh! just put them off with an evasive answer." At supper-time Pat was asked if anyone had called. "Faix, there did." "And what did you tell him?" said the priest. "Shure, an' I give him an evasive answer." "How was that?" queried his reverence. "He axed me was your honour in, an', I says to him, says I, 'Was your gran'-mother a hoot-owl?'"

A priest having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homewards, to explain a little lucidly what a miracle meant. "Is it a merakle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then there forninst me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on, and the priest came after him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the man, "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" asked the priest. "To be sure I

did," replied the man. "Well, then, it would have been a merakle if you had not."

It is related of Father Darcy, one of the celebrated wits of Ireland, that he once visited the palatial mansion of a man who had lately come into a fortune. He was shown over the house, his pompous host taking great pains to inform his guest as to the cost of all the beautiful objects he saw. Finally, after making the tour of the rooms, the couple reached the library. Here were shelves groaning under the weight of thousands upon thousands of volumes, all resplendent in magnificent bindings. They seated themselves, and the host said, with a sigh of snobbish exultation: "Well, father, I have brought you here last because this is my favourite room. The other rooms, maybe, give pleasure to my wife and daughters; but this is my place—right here amongst these books, which are my friends. And these here on the desk"—pointing to a score of fine-looking volumes—"are what I may call my most intimate friends." Father Darcy got up and examined one of them, when a broad grin spread over his good-natured face as he noticed that the leaves had never been cut. "Well, it's glad I am to see that you never cut your intimate friends!" he exclaimed.

In one part of the ruins of an Irish Abbey there are windows of various sizes on the same level. An English tourist in 1806 asked an Irishman the cause of this, and he promptly replied, "By my soul, the big windows were for the fat friars to look through, and the smaller ones for the lean ones."

A newly-arrived Viceroy asked one of his chaplains at a grand dinner in Dublin—the centre of intrigue and jobbery in those days—why there were no toads to be seen in Ireland. He replied, with a biting wit worthy of Swift, "Because, your Excellency, there are so many toad-eaters."

The element of the unexpected which characterises Irish fun crops out in the pulpit as in other places. It may be an old story, but it is as perennial as its subject, of the priest who preached a sermon on "Grace." "An', me brethren," he said

in conclusion, "if ye have wan spark av heavenly grace wather it, wather it continually!"

A priest, discoursing one Sunday on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, said in error that five people had been fed with 5,000 loaves and two small fishes. It having come to the priest's knowledge that his mistake had given rise to a large amount of controversy (one Murphy particularly declared he could do such a miracle himself), he (the clergyman) decided to rectify the mistake. Next Sunday, on concluding his sermon, he said—"I should have told you last Sunday that 5,000 people had been fed with five loaves and two small fishes." Looking down upon Mr. Murphy, he said—"You could not do that, Mr. Murphy, could you?" "Ah! sure, yer riv'rence, I could, aisily," he replied. "How would you do it, Mr. Murphy?" "Why, I'd give 'em what was left over from last Sunday," answered Murphy.

"I'm sorry to see you giving way to drink like this, Pat," said the village priest, as he met one of his parishioners staggering homewards; "you that were always such a respectable boy, too." "Shure, an' Oi'm obleeged to do it, your 'anner," replied Pat, with whom, by way, things had not been prospering. "Obliged to do it?" exclaimed the priest in surprise; "why, how's that, Pat?" "Oi have to dhrink to droun moi troubles, your holiness," whined Patrick, giving vent to a sound which was a cross between a sigh and a hiccup. "H'm," said his interrogator, "and do you succeed in drowning them?" "No, begorra," cried Pat, "shure an that's the warst uv it. The divvles can shwim?"

A well-known preacher in the Irish Church is justly famed for his eloquence. Particularly does he shine in this respect when he is making an appeal for any charitable object. Recently two country tradesmen went to hear him and on their way home were comparing notes. "Man, Bradley," said one, "that was a grand discourse entoirely! Oi cudn't help givin' half-a-crown at the collection." "Well, ye see," replied

Bradley, "Oi hed the advantage ave ye this toime, fur Oi've heard him afore. Whin Oi wus puttin' on me Sunday clothes, shure Oi left iverything out ave me pocket but wan sixpence. Man, he has a powerful way wid hum altogether."

A clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor. "How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate. "Oh, very well," was the answer, "there's safety in numbers." "I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

V.—THE MEDICAL MAN.

THE Irishman, like his brother of every nationality, has his share of the "ills that flesh is heir to," and after the manner of other folks he calls in the doctor to ward off these ills or cure them when they come. The Irish doctor meets with many amusing characters and tells many interesting stories connected with his profession. In his sick-bed, ay, even at the point of death, Pat continues to be a healthy Irishman in wit and in humour. These characteristics do not desert him in the hour of physical decay, and many an otherwise cheerless scene is rendered brighter by the happy sayings of the patient.

An old soldier was for some time an inmate of a city hospital, and while he was there he grew very tired of his food, which consisted chiefly of fish. One day Pat was asked by the doctor how he was, when he said—"Och, it's hungry I am, to be sure." The doctor said he would change his diet from fish to chicken broth, which Pat received next day. On being asked how he liked his dinner, he began questioning as to whether the chicken was fed on land or water, and when he was told "sometimes on water" and "sometimes on land," he replied—"Shure he was never near the water he was boiled in; he must have been on stilts, so wake was the flavour."

"My dear madam, I am truly glad to see you alive! You know at my last visit I gave you but six hours to live," said a doctor to his patient. "Yis, doethur," replied the patient; "but Oi didn't take the dose you lift me."

"Well, Pat, my lad," said the kindly doctor, "you must drink this stuff. I'm afraid it's a case of kill or oure with you now, my lad." "Well, I don't care if it kills me, so long as it cures me in the end," said Pat. "Gimme the bottle."

"I will leave you this medicine to take after each meal," said a doctor to a poor labourer who was very ill. "And will ye be koind enough to leave the meal, too, docthor?" enquired the labourer.

A country doctor in the north was driving down a narrow lane on his way to visit a patient, when he espied an old woman in the middle of the road picking up some pieces of turf, which had evidently dropped from a passing cart. Pulling his horse up to prevent running over her, he said rather sharply—"Women and donkeys are always in the way." "Shure, sir," said she, stepping to one side, "I'm glad you've the manners to put yourself last."

"Well, my man," said the visiting physician of a Dublin Infirmary to a patient, "how do you feel this morning?" "Purty well, sur," was the reply. "That's right. I hope you like the place?" "Indeed and I do, sur!" said the man. "There's only wan thing wrong in this establishment, and that is I only get as much mate as wud feed a sparrow." "Oh, you're getting your appetite, are you?" said the doctor. "Then I'll order an egg to be sent up to you." "Arrah, docther," rejoined the patient, "would you be so kind as to tell thim at the same time to sind me up the hin that laid it?"

A patient once told the doctor that her liver was troubling her, pointing at the same time to a spot high up under her left arm. "God bless us, woman!" roared the doctor, "your liver does not lie there." "I think I ought to know where my own liver lies," was her dignified, insulted reply. "Haven't I suffered from it these twenty years?"

A well-known Irish Resident Magistrate tells the following story, for the truth of which he vouches. When stationed in the West, there were two doctors in the place, one of whom had a great reputation for the cures he effected, and the other was not believed "to be much good," to use an Irish expression. The favoured doctor found his services in great request, but, as payment was not always forthcoming, he made a rule

that a certain class of his patients should pay in advance. One winter's night he was roused by two farmers—from a townland 10 miles away—the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. He told them to go to the other doctor, but they refused, saying they would prefer to have his services. "Very well," replied the medico, "in that case my fee is £2, the money to be paid now." The men remonstrated, but the doctor was obdurate, and shut down his window. He waited, however, to hear what they would say. "Well, what will we do now?" asked the farmer whose wife was ill. And the reply that was given must have been as gratifying as it was amusing to the listening doctor; it was—"Begor! I think you had better give it. Sure! the funeral and the wake would cost you more!"

An Irish country doctor had an interview with a circus performer. He was anxious to know something of the artiste's business, and the explanation—consisting of tumbling and various gyrations—was proceeding when an old lady came in search of the doctor's advice. She stood in breathless awe, whilst the doctor was a laughing spectator. At length he stopped the sweating performer, and the old lady tremblingly approached, pleading—"For goodness sake, doctor, don't examine me like that, for I couldn't do it at all."

A man was one day mending the roof of his house, when he fell to the ground and broke a rib. A friend went quickly for the doctor, who happened to live close by. "Have you ivor fallen from a house?" was the first question Pat asked the doctor. "No, indeed," was the laughing reply of the doctor. "Thin bejabers, ye can go on away at once. I want a doctor who has fallen and knows what it is loike."

"Did you notice the direction on that bottle?" "Yis, sor; it said 'shake well before using.'" "Well, did you obey?" "Yis, sor; Oi shook loike th' ould boy. Oi had a chill."

"Lastly, M'Gorry," said a doctor who was giving his patient advice, "don't go to sleep on an empty stomach." "No danger

av thot, doctor," replied M'Gorry; "Oi always slape on me back."

There is a doctor in Dublin whose proportions are such that the inhabitants have a riddle, "What is more wonderful than Jonah in the whale?" "Doctor—in a fly!" One day the doctor was squeezing himself into a cab when an old woman begged of him. Seeing that her eloquence was not going to result in any pecuniary gain she began to chaff him. "Ah, then!" she cried, "isn't he the handsome gintleman! An' iv-ry button on 'um doin' it's jooty!"

A man employed in a large factory had, without permission, taken a day off to celebrate the fall of Pretoria, and he seemed likely to lose his job for so doing. When he was asked by his foreman why he had taken a holiday, he exclaimed—"Bejabers, sor, Oi was so ill yesterday that Oi could not have come to work to save my loife." "How happens it then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman. Pat was slightly taken aback, but, not to be beaten, he replied—"Sure, sor, that must have been when Oi was going for the doctor."

A man who had sent for the doctor for the first time in his life watched with astonishment while the physician took his clinical thermometer from its case, slipped it under the patient's armpit, and told him to keep it there a second or two. Mike lay still, almost afraid to breathe, but when the doctor removed the thermometer he drew a long breath and exclaimed, "Ah, I do feel a dale betther already, sor!"

Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who knew him can best say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf. The doctor was called in, and after investigation informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman. "Act phwat?" said she. "Actinomycosis," replied the doctor. "Oh, no," cried Mrs. Mike, in a tone of genuine unbelief. "Shure,

doctor, how can ye say that. A little man loike Moikel couldn't hould the name of ut, much less th' disaze that goes wit ut!"

It is related of a coachman that his medical adviser prescribed animal food as the best means of restoring health and activity. "Patrick," said he, "you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food." Remembering his case a few days afterwards, he called upon Pat at the stable. "Well, Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with the treatment?" "Oh, shure, sir," Pat replied, "Oi manage all right with the grain and oats, but it's mighty hard with the chopped hay."

A doctor was examining a poor woman patient in a local hospital in which the dietary did not err on the side of extravagance. "Do you expectorate much, my good woman?" asked the doctor. "Begorra, doctor," was the reply, "I don't expect t' ate much, but I can ate all I can get here."

A man who had gone into a dentist's to get a tooth pulled had it out in a few minutes. "That will be half-a-crown," said the dentist. "Half-a-crown!" said Pat; "why, the last tooth I got pulled at home the old doctor set me down on the floor, and put the nippers in my mouth, and pulled me round and round the room, out of the door, and down the stair. When we got to the foot the doctor said, 'By the help of Heaven and the attraction of gravity, we'll hev her out yet,' so when we got to the top out came the tooth, and he only took a shillin'!"

A man went to a dentist to have a troublesome tooth extracted. The dentist told his assistant to get behind the chair, and, at the proper moment, stick a pin into the man's leg so that the pain there would distract attention from the greater agony in the jaw. Tooth pull and pin stab came together, and Pat, with a howl of anguish, yelled—"Och, murther! I didn't know the roots was so far down!"

"How did ye fale phwin the dentist was pullin' yure tathe?" enquired Mrs. M'Gorry of her husband. "How did I fale, is

ut?" exclaimed Mike. "Bedad! Oi regritted wid ahl me hear-rt thot Oi wasn't born a hen!"

While a drove of bullocks were being driven through a northern village, one of them suddenly stopped, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the drover, would not move. A chemist who happened to see the affair went up to the bullock and injected a drug, which made the animal career down the street. A few minutes after the drover entered the chemist's shop, and asked him if he gave the bullock the medicine. "I did," replied the chemist. "Well," said Pat, "I'll take a penn'orth of it, as I've got to follow the baste."

A man, requiring a small bottle, and seeing one in a chemist's shop which he thought would suit him, entered the shop and enquired the price of the bottle. "Well," said the shopman, "as it is, it will be twopence, but if you want anything in it, I won't charge for the bottle." "Faith, sir," said the man, "please put a cork in."

In a Dublin workshop, when the men absented themselves they were expected to produce a doctor's certificate. A man, absent, however, on a second occasion, and told to bring his certificate, gave in the one used before. The manager, looking at it, said—"Why, Maguire, this is an old certificate!" "Sure I know that, your honour," said Maguire calmly. "And isn't it the same ould complaint?"

VI.—THE FLOWING BOWL.

THE Irishman is a sociable mortal. He joins heartily with his brother in a "glass," and is not very particular whether his beverage is "poteen" or not. Like all others he is an amusing—if undignified—animal when under the influence of drink, and many anecdotes relate his sayings and doings. He is fruitful in excuses and always ready with his tongue; and, indeed, it may be said, with perfect truth, that Paddy is an exception to the rule implied in the Scots proverb "When drink's in wit's oot." The Irishman's wit burns brighter when nourished by that oil which is said to lubricate the wheels of social life.

"Pat, whoi are ye so often dhrunk whin ye come to mate me?" reproachfully asked an Irish girl of her lover. "Shure, me darlint, it's all through yer purty face," replied Pat, with an admiring glance. "Away wid yer nonsense!" exclaimed the girl. "Phwat has me 'purty face,' as ye call it, to do wid ye gettin' dhrunk?" "Whoi, colleen," said Pat, "ye can't have too much av a good thing, an' whin Oi'm dhrunk, an' look at yer purty face, Oi can see two or three av thim, an' it's a timptation Oi can't resist!"

In a dark room in an Irish cabin Biddy was searching for the whisky bottle, when her husband, who was in bed, enquired—"What is't yer lookin' fur, Biddy?" "Nuthin', Pat," answered Biddy. "Shure," replied the husband, who suspected the reason of her search, "you'll find it in the bottle where the whisky was."

A tipsy labourer was travelling in a train, and every time the train stopped, out came a string of oaths. "Don't you know,

sir," said a lady opposite, "that it is impolite to swear before a lady?" The labourer looked dazed for a moment, and then replied, "Sure, mum, I beg your pardon; but Oi didn't know ye wanted to swear first!"

"Talking about whisky, Mike, isn't one kind of whisky just as good as another?" "Indade it is not. Some pfwiskey hasn't a rale good foight in a barrel av it."

A lady requiring her windows cleaned sent for her soldier-servant, and told him that whisky mixed with whiting would make the glass shine beautifully. She gave him the whisky, with strict injunctions to use as directed. Some time afterwards she went to see how he was getting on, and, seeing signs of his having drunk the whisky, she asked him if he had mixed it with the whiting as directed. He replied—"Shure, ma'am, it was a pity to waste it like that; and I managed betther, for by drinking it, and then braything on the windows, shure they got the good of it, and that does just as well!"

"Papa was very shocked, Patrick," said the vicar's daughter to a parishioner, "to see you standing outside the Green Man this morning, after church." "Oi can 'sure ye, miss," replied Patrick, "it wus no fault o' moine that I wus standin' ootside."

"After ye've drank all the whisky that's good for ye, ye should call for sarsaparilla!" said Mrs Dooley to her husband. "Begorra!" exclaimed the husband, "after Oi've drank all the whisky that's good for me I can't say sashp'rilla!"

In the old days, when smuggling was rife amongst the inhabitants of the English South Coast towns, an old Ramsgate boatman, of Irish extraction, was asked to name the hardest-worked creature next to himself. After a little consideration he replied—"Och, a Ramsgate donkey, to be sure; for, after carrying angels all day, be jabers, he has to carry sperrits all night."

A stingy son of Erin, on one occasion, upon seeing another Irishman just going to drink a glass of whisky, exclaimed—"Hould on, Pat, just let an ould frind have a drop, the laiste drop in the wurruld." His friend passed the glass, and the

stingy one quietly emptied it. Pat was naturally annoyed, and said—"Bedad, I thought you only wanted a drop?" "Yes," replied the stingy friend, "but the drop I wanted was at the bottom!"

Two men went out skating, and one took a bottle of whisky with him as a sort of "heart warmer." When they decided to "hit the bottle," they found the cork was very tight, and impossible to remove without a corkscrew. "Can't ye get it out, Moike?" said Pat, after a few minutes of hard work by Moike with the cork. "Yis," said Mike, "I'll get it out, shure, if I have to push it in."

Judge Porter, the popular Irish Magistrate, in sentencing a notorious drunkard, said, "You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law allows; and I hope you will spend your time in cursing whisky." "I will, sir," promptly answered the impertinent toper, "and Porter, too."

A little Irishman, smoking a short clay pipe entered the crowded inn of a market town, walked up to the bar, elbowed several customers aside, took a match from the matchstand on the counter, and then walked out without saying a word. The astonished barman gazed after him and wondered who he was. The very next morning the little Irishman walked into the same place, lit his pipe, and then made his way out again. As he reached the door, the barman called after him: "I say, who are you?" The Irishman turned round and said, "You know me," then went out. Next day at the same time he came again, helped himself to a match as usual, and lit his pipe. He was just walking off when the barman caught him. "Who are you?" asked the barman. "Oh, you know me," replied the Irishman. "No, I don't," said the barman. "Who are you?" "Why," was the cool reply, "I'm the man that comes in here to light his pipe every morning."

Mr. Gerald Balfour was on one occasion visiting a congested district in Ireland, when he was laid up with a sharp chill. Hearing of this, an Irishwoman, loafing at a cabin door, said to

a constable, "Och, if the gintleman was to dhrive in a car the day long and take just one single glass of the crathure at ivery house he met, by the powers, sur, he wouldn't at dark have any idea he was ill at all, at all!"

The firemen were industriously trying to extinguish a blaze in a public-house one night when an impecunious Irishman who had been drinking "on tick" said to his friend in the brigade—"If ye love me, Mick, play on the 'slate.'"

A labourer, who was fond of his little drop, determined to pass his favourite public-house on his road home. Nearing the shop he began to get shaky, but summoning up courage he passed it about fifty yards, then turned, saying to himself—"Well done, Pat, me bhoy! Come back and I'll trate ye!"

An Englishman boasted to an Irishman that porter was meat and drink, and on his way home fell into a ditch and lay there. Pat, on finding him, said, "Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you, but it's much better, for it's washing and lodging, too."

VII.—WIT AND HUMOUR.

IT may be said with something approaching truthfulness, and our earlier chapters bear out the remark, that in all circumstances and at all times the Irishman is a wit and a humorist. It is true that his humour is at times unconscious, and that on occasion he is witty without intention, but this is a condition of things which proves that wit and humour are part and parcel of his being. To such an extent has he become identified with a propensity for joking that if any one has difficulty in locating an anecdote he at once attributes it to the proverbial Paddy. Nor is Paddy annoyed at this; he takes the responsibility with undisturbed equanimity.

In the matter of making a suggestion the Irishman always employs his native humour. "Well, Pat," said a Dublin manufacturer to one of his employees on the morning after a little conviviality, "they tell me I made a fool of myself last night." "It's not for the loiks o' me," answered Pat, "to be sayin' 'yes' or 'no' to that, sor." "But isn't it true," continued the employer, with that relish which so many men have for talking of their misdeeds, "that I was so loaded that you had to carry me home from the Club?" "It is, sor," said Pat. "And I suppose you had a good deal of trouble doing it?" "Well," said Pat, recognising that he might talk with some little freedom, "Oi can't say about the trouble, but Oi had my regrets." "Ah!" said the employer, "you regretted to see me in that condition, of course?" "Not exactly that, sor," admitted Pat; "but Oi regretted that ye didn't think of it in toime, and ax me to carry half yer load."

"Get away to the poorhouse," said a lady, irritated by the appeals of a beggar woman who had called at her door. "Get away to the poorhouse, is it?" said the old crone, with scorn in her voice. "Faix, thin, I needn't stir, for it's at a poor house I am!"

The following story illustrates one way, the easiest way, of excusing personal deficiencies—"Th' professor kin spake in four differint tongues, Dinny." "Thor's only wan t'ing thot kapes me from doin' the same, Larry." "An' phwat is thot?" "Oi hovn't the four tongues."

An Irishman was riding a frisky horse. The animal presently got its hind foot into one of the stirrups. "Be jabers," said the Irishman, "if ye're going to get up it's time for me to get down."

"Look here," exclaimed Pat. "That half-crown ye lent me yisterday wuz a counterfeit." "Well," retorted Mike, "didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?"

"Do you think Oi'm a mug?" enquired Mike. "A mug, me bhoy?" said Pat. "Ye're a regular challenge cup!"

"Why don't you get your ears cropped?" cried a big cabman to an Irishman who was trudging after a drove of donkeys. "They are a precious sight too long for a man." "Are they?" said Paddy, turning round and looking his assailant full in the face. "Then, be jabers, yours are much too short for an ass."

"Sure, yer hair is falling frightfully. You'll be bald soon if it kapes on," said one Irishman to a companion. "Faith, I'll be balder still if it don't kape on," was the reply.

"Supposing, Bridget," asked Mrs. Hiram, "I should deduct from your wages the price of all the china you broke?" "Well, mem," said Bridget, "I think I'd be loike the china."

An Irishman, who had on a very ragged coat, was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know," said he; "but most of it is made of fresh air, I think."

"Well, anyway," said Mike, "I kin flatter mesilf that I was nivver so droonk that I didn't know what I was doin'." "An'

be the same token," said Pat, "ye war nivver so sober that ye did."

An Irishman leaving Belfast by steamer, waving his cap to his friends in the harbour, accidentally let it blow into the water. The captain, thinking he would have a joke at the Irishman's expense, said—"Hallo! Pat, is that the only cap you've got?" Pat immediately replied—"Be jabbers, I haven't got that one either."

"Well, Mr. M'Ginnis," said the landlady, "I hope you had something you liked for breakfast this morning. "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Irons," said the boarder. "I had a magnificent appetite."

A young man once went to a kind-hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate testimonial was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not move. "What's the matter with it?" demanded the squire. "Oh, nothin', sorr," said the lad quickly. "Well, then, why don't you go?" "Sure, sorr, I thought on the stringth of a recomind like that you'd be wantin' to hire me."

"It's a fine morning, Biddy," said the squire. "It is a foine morning, your hanner and ladyship. And shure I had a foine drame last night." "What did you dream, Biddy?" inquired the lady. "Shure, I drimt his hanner gave me a pound of baccy, and your ladyship gave me a pound of tay!" "Ah," laughingly replied the squire, "but, you know, Biddy, dreams go by contraries." "Shure, thin, your hanner can give me the pound of tay, and her ladyship can give the pound of baccy!"

At a large exhibition of pictures an Irishman was standing, catalogue in hand, before a vivid representation of the Deluge, when an old lady, seeing he had a catalogue, asked him to tell her the subject of the painting. "A summer's day in the West of Ireland, Madam," replied the Irishman, promptly.

"Shure, Mrs. Mulcahey, they do be a sayin', ma'am, that ye're a two-faced woman." "Pwhats thot? Shure, I'll have

ye arrested if ye say a thing like thot forninst me!" "Faith, Mrs. Mulcahey, ma'am, I didn't say it at all! Why, I stood up for ye! I said it wasn't so, bekase if ye did have two faces ye'd wear th' other one mighty quick."

In one of the principal streets of Dublin, a stranger accosted an Irishman with the question—"Could you tell me the way to the station, Pat?" To this the Irishman replied—"Shure, but how did you know my name wor Pat?" "Why, I guessed it." "Well, seeing you're such a good guesser, you can guess the way to the station," was Pat's retort as he passed along.

"Ye say th' beer wint to th' catcher's head?" enquired Larry. "Yis, and bedad!" said Dennis, "th' bottles wint to th' umpire's head."

Even when there is an undercurrent of reality the stream of Irish humour flows smoothly. A man walking along a country road met a peasant driving a wretched-looking donkey, with a load of turf that seemed to tax the strength of the unfortunate animal to its utmost. "Why," said the man, "you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals for loading the ass so heavily as that!" "Begorra, sir," said the peasant, who was on his way to the market-town to sell the turf, "begorra, if I didn't do that I'd be took up for cruelty to a wife and six childer!"

An Irishman entered a tramcar, seated himself, took out his pipe, and put it in his mouth. "You can't smoke here," said the guard. "I know it, sorr; I'm not smokin'," said the Irishman. "But you've got your pipe in your mouth," continued the guard. "Yes, sorr," retorted the Irishman; "an' I've got me feet in me boots, but I'm not walkin', sorr."

Once there chanced to be a young lady passenger on board an Irish boat named *Eagle*, who had got with her a very good character from her place in England. She was on her way home to Ireland. She was so pleased with her character that she was showing it to some of the passengers on board when the wind caught it, and blew it out of her hand and into the

sea. She was terribly upset, and at once went to the captain. He, being a good-natured Irish fellow, said he would soon put it right for her. He went to his cabin, and wrote out the following—"This is to certify that Mary Ann Murphy lost her good character on board the *Eagle*, while sailing from England to Ireland. Signed, Captain Spooner."

An Irish gentleman who wished to express his hospitable feelings to his surrounding friends said—"Now, mind, if you are ever within one mile of my house, I hope you will stay there for a week!"

"Are there any fish in the pool to-day?" asked a gentleman of an Irish peasant. "Fish is it?" said the peasant. "It's fair polluted with them!"

At a dinner party given by the Archbishop of Dublin to some of his fellow bishops, his Grace noticing that the wine was not circulating, remarked to the Bishop of Cork, "If you are Cork, you need not stop the bottle." "Your Grace should draw me out," was the smart reply. To which the Archbishop rejoined—"What! you don't mean to say you want to be screw'd!"

When Barnum was in San Francisco, he advertised for a cherry-coloured cat. An Irishman answered the advertisement, and offered to bring him a fine cherry-coloured pussy for two dollars and a half. Barnum was so delighted that he sent the man the money at once, in order to hold him to his bargain. But his delight changed to unmitigated disgust when the Irishman came and jerked a wall-eyed, sickly-looking black cat out of the bag, and told him that it's name was Billy, and that it was very fond of fish. "What d'ye mean by bringing me this thing?" yelled Barnum. "Didn't you say you had a cherry-coloured cat?" "I did that, Mr. Barnum," said the Irishman, "and didn't Oi bring ye wan? Didn't ye iver ate black cherries, asthore?" The great showman never advertised for a cherry-coloured cat again.

"If," said Pat, "Oi had half a million pounds." "Tut, tut,

man!" exclaimed Miko. "Phwat's the use av dhramin' whin yer not ashlape?"

An Irishman, who had walked a long distance, feeling very dry, and seeing a milkman in the streets, asked the price of a quart of milk. "Threepence," replied the milkman. "Then give us a quart in pints," said Pat. "Right," was the reply. Pat, on drinking one pint, asked—"How do we stand?" The milkman replied—"I owe yer a pint." "And I owe you one," said Pat; "so we are straight."

"Me woife nearly broke me head lasht night wid a chair," explained Clancy. "Phwy don't ye git easy chairs?" enquire I Casey.

An Englishman and an Irishman met one day, and the former, to have some fun with Pat, asked him if he was good at measurements. "I am that," said Pat. "Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" asked the Englishman. "Well," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you get into."

Oliver Ogilvie was travelling with a friend to a fair, and at a railway station had to move up to make room for a woman who got into the compartment. At the next station some more marketing folk got in, with the result that Oliver was tightly wedged between two stout basket-women. "Ye'll be uncomfortable there," said his friend. "Och, naw; shure Oi hav'n't much room for grumblin'."

A wealthy bank officer, being applied to for aid by a needy Irishman, answered, petulantly, "No, no; I can't help you. I have fifty such applicants as you every day." "Shure and ye might have a hundred without costing you much, if nobody gets more than I do," was the response.

In a small village in County Clare lived Pat M'Ginty, a cottar, who was widely famed for his sharpness of wit and readiness of speech. His neighbours loved to boast that no one, not even his wife, Norah, could have the last word in an argument with Pat. A stranger coming to the district heard of Pat's linguistic prowess and resolved to put it to the test. Meeting Pat in the

street the visitor hailed him with—"I'll bet you five shillings, Pat, that I'll take you to where you can't have the last word." "Done!" said Pat. Accordingly the stranger led the way to where there was a famous echo, between two wooded hills. In a short time Pat returned to the village triumphantly jingling his five shillings. His friends inquired how he had beaten the echo. "Byes," said Pat with a grin, "the thing came back to me for a shpell, but, shure, I got even wid it, for I shpoke th' last wur-rd undher me breath."

Thackeray tells of an Irishwoman begging alms from him, who, seeing him putting his hands in his pockets, said—"May the blessings of God follow you," but when he only pulled out his snuffbox, she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

When Miss Delavelle Barrington was playing Miami in the "Green Bushes," at the old Mary Street Theatre, Cork, a ludicrous incident occurred. Miami has to jump into the Mississippi, but when Miss Barrington reached the rocky eminence from which she had to leap she saw there was no mattress below to receive her. Miss Barrington, however, nothing daunted, took her leap, and came down with a thud on the bare stage. The situation struck a member of the "gods," for a stentorian voice called out—"Oh! be jabers, 'tis frozen!"

An Irishman went to a Scottish contractor several times and asked him for a job. The Scotsman, tired of the man's perseverance, told him to go to the devil and see if he could get a job there. "Ah! sure, be my soul, I've been to him," said the Irishman, "and he's taking nobody on but Scotsmen."

A stranger walking along a country road met an Irishman who was holding a ram by the horns, and the following conversation took place—"Will you hold this ram," said the Irishman, "while I climb over and open this gate from the other side?" "Certainly," said the obliging stranger, as he seized the big horns. "Thanks," said the Irishman when he got to the other side. "The vicious brute attacked me about an hour

ago, and we have been struggling together ever since. As long as you stand before him holding his horns he can't hurt you. Farewell! I hope you will be as lucky in getting away as I've been."

One night, two youths at the back of the gallery indulged, as Irish youths will, in a free-fight. When they were parted, one was dragged one way, and the other, borne on an elevated plane of uplifted hands, was carried to a man sitting in the very front row, and was held suspended over the pit. In an instant the audience was hushed in patient, or impatient, expectation of his fall. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a shout from the other side of the gallery—"Don't waste him, Pat; kill a fiddler wid 'im!" It was an instance of that peculiarly economical characteristic of the nation which never wastes anything except its talent.

Nobody can pay a prettier compliment than the Irishman when he chooses. His tongue and wit are never nimbler than when he employs them in the service of "blarney." A young professor from Dublin was staying with friends in England. At breakfast the next morning the little daughter of the house, who sat next the young Irishman, saw with amazement that he put no sugar in his tea. "Wouldn't you like even one lump of sugar in your tea?" she asked solicitously. "My papa likes three lumps." "Since you have looked into the cup, my little maid, the tea is quite sweet enough," responded the young fellow gallantly.

In a builder's yard it was the custom to pay the men their wages in a little bag each week. One Saturday the master told Pat, an Irish labourer, when paying him, that he would not require his services any more. On the following Monday, as the master was going round the yard he saw Pat at work as usual. "Hallo, Pat," said he, "didn't I give you the sack on Saturday?" "No, sir," said Pat; "sure it was the same little bag I've always had." Pat's services were retained.

"I heard you were on sthrike," said Mike to his friend Pat.

"I was that," answered Pat. "A sthrike for what?" "For shorter hours, Mike." "And did you get them?" "Sure, we did, Mike. It's not working at all I am now."

A man, after waiting some time during a terrific snowstorm at a country railway station for a train to take him to Dublin, was informed by the stationmaster that the line had become snowed-up, and that he therefore could not proceed by rail to Dublin. "How do ye know the line is snowed-up?" asked the irritated man. "By telegraph," answered the stationmaster. "Be jabers! it's alwez the same in this counthrie. Ye tak' care yer telegrafts don't get snowed-up. Sure an' can't ye stick the railways on stilts as well?"

"Only think, Mrs. Grogan," said Mrs. Doolan, in a burst of confidence; "thot dear Paddy has practised so har-rd at the pianny for the lasht six months thot he has paraloized two fingers." "Begorrah!" exclaimed Mrs. Grogan, "thot's nothin', Mrs. Doolan. Me daughter Mary Ann has practised so har-rd for the lasht six months thot she's paraloized two piannies."

A waiter complimented a turkey in the following manner—"Faith, it's not six hours since that turkey was walking round his rale estate with his 'ands in his pocket, niver dreaming wha a pretty invitation he'd have to jine ye gentlemen at dinner."

"Well, Mike," said a traveller, "I see you have a small garden!" "Yis, sorr," answered Mike. "What are you going to set in it for next season?" "Nothing, sorr. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up." "That's strange, how do you explain it?" "Well, sorr, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions." "Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?" "Yis, sorr. Bedad, them onions was that strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow for their eyes watering."

A man being out of work, offered his services to an Ice Company to cut ice on a certain lake. Being asked if he was well up in the use of the cross-cut saw, and answering that he was, he was given the job. The first day after his engagement he

was sent along with another man to cut ice on the lake. Arriving at the water's edge, Pat seemed rather puzzled, but soon brightened up again, and producing a halfpenny from his pocket, he held it between his finger and thumb, and said—"Now, Jamie lad, fair play. We'll toss up who has to take the under side."

As a train was approaching a town on the Great Northern Railway in Ireland an intelligent looking young Irishman observed a lady standing up searching her pocket, and she commenced to weep. "Have you been robbed?" he asked. "Oh, no," she replied, "I lost my ticket, and they will accuse me of fraud." Seeing her distressed state of mind he said—"Oh, don't mind; here, take my ticket, and I will give the guard a problem." She did so, and their fellow passengers awaited the scene at the station with interest. When the train stopped the guard collected all the tickets but one. "Where is your ticket?" he asked the young man. "You have got my ticket," he replied. "No, I have not got it. I'll call the stationmaster and see about it." "Where is your ticket?" asked the stationmaster when he appeared. "He has my ticket; see if he has a ticket in his hand with a small piece off the corner." "Yes, you have, Dave, there it is." "Well, see will that fit it," said Pat, handing him the small piece, and it did. A look of surprise crept over the guard's face as he left the carriage, while Pat caused much amusement by exclaiming, "Begorra, I knew he couldn't solve it."

Edmund Burke was one day addressing a crowd in favour of the abolition of slavery. In spite of his eloquent appeals the crowd began to get hostile, and at last a rotten egg caught him full in the face. He calmly wiped his face and quietly said—"I always contended that the arguments in favour of slavery were rather unsound!" The crowd roared, and from that time he was no more molested.

Two men were one day working on a farm. Just about dinner-time they were called to dine off a large basin of broth.

The farmer's wife had only one spoon, so she gave Pat a fork. Poor Pat was getting nothing, while Mike nearly got it all. When it was about a third empty, Pat said, "Arrah now, Mike, you dig a bit and I'll shovel."

"And phwat did the gintleman say to ye whin you asht him for the place?" asked a fond father of his son. "He towld me he knowed me boi the lucke av me to me daddy," was the reply. "And phwat did ye say to thot?" queried the father in a pleased tone. "Oi towld him it was not me good lucks thot Oi was expechtin to ricommind me."

An Irishman once went into a hardware shop to buy a stove. The ass tant showed his stock, but the Irishman was not satisfied with any of them. Then, coming to a high-priced stove, the assistant said—"Now, sir, there is a stove that will save one-half of your coal." The Irishman promptly said—"I'll take two."

An American lawyer came over to County Armagh, on holidays, for many years in succession; and had one of the local characters to show him round. On his last visit, he found that his guide of former years had emigrated, but an elder brother had taken his place. The new guide was very loquacious, thoroughly acquainted with topography, and able to spin a legend about almost every place they visited. One day, they came to a lake—an insignificant inky pool—embosomed in the mountains. "Now, sir," said Pat, "that lake has no bottom." "Nonsense," replied the incredulous Yankee, "there is no water without a bottom." "Well," drawled Paddy, "last July, there was a man went into it to bathe, and he never came out again." "That doesn't prove it to be without a bottom, Pat." "But," interposed Pat, "the next day his father got a telegram, asking for his clothes to be sent on to him in New Zailin'."

Two Irishmen, who had not been long in England, met at an inn, and called for dinner. It happened there was a dish of horseradish grated for diinner. Pat, thinking it was some-

thing to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful into his mouth. The tears filled his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. His friend saw it, and said, "Pat, what is the matter?" "I was just thinking of my poor father that was hanged in swate Ireland," answered he. But Jemmy soon filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat said, "What's the matter? What has happened to ye?" "Ah!" replied Jemmy, "I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was!"

A tramp went to a farmhouse and asked for food. The mistress gave him a good meal of cold beef and bread and a glass of ale. Then said the son of Erin—"Shure, ma'am, if yer feet were as big as yer heart, it ain't my corruns I'd loike ye to be afther threadin' upon."

Garrick, when in Dublin, expressed a poor opinion of Irish wit, so Sir John O'Farrel made him a bet about it, and they agreed to ask an English and an Irish labourer each the same question, the wittiest answer to win. An English workman was asked what he would take to stand naked on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. He scratched his head and said, "Ten guineas." Then they put the same question to an Irishman. "What, in mother's nakedness?" he said, meaning as naked as when born. "Yes, Pat." "Why, then, be jabers, I should take could!" was the reply.

A traveller once, giving himself superior airs, told General Doyle he had been in countries where the bugs were so large and thirsty that two could drain a man's blood in a single night! But the witty general answered promptly, "My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland; but they are called by a different name. We call them humbugs."

Pat going into a vault heard some men discussing the South African war. He began to take the part of the Boers, whereupon he was thrown through the window, and going to some of his friends outside he told them to come and watch him throw the men out of the vault window, and to count them as

they came out. They did so, and they counted one. "Stop," exclaimed Pat, "it's me again."

Barry Sullivan, the tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." at Shrewsbury on one occasion. When the actor came to the lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" someone in the pit called out—"Wouldn't a donkey do, Mr. Sullivan?" "Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter. "Please come round to the stage-door."

Anything more truly Irish than the fate of the ruins of the famous castle of the O'Neills, on the Castlereagh hills, near Belfast, would be difficult to find. Anxious to preserve the picturesque walls from total decay, the late Marquis of Downshire directed his land steward to have a wall built round the ancient and historic fortress. The order was faithfully carried out, and a large substantial circular wall was built around the apex of the hill. The noble Marquis was informed that the work was done, and when next visiting his estate he rode on horseback to see how the ruins looked. Fancy his surprise to find the walls but no castle! An explanation was immediately demanded, when it was found that the contractor had coolly utilised the ruins of the castle to build the preserving wall! This monument of Irish wit remains intact to the present day.

"Don't you keep a brush for that work, porter?" enquired a passenger of an Irish porter who was busy labelling luggage. "No, yer honour," replied the porter; "our tongues is the awnly instrumments we're allowed. But they're aisy kept wet, yer honour."

A son of the Emerald Isle was removing from the house which he had occupied for a considerable time without paying any rent, when the landlord (who was familiar with him) appeared on the scene and said—"Hullo, Pat, why are you flitting? You've paid no rent at all. Sure you can't be getting a cheaper house." "No," replied Pat, "but I'm getting a larger garden."

An Irish sailor, being desired to heave in a bucket of rub-

bish, threw it over the ship's side by a rope, which broke while being hauled up, and the bucket, being full, very naturally found its way to the bottom of the ocean. Poor Paddy was by this accident thrown into a fit of perplexity, and fearing the displeasure of the captain, he resolved to extricate himself from his dilemma by the following singular specimen of nautical logic:—Going up to the captain with a grotesque bow and a humorous grin—"Long life to your honour's riverence," he said, "and might I be so bowld as to spake a civil word wid you?" "Well, my man," replied the officer, "what have you to say?" "Sure, then," said the tar, "and it's myself, Pat Mullins, would be axing your honour, can a thing be lost when you know whereabouts it is?" "Certainly not," said the captain; "but wherefore do you ask so foolish a question?" "Blud and ouns, then," said Paddy, "the bucket I let overboard a while ago is not lost, for I can tell where it is—sure enough, it's safe and sound at the bottom of the sea!"

A good story is told of an ostler who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, your honour. I knew very well, but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

An Englishman, travelling in Ireland, was rating a porter for not putting his luggage in the right train. "You donkey! Didn't I tell you I was going to Bray?" "Och, sure," said Pat, "any ass can do that."

Here is a pretty little piece of Irish blarney which appears on a notice-board in the garden of a hotel in Killarney district—

Ladies and gentlemen will not, others

MUST NOT

Pull the flowers in this garden.

The following joke was heard at a fashionable hotel between

one of the waiters and a bookmaker who was living there. "I say, waiter," said the "bookie," "you are the slowest lot of waiters I ever saw." "Beg pardon, sir," was the reply, "it's not on first-past-the-post principles here." "What do you know about first-past-the-post?" enquired the bookmaker. "You should be home in Ireland digging turf." "Well, sor," said the waiter, "if I was home in Ireland, shure, I would be sleeping with the pigs, but here, sure I have only to wait on them."

A man went into a grocer's shop and asked the grocer the price of eggs. "Seven for sixpence," said the grocer. "Best new-laid, too." "Oh," said Pat, "seven for sixpence. That's six for fivepence and five for fourpence, and four for threepence, and three for twopence, and two for a penny, and one for nothing, so I'll take the one for nothing, please."

"I understand, Pat," said an employer interviewing an applicant for a situation, "that you have a big family dependent on you?" "Yes, sor—ten childer, seven pigs, and the ould woman!"

In a restaurant a waiter was in the habit of bringing an old gentleman's tea, the major part of which was usually in the saucer. "Look here, Pat," said the old gentleman, "tomorrow evening if you bring my tea without spilling a drop in the saucer I will give you a shilling to yourself." "Right, sor," said Pat, and the following evening he won the shilling by bringing the cup in one hand and the saucer in the other.

"Who was it hit ye?" asked Kelly of his friend Cassidy. "Shure, Oi dunno!" was the reply. "'Twas in a crowd!" "Thin ye are in luck!" exclaimed Kelly. "Now ye won't have to get licked ag'in thrying to lick th' fellow thot hit ye."

At one of the west coast watering-places a young lady was walking along the esplanade, when a sudden gust of wind took her parasol from her hand, and sent it full into the face of an old Irishman behind her. The lady hastened to apologise, saying—"I am so sorry, sir, the wind took it from my hand."

"Shure, now, don't distress yerself," answered the gallant Irishman. "If ye had been as sthrong as ye are pretty a hurricane couldn't have tuk it from ye."

A glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to be sure to put in plenty of putty. The man bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by:—"Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

A policeman, stopping a carter who had not got his name on his cart, examined the cart and said—"I see your name's 'oblitherrated!'" "You're a liar!" replied Pat instantly. "Me name's O'Flaherty!"

"Well, Mr. Duffy, how are you to-night?" a polite political canvasser asked an Elswick labourer. "We've come to ask for your vote." "Indade, that's what I'm thinking," the voter replied with an amused smile, "for Jack Duffy only gets Mister at election toimes." He had been canvassed before.

VIII.—BULLS AND OTHER BLUNDERS.

THE native of the Emerald Isle is, rightly or wrongly, always associated with that form of mixed speech which is designated a "bull." Blunders of a similar kind are made by others than Paddy, but he is such a frequent sinner in this respect that he has come to be regarded as inseparably associated with their manufacture. And in (unsolicited) justice to him it may be said that bulls of foreign make are like many other things of alien production—weak and worthless. To this statement probably one exception must be made, namely, the blunder—of course it was hardly a "bull"—which a French lady perpetrated when, in compiling a bibliography of works dealing with cattle, she included a "Treatise on Irish Bulls!"

"How's t'ings wit' you?" enquired Cassidy of a friend. "Busy, very busy, indade," was the reply. "Is it so?" asked Cassidy anxiously. "Aye!" exclaimed the friend. "Faith, ivery toime Oi'm at laysure, Oi hov somethin' to do."

"And how is the wife, Mike?" asked Pat of his neighbour one morning. "Sure and I had the doctor last night," was the reply. "I didn't know thot she was so sick as thot," said Pat. "No," said the neighbour, "and she didn't need him; but iv she hod died, sure she would always hov blamed me!"

"Pat," said a manager to one of his workmen, "you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning." "Indade, and Oi am, sor. It's a family trait, Oi'm thinking." "Then your father was an early riser, too?" "Me father, is it? He roises that early that if he went to bed a little later he'd meet himself getting up in the morning."

"And who is it lives there, Mike, in that big stone house?" enquired a tourist. "Why," replied Mike, "that old gentleman I was telling you of, that died so suddint last winter."

An Irishman on weighing his pig exclaimed—"It does not weigh as much as I expected, and I never thought it would."

This was somewhat akin to the ejaculation of Mike who, on opening his pay envelope, exclaimed—"Faith, that's the stingiest man I ever worked for." "Phwat's the matther wid ye; didn't ye git as much as ye ixpected?" asked a fellow workman. "Yis," was the reply, "but I was countin' on gettin' more than I ixpected."

"Ivery day this summer Oi got up earlier to go to work than Oi did the day before," said an Irishman to a companion. "Is that so?" enquired the companion. "It is," said the Irishman; "an' Oi figgers thot Oi be one wake younger now than whin Oi commined."

A belated husband, resident in Ireland, hunting in the dark for matches with which to light the gas, and audibly expressing his disappointment, was rendered speechless in an instant by his wife suggesting, in a sleepy voice, that he had better light one and look for them, and not go stumbling about in the dark breaking things.

A servant girl, when asked if she had a good place, answered—"Oh, a moighty foine place! My misthress is that rich that all her flannel petticoats are made of silk!"

"Can't you keep the baby quiet, Mary?" an Irish nurse was asked, after a loud noise had been coming from the nursery for a long time. "Sure, ma'am," answered Mary, "I can't kape him quiet at all unless I let him make all the noise he wants!"

Some of the most delicious bulls are in act rather than in word.

An Irishman was found standing out in a hard rain over a little bridge, carefully, and with a strained position, holding his line in the water under the bridge. "Sure," said he to a

marvelling passer-by, "the fishes 'll all be crowdin' in there to get out of the wet!"

An irate landlady, pounding on the door of her slothful lodger's room, exclaimed—"Is it dead or alive ye are, Mister Maloney?" "Nayther; I'm slaping!" was Maloney's answer.

"Where," said the Irish orator, triumphantly, "where will you find a modern building that has stood so long as the ancient?"

In a watering-place in the South, a large number of persons were summoned for non-payment of their water rates. Among the defendants figured an Irish tradesman, who, in reply to the bench as to why he had not paid for the water he had used, replied—"Well, you see, your worship, I pay 12s a quarter for water, and many's the day it's off for a whole week!"

An ironmonger received a case of hardware, and on comparing it with his invoice found everything all right except a hammer, which was missing. "Och! don't be troubled about that," said his Irish porter, "sure and faith the man took it out to open the case wid it."

An Irish agricultural journal advertised a new washing-machine under the heading, "Every man his own washer-woman," and in its culinary department said that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

An Irish threat is a threat that cannot be disregarded:—"Is there any of No. 9 mess down there?" called an Irish cook to the men below on one of H.M. ships. "Yes, there is," came the reply. "Well," shouted the Irishman again, "tell them if they don't come up to peel the spuds I'll cook them raw."

"'Tis very fortunate," remarked Mr. Grady wisely, "thot hay be not as hivy as coal." "For whoy, Pat?" "Shure, a ton av the shtuff would weigh so much thot a poor man couldn't afford to kape a cow."

Murphy had been to the superintendent of works to make a demand for more pay and shorter hours. He had returned

unsuccessful and dejected. "Shure," said he, "Oi'd heard that he wor dafe an' dumb, an' Oi've found thot he is." "Gwan!" said Brannigan. "How did ye foind thot out?" "Be jabbers!" replied Murphy stoutly, "he admitted ut."

An Irish squire, seeing a man who was engaged in painting a gate on his estate working away with unusual energy, asked—What are you in such a hurry for, Murphy? "Sure, I want to get through before me paint runs out!" was the reply.

"You shouldn't beg," said a gentleman, who had been asked to bestow a copper on "a lone, lorn cratur;" "there's plenty of work in the hayfields." "Ah, sur, we can't all work, for thin there'd be nothin' for the rest to do!" was the woman's reply.

One has only to mix with an Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Prince and Princess of Wales were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an old woman remarked, "Ah! Isn't it the fine reception they're gettin', goin' away?"

In 1892 Dublin University celebrated its tercentenary, and crowds of visitors were attracted to the city. Two labourers, rejoicing at the general prosperity, thus expressed their feelings—"Well, Tim," said one, "thim tarcintinaries does a dale for the thrade of Dublin, and no mistake." "Oh, faix they do!" said the other. "And whin, with the blessin' of God, we get Home Rule, sure we can have as manny of thim as we plase."

An old woman, seeing a man pulling a young calf roughly along the road, exclaimed—"Oh, you bla'guard! That's no way to thrate a fellow crather."

"Sure," said a labourer to a young lady who was urging him to send his children to school, "I'd do anything for such a sweet, gintlemanly lady as yourself."

"Friends," said an agitator, at a meeting of Home Rulers, "the cup of our trouble is running over, and it is not yet full."

A poacher, up before a magistrate, made this defence—"In-

dade, your Worships, the only bird I shot was a rabbit ; and I knocked that down with a stick."

At a meeting where a committee was being condemned for its management, the speaker said—"Perhaps you think that in our committee half do the work, and the other half do nothing. As a matter of fact, gentlemen, the reverse is the case."

A workman, being at a lodging-house, and having to rise very early for work, arranged to be called. After he had gone to sleep some of his "pals" blacked his face. When Pat got up and looked in the glass he exclaimed, "Arrah! and shure they've called the wrong man."

An Irishman, who got a situation from a funeral undertaker, was sent with a coffin to a house where one of the family had died. Not getting right instructions from his master what door it was, Pat went to a door, pulled the bell, and asked in true Hibernian fashion—"Is this where the man lives that's dead?"

William Burke was a genial, courteous, and withal bright Irish lawyer, and this is the way he demolished his opponent—the plaintiff's counsel—and that, too, with the utmost seriousness—"Your honour, the argument of my learned friend is lighter than vanity. It is air; it is smoke. From top to bottom it is absolutely nothing. And therefore, your honour, it falls to the ground by its own weight."

Speaking of a neighbour, who was a daring rather than an expert mariner, a country doctor related how his yacht had "stuck fast and loose in the mud."

At a meeting of churchwardens, when it was debated whether the pew of a gentleman who had seceded to Revivalism should be retained for him or not, the doctor urged that it should, adding as a reason, "'Tis unbeknownst but one of his ancestors might happen to want it."

"Faith, an' it's loik old toims it do be to see you again," said Pat to his friend Mike. "Why didn't ye niver wroite me a loine since Oi last met ye?" "Sure," said Mike, "an' Oi

would, but Oi wasn't after knowin' yer address at all." "Thin," enquired Pat, "why in th' name o' sinse didn't yer tillyphon me an' Oi'd hev sint it to ye?"

An honest Hibernian, in recommending a cow, said that she would give milk year after year without having calves, "because," said he, "it runs in the brade, for she came of a cow that never had a calf."

An Irishman, who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

A gallant Irish colonel, on relinquishing his command of a brigade depot, was entertained at a farewell dinner by the local Volunteers, at which several of his friends in the county were present. Before his speech he said to one of those present—"I hope my speech will go off as well to-night as it did last night at the barracks. I am going to use the same words, but I will try to vary the sentiment!" In his address he said—"To-day I have relinquished my command, to-night I say good-bye to you, Volunteers, good-bye for ever; and in saying good-bye to you for ever, Volunteers, I trust to God I am saying the same to everyone of my friends who is in this room."

An Irishman, on leaving his home, and looking for the last time at the village graveyard, was heard to exclaim—"Well, please God, if I live, I will be buried there."

An old County Carlow man, who was giving an account of a boating accident, added—"Faith, they couldn't save the poor fellow till he was drowned."

It was a little Irish boy brought over to England who, complaining of some grievance, said—"If you treat me like this, one of these mornings I shall get up dead."

In the House of Commons, an Irish member, being interrupted by the Speaker, exclaimed—"Then, sir, I will reiterate what I was going to say."

An Irish priest wrote to a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, ask-

ing him to permit a prisoner to attend the funeral of his mother on the plea "that, alas! she was his only surviving relation."

Pat Maloney was nailing a box containing articles which he intended sending by rail. From the nature of the contents a friend knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted during the passage. He ventured to suggest to Pat to write conspicuously on the case—"This side up with care." A few days afterwards, seeing Pat again, he asked—"Heard any more about your goods? Did they get there safely?" "Every one of them broke," said Pat. "The whole lot? Did you label it, 'This side up,' as I told you?" "Yes, I did. And for fear they shouldn't see it on the cover, I put it on the bottom, too."

"Oi hear thot Dinnis wuz caught be a premachoor explosion," said Casey to a neighbour. "Wor he hurted any?" "He wor," replied M'Manus. "They tell me thot wan av his wounds is fatal, but th' other two ain't dangerous an' wull heal up quick."

"This is the seventh night you've come home in the mornin'," exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien. "The next toime you go out, Mr. O'Brien, you'll stay at home and open the door for yourself."

"You have been in many ructions, I suppose, Pat?" said a landlord to one of his tenants. "Oh, a great many, yer honner," replied Pat unaffectedly. "And I suppose you fight grimly—you never give in, I mean." "I always fight till I die," said Pat.

"Hev you seen this, Pat?" asked Bridget as she laboriously read a paragraph in a newspaper. "It sez here that whin a man loses wan av his sinse his other sinse get more develyuped. F'r instans, a blind man gets more sinse av hearin', an' touch, and'——" "Shure, an' it's quite thtrue," interrupted Pat. "Oi've noticed it meself. When a man has one leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other leg's longer, isn't it, now?"

"If I put me money in the Savin's Bank, whin can I draw

it out agin?" asked Dennis Moriarty of a friend. "Shure," said his friend, "an' if you put it in to-day you can get it out agin to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice."

"Out of work again, Pat?" enquired the priest of one of his parishioners. "I thought that old Milligan gave you a job?" "He did, sor; but Oi'll be kilt afore Oi'll starve to death for the sake of kapin' aloive, sor."

"Come down out o' that, young man," commanded a self-important policeman on the occasion of a fire in Dublin. "But I'm a reporter, and want to get a description of the fire," explained the young man. "Get out wid you," insisted the man in blue. "You can't stay there. You kin foind out all about the fire from the paper in the marnin'."

An Irish cyclist was bitten on the leg by a savage bull terrier. He wrote a long complaint to the local paper, the communication closing with the sentence:—"The dog, I understand, belongs to the town magistrate, who resides in the neighbourhood, and is allowed to wander on the road unmuzzled, and yet sits on the bench in judgment on others."

"Phwot, Phalim M'Gorry?" interrogated O'Brien. "Wull, wull, nie b'y, Oi'm glad to see ye! Ut's foive years since last we met. Tell me, Mack, is yure owld father aloive yet?" "No," replied M'Gorry solemnly; "not yet."

A beggar called at a house, and said to the woman—"For the love of hiven, ma'am, give me a crust o' bread, for I'm so thirsty I don't know where I'll sleep to-night!"

A man was one day boasting about his horsemanship, and to let his mates see how good he was at it he got on to the back of an old nag. The horse began to kick and fling, and Paddy was nearly thrown off, when one of his own race shouted out—"Paddy, can you not come off?" To which Paddy replied, excitedly—"How can a man get off when he can't stay on."

"An' phwat'll Oi do at all, Moike?" asked Mrs. Gallacher who was treating herself at a country station to a pennyworth

of her "exact weight." "This machine only goes up to fifteen shtone, an' Oi'm sixteen shtone if I'm an ounce." "Get on twice, Bridget," said the resourceful Gallacher, "an' add up th' totals."

"I am not expecting anything," said the lady of the house. "This is the number," persisted the driver of the delivery van, looking at his book again. "Name Higgins, ain't it?" "Yes, number 374?" "That's our number." "Then it's for you." "I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity." "No, mum—it's a case of wine."

There was a slight smash on a South of Ireland railway. Owing to a misplaced rail or sleeper a few carriages rolled over on turning a curve in the line. From the midst of the wreckage a young farmer crawled out and demanded from a wounded passenger lying near if this was Bandon? "No," was the gasping reply, "this is a railway smash." "Holy Mary," cried the farmer in dismay, "Oi've got out at the wrong station, and will be too late for the market entoirely."

The advertisement writer is not free from the national failing. Here is an illustration:—"Missin, Jane O'Foggerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully."

A man was sent to post a letter one day. When he returned his master asked him "why he went away without getting an address on it." "Shure," replied the man, "I thought as how you didn't want me to know where it was going to."

"Luk here, me bhey, this warr will be a meighty bad thing for poor ould Oireland," exclaimed a son of the Emerald Isle when discussing the South African campaign. "How's that?" asked his companion. "Why, don't ye see by the papers that Oirishmen are foightin' fer both sides? Shure, an' some ov them will get bate—unless it's a draw."

The following is the reply of an Irishman to a bootmaker who had sent him a bill:—"Oi niver ordered the boots; ef Oi did,

ye niver sent 'em; ef ye sent 'em, Oi niver got 'em; an' ef Oi did, Oi paid for 'em, and ef Oi didn't, Oi won't."

A startling telegram was received on one occasion at the head office of an Irish bank from a remote country branch. The communication read—"Regret inform you I died this morning of pneumonia," and was "signed for John Brown, manager, Thomas Smith." Evidently the prevailing idea in Mr Smith's mind when he dispatched the wire was at all hazards to comply with the regulations, and so he used the form "as laid down," and no doubt congratulated himself upon being equal to the emergency. Of course, it was Mr. Brown, the manager, who had the misfortune to die of pneumonia.

An Irish principal in a fight, realising that he was being badly worsted, vigorously protested to the bystanders against the methods of his adversary. "Shure, an' wasn't it to be a fair stand-up fight?" he excitedly exclaimed. "It certainly was," returned an onlooker, who had been a witness of these arrangements. "An' how, thin," retorted the defeated candidate, "can he be ixpictin' me to shtand up and foight 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the toime?"

"Shure," exclaimed O'Rafferty philosophically as he paused with a hammer in his hand, "Oi wish Oi was lift-handed!" "What for?" asked a fellow workman. "Why," explained O'Rafferty, "thin if Oi iver hurt my roight hand, workin', Oi'd have my lift hand to fall back on."

A manservant in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Cork, one day discovered a part of the woodwork of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed upstairs to his master, and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he went with him. A large kettle of water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?" "I can't, surr." "Why, you idiot, pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, surr."

"I see you have a glass eye, Pat." "Yes, yer 'anner; but it's a swindle, sir. I can't see nothing out of it."

"You are not opaque, are you?" sarcastically asked one man of another who was standing in front of him at the theatre. "Faith, an' Oi'm not," replied the other. "It's O'Brien thot Oi am."

A recent advertisement in an Irish paper announced that Mr. So-and-so extracted teeth with great pains.

"Look here, my man," demanded a car conductor; "what the mischief are you ringing the bell at both ends of the car for?" "Sure," replied O'Rafferty, "an' Oi want both inds of the car to stop."

"Have ye ever read Burns, Mrs. Grogan?" asked an Irishman of a neighbour one 25th of January. "Faith, and phat colour would burns be if they wasn't red," enquired Mrs. Grogan in astonishment.

"The grocer charged me a shillin' a pound fer this mate," said Mrs. Mulligan. "Bedad, an' thot's too high," exclaimed her husband. "A mon wud hov to ate half a dozen pounds to git his money's worth."

"Ye'll hov to be sawmthin' wid that clock to make it run corriectly," said Mrs. M'Gorry one evening to her better half. "Sure, phwhiniver Oi don't set ut back ivery half day ut gains an hour or more in ivery tin or twelve." "Lave ut alone till ut gits a whole day fast," said M'Gorry. "Oi want to find out phwhither ut would prove that we wus livin' back in yisterday an' the clock was on toime, or we was all roight an' the clock was tellin' the toime av to-morrow to-day."

"Oi'd loike to take a trip around the wurruld," said O'Brien to his wife. "Sure, thot wud be foine!" said the goodwife. "Yis," returned O'Brien; "but tink av the cost av gettin' home agin!"

A stalwart Irishman paid a begging visit to a gentleman's mansion. Contrary to his usual good breeding, Pat went "right forward" into the sanctum of his butlership, who, in a burst of indignation, asked him what brought him there. "Och," said Paddy, "an' it's that ye're axin', is it? Sure,

thin' an' it was to spake with yer honour's glory." "Well, then, sir," retorted the butler, "do you not know that, according to the rules of this house, it is customary before coming in to knock at the door?" "Arrah, by me sowl," bawled Paddy, "an' how should I know the rule of the house until I came in to ax?"

The Misses Muldoon, two simple maiden ladies, ordered two portraits of their deceased mother, one in crayon and the other in water-colours. Both pictures duly arrived, but the Misses Muldoon were not satisfied with the water-colour. "You see," said the elder, "'taint as like mother as the other. Why, even Mr. Binks could see the difference. I showed him this here"—pointing to the water-colour—"and he says nothing; and then I showed him this"—indicating the crayon—"and he says at once, 'Ah, that's the thing—that's more like.' And if he, that never saw mother at all, could see it was a better likeness, it surely must be."

"Pat, can you tell me what is an Irish 'bull?'" asked an inquiring tourist. "Well, if your honour seen four cows lying down in a field an' one o' them standin' up, that 'ud be a bull!" retorted Pat triumphantly.

IX.—BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

THE three important events in Irish life, as in the life of every other people, are Births, Marriages, and Deaths. Each of these is signalised in some special manner.

The two former are, naturally, seasons of rejoicing, and one is not far wrong when he says that the son of Erin does his best to preserve the harmony of the trio by making the last-mentioned as merry as possible. A story is told of an Englishman who, being greatly amazed at the conviviality which he saw at a Scottish funeral, exclaimed that in Scotland the burials were as blith as English bridals. Ireland may well share in the compliment or the slander. It does its best by means of its wakes to turn a season of gloom into one of brightness, and if on the face of it the attempt seems a little incongruous, it at all events helps to foster that spirit of kindly friendship which is the essence of all neighbourliness. But it is not on the side of custom or folklore that we are to look at present. Our intention is rather to present such anecdotes relating to the three events as we have been able to gather, and by doing so further illustrate the life and humour of the Irish people.

The Irishman is usually frank in his speech. Two men, who had not met for years, ran across each other, and after shaking hands adjourned for a modest refresher. "Well, here's to ye," said Mick. "It's a long toime shure since we met, Pat, isn't it? Lots of things have happened to ye, Oi'll be bound." "Yes, indade," replied Pat. "Shure, an' it's married Oi am!" "You don't mane it?" "Faith, an' it's true. An' Oi've got a fine healthy bhoy, an' the neighbours say he's the very picture

of me." "Och, niver moind what they say," said Mick. "What's the harm, so long as the child's healthy!"

A priest was once sent to baptise a baby. In the cabin he could find no water, but there was a pot of tea. "Tea," he reasoned, "contains water, the rest is but accident," and proceeded to pour out a cup. But it was strong, even to blackness; so he went in search of water, and, having found some, watered the tea down to a passable light colour, christened the baby with it, and reported the circumstance, as a case of conscience, to his superior. It had not occurred to him, having found the water, to use it by itself.

Many stories are told in connection with the rearing of families.

"Ah, Pat," said Cassidy meeting Mr. and Mrs. Casey with a child, "thot baby is a perfect picture av ye." "Shut up, ye fule!" said Casey with peremptoriness. "Somebody left it on our front steps and Oi'm taking it to the police station."

"An' ye've raised quoite a big family, Mrs. Murphy?" remarked Mrs. M'Canty when visiting a friend. "Yes," said Mrs. Murphy with pride, "seven polacemin, Mrs. M'Canty."

"Mrs. Donegan," said a neighbour one day when she heard Mrs. Donegan's children howling, "how can you let your old child beat the others so?" "D'ye think a harrd wurrukin woman has toime to beat thim tin children ivery day? I thry me hand at the oldest wan ivery marning, an' he's a good sthrong b'y, and beats the other nine fer me!"

A tourist who was in the North of Ireland came across an Irishman whipping a boy. "Why are you punishing the lad?" he asked. "Well, sorr, his brother hit me wid a shtone." "Then this lad is not to blame for that." "Well, ye see, sorr, the two lads is twins." "But that makes no difference." "Beg pardon, sorr, it does," said the son of Erin. "For bein' twins, an' bein' so much aloike, the one might just as well hit me as the other."

"I want a pair of shoes for this little boy," said Mrs. Mac-

namara to the shoemaker. "French kid, ma'am?" enquired the shoemaker politely. "Indade not," said Mrs Macnamara with some heat. "He's my own son, and was born and bred in Ireland."

"Come, now," said Cassidy proudly when Casey called to see the new arrival; "did ye ever see such a baby as thot before?" "Sure, an' Oi can't remimber, Cassidy," replied Casey. "Oi havn't bin to a freak museum or a soide show for twinty years."

"Early marriages are to be deprecated," said Lord Beaconsfield, "especially for men." This doctrine does not find favour among the peasantry of Ireland. What they say is, "Either marry young, or become a monk young." Those who are accustomed to comfort exercise greater self-restraint in matrimony than do the poor. These last rush in, reasoning as they do in Ireland in this matter, "Shure, whatever we do we can't be worse off than we are." And yet many of the Irish poor enter into matrimony as a sort of investment for old age. When children come, as quickly as they do to the poor, into the little cabin of Pat and Biddy, they say, "Shure they will be a grate support to us in our ould age." And this they generally are, for in no country is the duty of children to provide for aged parents held so sacred as in Ireland.

With the Irishman, as with all others, courting is the preliminary to marriage.

"Courting," said an Irishman, "is like dying; sure a man must do it for himself;" and indeed so pleasant is the occupation (it is said) that it is only those who are abnormally shy who wish to do it by proxy. There is a great difference between flirtation and courtship. The first is attention without intention. It was well described by Punch as "a spoon with nothing in it," but the latter, though it may be a "spoon," too, is a spoon with something in it—that is to say, the intention to marry.

The sage has had his say against marrying in haste; here is the same thought with a prettier colouring—A solemn and awe-

inspiring bishop was examining a class of girls, and asked—"What is the best preparation for the sacrament of matrimony?" "A little coortin', me lord!" was the unexpected reply of one of the number.

"I'm a-thinking I shall 'list and go and help and fight the Boers, Widow Skelly," said young Regan, who was a bashful suitor for the widow's hand. "Faith, thin, it's a poor sojer you'll make!" "Phwat de ye mane?" "Oh, nothing! Only a man who kapes on callin' on a widdy for a couple of years without pluck enough to spake his moind hasn't the makin' of a sojer in him."

"Oh, what a recreation it is," exclaimed an Irishman, "to fall in love; it makes the heart beat so delicately that you can't get a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!"

"Do you drame of me, Mike?" asked a girl of her young man. "Drame of you, is it, me darlin', why I can't get any sleep for draming of you."

"You must not kiss me, Pat, Oi'm afraid we'll be seen," said Bridget to her sweetheart. "Bridget, darlint, there's no one lookin'," said Patrick. "Yis, Pat," rejoined Bridget; "but the potatoes have eyes, remimber."

Beauty always wins the Irish heart. A "purty" face, a neat ankle, a pair of sparkling eyes act like champagne to native wit of the chivalrous order. Courtesy to the gentle sex is a feature in Pat's character, and he is an adept at courting.

"It is a grate pleasure entirely to be alone, especially whin your sweetheart is wid ye," observed one reflective swain.

Now and then some of the bhoys require to be prompted a bit in their love-making.

"Ah," said a sweet Kerry maid to her lover, "if you wor me, Tim, and I wor you, I wud be married long ago."

William Monachan and Maria Mulvaney were walking along a lonely country road near Kildare one fine evening. William was carrying a large tub on his head and a live pig in a sack on his back, when suddenly Maria exclaimed—"Oi be afear'd,

Bill! Oi be fear'd!" "What be'st fear'd on, greaat stoopud, w'en Oi be 'long wid 'ee?" was Bill's reassuring response. "Oi be fear'd you'll git a-kissin' an' a-coortin' o' me, Oi bel" replied the tremulous maiden. "'Ow can Oi git a-kissin' an' a-coortin' o' ye w'en Oi 'a' got this great tub on me 'ead an' a pig on me back?" reasoned William. With true maiden simplicity Maria replied—"C'u—c'u'dn't you put that pig on the groun', an' turn that tub atop on 'im, an' set down on't, an' pull me 'side of ye, ef ye wus amind to 't, eh?"

"I hear, Pat, that you're taking a great fancy for the girls," said an employer to one of his labourers. "Well, sorr?" queried Pat. "Well, have you met your fate yet?" "Shure, Oi met wan av her father's fate lasht noight."

"Shtop, Moiike, shtop, Oi hear some wan comin'," said Bridget as Mike put his arm round her. "Shure, ut's a iligent ear ye have, Biddy," exclaimed Pat tightening his hold. "Ut's mesilft ye'se hearin' comin' to the p'int. Will ye marry me, darlint?"

An Irishman, asking whether she would accept his love or not, wrote thus to his sweetheart:—"If you don't love me, plaze send back the letter without breaking the seal."

One day Mr. O'Brien, a land agent in the West of Ireland, met a countryman, and, having heard of his marriage, saluted him with—"Well, Pat, so you have taken to yourself a wife?" "Yis, yer honour," said Pat, touching his hat; "I have." "Well," said Mr. O'Brien, looking comically at him, "here I am, and I can get no one to take me, and I feel very lonely sometimes." "I think I can put yer honour in the way," said Pat with a confidential look. "How, Pat?" "Do as I did; go where you are not known."

An Irish member of Parliament, popular and a bachelor, had been very polite to the daughter of the house where he was visiting. When the time came for him to go the too-anxious mamma called him in for a serious talk. "I'm sure, I don't know what to say," she went on; "'tis reported all around

that you are to marry Letitia." "Just say that she refused me," quietly advised the Parliamentary.

"Bridget, I don't think it looks well for you to entertain company in the kitchen the way you do," said the young mistress. "Thanks, mum," replied the cook; "but I wouldn't want t' take 'im int' th' parlor—he spits t'baccy."

"As you say, Mary," said another mistress, "the young man now sitting in your kitchen may be highly respectable and well known to you. But please remember that this is my house and that he is a perfect stranger to me." "Lawks, mum," replied Mary, "if you'll come in an' let me interjuice ye to him, it's as prowd as a paycock with two tails he'll be, an' no mistake, mum."

Of course of all the Irish servants' sweethearts the policeman holds first place.

"Bridget, didn't I see two policemen in the kitchen last night?" "Yiss, mum; but wan o' them wis the polis on the next bate."

It was this lady who is said to have inscribed the following in her prayer-book:—"If hivin's a place thot's so peaceful," said Bridget O'Riley the fair, "there'll be no perlice ter patrol it—the divil-a-bit Oi'll go there."

An Irish small farmer was asked by his landlord if the report of his intended second marriage was true, and replied—"It is, yer honner." "But your first wife has only been dead a week, Pat," said the landlord. "An' shure," retorted Pat, "she's as dead now as she ever will be, yer honner."

"Matrimony" was defined by a little girl at the head of a confirmation class in Ireland as "a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and a better world." "Being," corrected the examining priest, "the answer for 'Purgatory.'" "Put her down," said the curate, ashamed of his pupil, "put her down to the foot of the class!" "Leave her alone," quoth the priest, "the lass may be right after all. What do you or I know about it?"

"Good marnin', Mrs. O'Toole," said Mrs. Finnigan. "An' phwat makes ye look so sad?" "Sure, Michael has been sint to jail fer six months!" explained Mrs. O'Toole. "Arrah, now, don't worry," said the other in a consoling tone. "Shure six months will soon pass." "Faith an' that's phwat worries me," said Mrs. O'Toole.

"Phwat's the matter wid yer face, Casey?" asked a fellow-workman. "Th' ould woman hit me wid the l'avin's o' this mornin's meal o' mush," was the reply. "G'on," said the fellow-workman. "Shure mush is too soft to——" "Faith," interrupted Casey, "she didn't shtop to take it from the pot."

A disposition to look always on the bright side of things spares its possessor much unhappiness, but when the cheerfulness rests upon reasoning so unsound as Mr. Dolan's there must some time come an awakening. Mr. Dolan had lost his situation at the mill, owing to his persistent lateness, and in consequence his wife was "low in her moind." But Dolan was as cheerful as ever. "Now don't be losin' your smoiles, Norah, darlin'," he said coaxingly. "Oi'm out o' wurrk, to be sure, but 'twas only foive shillin's a day Oi got. If Oi'd been gettin' tin shillin's, our loss would be twice as bad. Kape that in moind, darlin', and not be complainin'."

An Irishman who owed his landlord a few pounds arrears of rent was one day in the house, sitting with his wife, when a knock came to the door. Pat answered, and to his surprise saw two bailiffs. In a bit of fun Pat said—"Will you come again in an hour, as my wife is going, and I want her to pass away in peace." The bailiffs, thinking Pat's wife was dying, agreed, and he gave them sixpence to get some beer. Whilst they were away he and his wife moved the furniture out of the back door, and in about an hour a knock came. Pat went to the door, and one of the bailiffs said, "Has she passed away?" "Yes," said Pat, "and so has the furniture."

"So Cassidy is engaged to be married," said O'Brien. "Oi

always thought he was a great thriffler." "Well, he thought so himself—till he thrifled wid a widow," was the reply.

"Ye don't tell me Mrs. Brady is to be marri'd agin?" said Mrs. Hogan. "Yis; it's thrue. Oi knowed ye'd be surprised at her," said a neighbour. "Faith, 'tis not at her Oi'm surprised," replied Mrs. Hogan.

Bridget had buried John just a few days previous to being visited by Pat M——, a worthy widower. "It's lonely ye'll be since poor John died," said Pat. "It is lonely Oi am, but what can Oi do? I'll just have to bear it," replied the widow. "Troth, an' it's yerself that'll be gettin' married again," said Pat. "Married again. No. Sorrow a wan will ever fill poor John's shoes," replied the widow. "And who would have me, anyway?" "Sure," said Pat, who was in his bare feet, "an' Oi'd loike ye meself if Oi had a pair of shoes." "Sure," replied Bridget, wiping away a tear, "an' will John's fit ye?"

One of the hardest things in the world is to condole with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement. If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be told of the condolences offered to the bereaved.

At Dublin some time ago a hard working Irishman fell out of a fourth-storey window and broke his neck. After the funeral a neighbour called to offer the widow sympathy and condolence. "It was a very sad thing indeed." "Indeed it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-storey window." "An' was it as bad as that?" asked the visitor. "Sure, an' I heard it was only a third-storey window."

Mulligan's mother lay dying, and all her relations were called to the bedside, where they stood dropping tears and taking a sly inventory of the furniture. Bridget was to have the kitchen dresser. "How generous o' the dear cratur!" cried Bridget. "Indade, indade, she is!" said the rest of the family. The horse was to go to Tim. "Conscious and raysonable to the last!" exclaimed Tim. The family loudly agreed. The old lady's watch was to be given to Pat and the cow to

Kathleen. "Wonderful, her memory's perfect to the end!" cried everybody in chorus. Then Mulligan's mother begged them to remember Donovan, and pay the fifteen pounds which she owed him. "Don't listen! Don't listen!" shrieked all the relatives together. "She's ravin'—poor sowl—she's ravin'!"

An Irishman was once passing through a country village in England when he saw a crowd of people standing outside the squire's house. On inquiring the cause he was told that the squire was going to be buried. "Och!" says Pat, "begorra, an' I must stop, for in my country we have to carry them."

"So Kelly is dead?" said Pat. "Yis," replied Mike. "He hadn't an inimy in th' wur-r-ld." "Phwat did he doi of?" asked Pat. "He was killed in a foight," explained Mike.

An Irishman went into a graveyard one day and was looking around casually. Coming to a certain grave he read the inscription on the tombstone, which was as follows—"Here lies Jonathan Jones, who was born July 2, 1831, and died April 3, 1892. He was a lawyer and an honest man," etc. "Holy Patrick!" exclaimed the Irishman, "the soil about here must be very expensive, when they have to bury two men in the same grave."

X.—YOUNG IRELAND.

THE wit and humour which are characteristic of Irish character frequently manifest themselves long ere manhood is reached. The juvenile son of Erin has oftentimes an abundance of that ready wit which is proverbial of his fathers, and is apt to make those blunders of speech which are not unknown to his seniors. Many amusing stories are told of Irish children, and in a book of this kind a place may very appropriately be given to their sayings and doings.

A man who pursued the humble occupation of a ragman was a great orator in his way, and frequently addressed local meetings. On one occasion he was endeavouring to prove that even a savage state is better than the condition of Ireland. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I saw little children out in Africa there. They had no clothes, it is thrue. They were naked, but they were free." "Bad place for a ragman, Mick," shouted a little fellow in the back seat, and the orator collapsed amid the laughter of the audience.

In a country school the principal undertook to convey to his pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. He wrote on the blackboard, "bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the class, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out—"Please, sorr, for the bird to roosht on."

Little Mike, who was of an enquiring mind, began thinking about some curious things one evening, and applied to his father as to their meaning—"Father!" he enquired. "Phwot?" queried the father. "Father, av wan av thim pug

dogs was to follow his nose wud he turn summersets, or go down his own t'roat?" "Ar-r-r-r; Oi dunno! But phwat Oi do know is thot av ye ask me another quiston loike thot, me young intirrygation p int, aph to bed ye'll go loike ye was shot out av a gun! D'ye moind thot?"

"Phat ye afther makin' out av the boy, Dinnis?" enquired one neighbour of another. "Shure Oi don't know," was the reply. "If he takes after his mother he'll be a natural prize-fighter an' fut-ball player on his buttin' an' kickin' abilities."

"It cost me two shillings last noight to tell the gang phwat me baby said!" explained Cassidy to a friend. "Ye got off aisy, Cassidy!" replied the friend. "Suppose ye had triplets!"

A gentleman had occasion to visit Connaught. Travelling along, he overtook a boy who was in charge of a number of donkeys carrying loads of turf in panniers. Noticing that the donkeys were not shod, he asked the reason. "Shure," returned the boy, who was shoeless himself, "it wud ill become the bastes to be shod an' their master barefut!"

"Spell hostility," commanded the schoolmaster. "H-o-r-s-e, horse——" commenced Pat. "Not horse-tility," said the master, "but hostility." "Shure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say 'hoss?' Shure, it's one thing wid ye wan day, an' another the nixt."

"Now, Patsy," said a teacher, "would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?'" "Yes'm," said Pat. "Why?" enquired the teacher. "'Cause you can't," was the frank reply.

A peasant girl went two or three times to a rectory with a hare and other game for sale. The rector, wishing to ascertain whether she came by them honestly, asked her where she got them. "Sure, your riverence," said she, "my father is poacher to Lord Clare."

Of the Dublin boys a famous baritone, in his reminiscences, tells some good stories—one of "Faust," in which he played

Valentine. After the duel Martha, who rushed in at the head of the crowd, raised Valentine's head and held him in her arms, during the first part of the scene, and cried out, in evident alarm—"Oh, what shall I do?" There was a death-like stillness in the house, which was interrupted by a youthful voice from the gallery, calling out—"Unbutton his weskit."

"Why is it, Dennis, that you are always fighting with Willie Simpkins? I never heard of you quarrelling with any of the other boys in the neighbourhood." "He's th' only one I can lick," answered Dennis.

Little Mike Doolan was busy with his reading lesson one night and he applied to his father to explain the meaning of certain words. "Feyther," he asked, "phwot is an incubus?" "Thot's roight, Moikey!" replied the father. "Phwiniver ye foind a worrud thot ye don't understand, come to me wid ut. Shure, an incubus is wan av thim ixtinct bur-r-r-rds thot lays iggs as big as yure hid." "And, father, phwat's a vampire?" "G'wan wid ye. Whoy don't ye use yur oyes an' ears whin ye hov a chance? Begorra! a vampire is the feller thot gits bate to dith at a football match!" "Feyther, and phwere was Solomon's timple?" "Solomon's timple, is ut? On the soide av his head, av coorse." "And a mongoose, father. What is that?" "Sure, a mongoose is wan av thim spindle-legged fellers thot plays golf." Mike was getting on fairly well with his answers. As a last question he said—"Feyther, phwot is a bigot?" "A bigot," explained his knowing parent, "is wan av thim t'ings thot ates holes in chaze."

"Edication is a good thing, Tim, an' don't you run it down." "Ever get any of it, Pat?" "Me? Well, I should say yes. I went to night school all one winter." "An' what did you get to show for it, Pat?" "What did I get? I got four overcoats, three hats, and seven umbrellas. Don't you tell me that goin' to school is a waste o' time."

"Haven't you a son named John William, Mrs. Timmins?" asked an important School Board officer on the hunt for Je-

linquents. "Yes!" assented Mrs. Timmius. "Then why doesn't he go to school?" "'Cause he's been in Ameriky this sixteen years!" was the unexpected reply.

A shoemaker in Dublin, getting on well in the way of business, became proud. One day there were a number of customers in the shop, when the shop-boy came in to say that the mistress bid him say dinner was ready. "What's for dinner, sir?" asked the shoemaker. "Herrings, sir," answered the boy. "All right," said the shoemaker, and when he went up to dinner he reprimanded the boy for not mentioning something decent and big, telling the boy in future always to mention a good feed when there were any people in the shop. A few days afterwards the boy came to say that dinner was ready. "What's for dinner, sir?" asked the shoemaker. "Fish, sir," answered the boy. "What sort of fish?" asked the shoemaker. "A whale, sir," answered the boy.

One day an examiner was listening to a class of boys as they repeated Macaulay's "Horatius." "Would three soldiers nowadays," he asked, "be likely to hold a bridge against a whole army?" "No, sir," the boys answered. "Would three Englishmen, for example?" he continued. "No, sir," said the class. "Would three Scotchmen?" They again dissented. "Would three Irishmen?" "Please, sir," shouted an excitable little fellow, "one Irishman would do it!"

A school inspector in the North was once examining a geography class, and asked the question—"What is a lake?" He was much amused when a little fellow answered, "It's a hole in a can, sir."

A schoolboy was once asked by his teacher what the four provinces of Ireland were. He replied—"Leinster, Munster, Connaught," and he didn't know the other one, so the teacher pointed to his Ulster. Then the boy said—"I know, sir! It's Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Overcoat."

"What is a fraction?" asked the teacher. "A part of any-

thing, sorr," was the reply. "Give an example," queried the teacher. "The sivinteenth of June," was the answer.

"Phot's thot medal fer, Patsy?" asked Mr. Rooney of his son. "For standing at the head of me class in English history," replied young Rooney. "Ye young shnake!" exclaimed the irate parent. "Oi'll teach ye to dishgrace your Oirish ancestry thot way."

The lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal it from the master. In this they were successful until one evening, when the master caught them puffing most vigorously. "How now?" shouted he to one of the culprits. "How dare you to be smoking?" "Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain." "And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn. One had a "raging tooth;" another "colic;" the third a "cough;" in short, they all had something for which the weed was an unfailing remedy. "Now, sir!" bellowed the master to the last boy, "pray, what disorder do you smoke for?" Alas! all excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone:—"I smoke for corns, sir!"

In the slums of Manchester a rent-collector had great difficulty in getting the rent from one Pat Maginnis. On being applied to for a couple of weeks' rent, he said he would pay it if the landlord would put in a new cellar door. This was done, and the collector called for the money. Maginnis was out, but his eldest son paid the money that was due. "Glad you have it ready for once," said the man. "Yes, sir," the boy replied; "but it has been an awful trouble. We had to sell some of the furniture." "Oh," said he, pocketing the rent. "I didn't know you had any." "Yes," continued the lad. "Father sold the new cellar door to get it."

XI.—THE IRISHMAN ABROAD.

ALTHOUGH the Irishman dearly loves his native land he has frequently to leave it in order that he may live. Like the Scot, he is found in many places of the earth, always carrying with him unmistakable evidence of his origin. Numberless are the anecdotes which deal with him in his wanderings outside the Emerald Isle. Here are a few.

An unlettered Irishman applied to the Philadelphia Court of Naturalisation, when he was asked—"Have you read the declaration of independence?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Have you read the constitution of the United States?" "No, sir." "Have you read the history of the United States?" "No, sir," he repeated. "No!" exclaimed the Judge in disgust. "Well, what have you read?" "Oi have red hair on me head, your honour," was the innocent reply.

An Irishman, newly come to town, and wholly unacquainted with town life, pointed to a gasometer and then asked an equally ignorant Scot—"An' what may that thing be now—that big thing sittin' on its end?" "I dinna ken," replied the Scot. "Git out wid ye!" exclaimed Paddy. "Be me sowl, ye niver saw a dinner can as big as that in all yer loife!"

Perhaps the most laughable instance of Irish simplicity is the following. A Hibernian, who had found employment in England wrote to his brother in the "Emerald Isle," telling him to come over and join him. Larry accordingly went on board ship, and in the course of time he found himself on English soil. Accosting the first man he met, Larry exclaimed nervously—"Is—is this England?" "Of course," replied the man. "Well—er—will you tell Pat Oi want him?"

A wealthy Irish-American was proud of the opportunity to do the honours and "show off" on the occasion of a visit to New York of one of his compatriots from the "Ould Counthry." To dazzle him he invited him to dine at one of the most notable and toniest of restaurants. "Now, me bhoy," he said, "just you follow my lead, and I'll order everything of the best." Seated at table, the host led off with—"Now, we'll start with cocktails," meaning of course, liquid appetisers. "Waitēr, fetch in a couple of cocktails." His friend gave himself away, however, when he whispered audibly—"Waiter, if ye don't moind, I'd rather have a wing of the burrd."

A tram line in an English Midland town is crossed by three consecutive streets which bear masculine surnames. An Irishman with a large carpet bag, and carrying a big umbrella, entered one of the cars and sat down gingerly near the door. Four or five other men completed the list of passengers. "James," shouted the conductor presently, the "Street" being quite inaudible to his hearers. A passenger signalled, the tramcar stopped, and he alighted. Half a minute afterwards they neared another cross street. "William," announced the conductor. Another man got out. The Irishman's eyes grew visibly larger. "Alexander," shouted the conductor, and a third man got up and left the car. When it had started again, the Irishman rose and approached the conductor. "Oi want to get out at Avenue Place," he said, tapping his arm. "Me foorsht name is Michael."

Two brother Hibernians made up their minds to visit the much-talked-of seaside, and forthwith made elaborate preparations for the journey. On their arrival, they made their quickest way to the shore, and were soon lost in admiration of the beauties of a high tide. "Splendid! Terry, me boy, we'll be down here betoimes in the mornin'," said Dillon—and so they were, but were disgusted to find the sea so far out—the tide having receded. "Shure, and where's th' wather gone to, Dilly?" says Terry. "It's them thavin' young blayguards with

them spades and cans," said Dillon with righteous wrath, "becos' I seed 'em myself last noight cartin' it away in bucketfuls."

One summer, writes a holiday-maker, I formed one of a "Swiss" touring party, and, being Irish, I "chummed" with three other Irish fellows, who were, like myself, strong in the Irish accent, but nothing to boast about in French. All four of us went to a tobacconist's shop in Geneva, where a pretty girl served. One of the party blundered out his request in atrocious French, but with an unmistakably Irish brogue. The girl smiled, and astonished us by replying, in a broad accent—"Arrah! Why don't you spake plain English; shure, we're all fram Cork!"

An Irishman in search of two relatives arrived in Cape Town, having heard that they were working there in an iron foundry. One day, while looking for his folks, he saw a big boiler, on which were large letters as follows—"P-A-T-E-N-T-E-D, 1890." "Hurrah!" shouted the Irishman; "I've found 'em—I've found 'em! Pat and Ted, landed 1890! Wurra, wurra! the very names of the bhoys, and the selfsame year! Wurra, wurra! shure an' I must have been born under a lucky star!"

Paddy, who was home from America, gave his friends some idea of the New World—"I tell you," he exclaimed, "you might roll England through it, and it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there are fresh water oceans inside that might hold ould Oireland; and as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner and ye'd never be able to find it out, except it might be by the smell of the Clyde."

On his first visit to "town," a young gentleman from the Midlands "put up" at an hotel Knightsbridge way, and spent his first night at a theatre in the distant Strand. The hotel being locked up on his return, he pulled the night-porter's bell. No answer. Again, again, again, same result. Disgusted, he walked about till "opening time," then "went" for that night-porter. But he was an Irishman, and his was the

soft answer that turneth away wrath:—"It's sorry I am, sir; but my rule on retiring is to unhitch the bell from the wire at the head of my bed, or divil a wink I'd get at all, at all."

An Irishman, one of a gang of harvesters in England, was one day remarking in a village alehouse on the cheapness of provisions in Ireland. "Shure," said he, "there ye can buy a salmon for sixpence, and a dozen mackerel for twopence." "What made you leave such a fine country then, Pat?" asked a villager. "Arrah, me boy!" answered the son of Erin, "but where waz the sixpences and twopences to come from?"

An Irishman, on his holidays, paid a visit to Glasgow, and one day, while walking along one of the large streets he came opposite a gentleman's residence with "Please ring the bell" printed on the doorway. Pat walked up and rang the bell. Out came one of the male servants and asked what he wanted. "I want nothing," replied Pat. "I only rang the bell because it said so." "Oh," says the servant. "I suppose you come from the country where the goats grow on the gooseberry bushes?" "Oh, yes," replied Pat, "and begorra there is strange sights here in Glasgow, too. You have only to ring the bell and the monkey pops out."

A Celt just returned from a few days' holiday in London was asked by one of his friends how he liked the Great City? "Och, shure, an' it's a fine town bedad! But, me faith, it's a powerful lot of walkin' I've had to git through with. For I walked every blessed bit o' two miles behoind a 'bus before I could cross the street!"

One evening as Pat was tramping up High Street, Maidstone, he happened to meet a man who said he was in great distress, and begged hard for help. So Pat put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a penny. "Shure, an' what would ye be a-saying if I gives ye this penny?" said Pat. "I should jump with joy," was the reply. Pat, putting the penny back into his pocket and pulling out a sovereign, exclaimed—"Shure, and what would you do if I gives yer this?" "I should drop

down in a fit!" exclaimed the man. Pat put the sovereign into his pocket, and, pulling out the penny, gave it him, saying—"Shure, now, and it's me that is after saving yer loife!"

Some Irishmen, tramping across country on the look-out for work, passed a coal-pit mouth just as the cage full of colliers was coming up. They stood speechless for some few minutes, when one of them broke the silence by saying to the others—"Och, shure it's no use coming into this country to look for work, as they are drawing men up out of the 'arth as fast as ever they wants 'em."

Two Hibernians were walking along one of the main thoroughfares in Glasgow, when they noticed a large placard in a shop window with the words—"Butter! Butter!! Butter!!!" in giant type printed on it. "Pat," says Mike, "what is the meaning of them big strokes after the words?" "Och, ye ignoramus," says Pat, "sure, they are meant for shillelahs, to show it's Irish butter."

When Alderman Waithman was Lord Mayor of London a man was brought before him on a charge of vagrancy. "What countryman are you?" inquired the alderman. "An Irishman, please, yer honour," was the reply. The alderman asked—"Were you ever at sea?" "Come, yer honour," answered Paddy, "d'ye think I crossed from Dublin in a wheelbarrow!"

A native of the Emerald Isle was travelling by rail for the first time in his life. The train stopped at a station, and the guard, opening the door of the carriage in which Pat was seated, called out—"All change here!" "All change here!" cried Pat, aghast. "Sure, then, mister, Oi've only wan shilling and two dorty coppers in the woide, woide worruld, an' ye wudn't be so mane as to be afther takkin' thim from me, wou'd ye, sorr?"

An Irishman went to hear a concert in Glasgow, at which the well-known song "Bonnie Dundee" was sung. About the middle of the song Pat got very interested in it, and leaning

over to his neighbour said in a loud whisper—"Sure, I know Philip M'Cann well enough, but who is this Philip M'Cup?"

An old Irishwoman recently visited Glasgow for the first time, and had her first ride in a tramcar. She had taken her ticket, and was shortly afterwards asked by an inspector to show it to him. To the other passengers' amusement she said—"Ticket, yer honour, sure, I don't sell 'em." "I know that, my good woman," said the inspector, "but it is your own ticket I want to see." She replied—"My ticket, is it you want? Faith, then, you'll not get it. You may buy one for yersilf, same as I did." The conductor here interfered, and assured the Irishwoman that the inspector did not intend to cheat her; but it was only after seeing the other passengers produce their tickets that she consented to take hers out of a big leather purse. Even then she exclaimed—"It's no Glasgow sharper as will desave me."

In a large print work in Scotland a number of the "hands" were in the habit of coming in late after each meal hour. The proprietor thought he would check them himself as they came in; so one morning he stood at the gate after time was up for starting, and as the late comers passed him he held out a heavy gold watch, saying—"Do you see that? Do you see the time it is?" A big Irishman made his appearance; the proprietor held out the watch, saying—"Do you see that, sir?" Barney eyed the watch for a moment, and then replied—"Faith, an' be me sowl, that's a good one! How much did she cost ye?"

A venerable Pat landed on Chinese soil. Soon he was surrounded by natives, who began to chatter a rather broken sort of English. Pat, who was quick-tempered, was not long before he let fly at one of them with a dish which he seized from a wareshop close by. A Chinaman's face was badly cut, and Pat was brought before the English Consul. "Why have you done this?" demanded the Consul, to which Pat replied, "Och, sure, the ugly haythen spake broken English, and I just gave him broken china in return."

Some years ago there was a barber in Dover named O'Reilly, a well-known character for miles round. He was particularly fond of hanging on every inch of space in his shop notices, such as "Clean towels a specialty," "A pair of curiosities—an easy shave and a silent barber." "Civility and a keen razor may be relied upon." One Saturday night his shop was very full, and O'Reilly was rather flustered by the rush of business, when Mrs. O'Reilly called out from regions below the shop that the water pipes had burst, and the front room was already flooded. "That's th' wurst av wimmin," said O'Reilly to his customers, "any sinsible person wud have knocked th' poipe up, an' shtopped th' water. Excuse me just wan minit, gentlemen," and down below he hurried. The next minute a knocking was heard, and, to the dismay of the customers, the gas went out. Shouts for a light brought up Mrs. O'Reilly with a candle and a roughly-printed notice as follows:—"Patrick M. O'Reilly suspends business until next Monday, he havin', by mistake, knocked up the gas poipe."

XII.—BENCH AND BAR.

NOWHERE more than in the Law Courts is the Irishman seen at his best. A large crop of anecdotes is in existence to bear witness to the truth of the statement. The wit and humour which have made him famous are frequently manifested when he is put on his defence, and his peculiar knack of saying something different from what he exactly means invests him with a certain amusing interest.

It is true that Ireland has not that legal absurdity which Scotsmen tolerate in the verdict "not proven," but the sons of the Emerald Isle have much faith in the practice of "proving an alibi." An Irish barrister, who was evidently prepared for every possible contingency, is alleged to have addressed the presiding judge as follows:—"Your honour, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi!" One wonders how a jury could get away from a verdict of "not guilty" in such circumstances, and yet it is probable that if the trial had taken place in Edinburgh the verdict would have been no more than one of "not proven."

A judge was once obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel in America, when the following conversation took place between them—"Ah, Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, eh?" "Yes, your honour," said Pat; "and I think your honour would have been a long time in the ould country before ye'd been a judge."

Pat has usually a very clear idea of the meaning of an alibi,

although he may not be able to express himself in very lucid terms. During a recent trial the judge interposed in the course of the examination and asked the witness if he knew what was meant by an alibi. "Yes, to be sure I do, yer honour," promptly answered the witness. "Tell me, then," said the judge, "what you understand by it?" "Sure," said Pat, "it's just like this—it's to be afther proving that ye wasn't where ye was when ye committed a crime that, sure, ye never committed after all."

"Now, Pat," said a Magistrate sympathetically to an "old offender," "what brought you here again?" "Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply. "Drunk, I suppose?" queried the Magistrate. "Yes, sor," said Pat without relaxing a muscle, "both av them."

Even the legal luminary is not exempt from the national failing of perpetrating "bulls."

"Are you married or single?" asked a Magistrate of a prisoner arraigned before him. "Single, please your honour," was the reply. "Oh, then," said the Magistrate, "it is a good thing for your wife."

As is only to be expected, Ireland is troubled with the vagrant nuisance, and the judges frequently insist on the removal of prisoners to the Workhouse when their means of subsistence proves doubtful. "Prisoner," demanded a Magistrate of a man charged with begging, "have you any visible means of support?" "Yes, yer honour," responded the prisoner, and then turning to his wife (a laundress) who was in Court, said—"Bridget, stand up, so that the Court can see ye!"

Of course in Ireland as elsewhere the prisoner is asked if he has "anything to say" before judgment is pronounced. "Dennis O'Flaherty," said a judge, "you are charged with an attempt to commit suicide. Have you anything to say for yourself?" "Faith, an' yer honour," replied Dennis, who had been advised to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of

the Court, "it's me first offence, an' if ye'll only be aisy wid me this wance, Oi promise on me word as a gintleman to troi to do better next toime!"

Michael Docherty was a married man—a much married man—having solemnised nuptials with no fewer than four wives, and as all his spouses chanced to be alive at the same time, Michael found himself at the Dublin Assizes charged with bigamy. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women, whereupon Mike said, apologetically, "I was only thryin' to get a good wan, an' sure it's not aisy!"

Slightly more indiscriminating was the man in his choice of pockets. He was charged with pocket-picking, and when asked if he had anything to say in answer, he replied—"Sure, your worship, I object to the charge. I never picked 'em at all. I took them as them came."

We have mentioned the case of the judge who indulged in a "bull." Sometimes he found congenial company with a brother who mixed his metaphors as freely as he mixed his drinks. A butler was convicted of stealing his master's wine, and the judge in giving judgment exclaimed, somewhat pompously:—"Dead to every claim of natural affection, blind to your own real interests, you have burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your own nest with your master's bottles!" Truly it was not a "bed of roses."

In Ireland as elsewhere the jury is not always all that could be desired. "How did the jury stand at first?" said a curious outsider after an important case had been decided. "B'jarge!" replied one of the worthy jurors, "the 'leven av us shtood on that conthrary brute av a wan till he gave in!"

Occasionally even the man who is supposed to preserve law and order is ignorant on matters of common knowledge. A policeman in a little town in Donegal was examining a witness in the prosecution of a publican who had violated the Sunday

Liquor Law, and in the course of his interrogation he propounded the question—"On the vartue of yer oath, were ye, or were ye not, a boney-fidey thraveller?" "I object," said the opposing agent. "The policeman must explain to the witness the meaning of the term 'bona-fide.'" The policeman gave a supercilious smile, and turning to the witness said in the off-hand manner of a linguist—"Boney-fidey' is the French for 'Did ye sleep in the town last night?'"

Bench and Bar sometimes engage in a passage at arms. When an Irish barrister was pleading one day a donkey brayed loudly outside the building, when the judge, with questionable taste, remarked—"One at a time, if you please." When counsel had resumed his seat, and the judge was summing up, the same interruption occurred, whereupon the barrister arose and politely said—"I beg your Lordship's pardon. I am anxious not to lose a word of what you say, and there is such an echo in the Court."

Shortly after Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a Police Magistrate in Dublin, an Irish-American was brought before him, charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable, among other things, swore that he was wearing a "Republican hat." "Does your Honour know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the judge. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown?"

Doyle and Yelverton, two eminent members of the Irish Bar, quarrelled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man at the fists, knocked down Yelverton twice, and then exclaimed vehemently—"You scoundrel! I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" "No, sir, never," replied Yelverton, with equal indignation, "I defy you. You could not do it." And so we leave them to settle the matter.

A justice of the peace, whose knowledge of the law was never gained from books or actual practice before the bar, was hearing an assault and battery case. Counsel for the defence was

shouting his arguments when the magistrate said—"That'll do. Set down." He then adjusted his spectacles and sagely observed—"Prisoner, sthand up! Accordin' to th' law an' th' ivydince—an' there is no ivydince—Oi foind ye guilty, sor, an' foin ye forty shillings. If ye're guilty, faith, 'tis a very loight sintince; an' if ye're not guilty it'll be a mighty good lesson for ye!"

An amusing case occurred in a police court, when a woman summoned her husband for ill-usage, and drew the magistrate's attention to a "beautiful" black eye she had as evidence against him. On the husband being called it was found that he also was suffering from one of these "striking" ornaments, and it was learned that his wife had presented it to him in return. When asked by the magistrate why she had done it, she replied—"Och, plaze yer honour, just to kape meself in countenance."

Tim O'Grady stood in the dock, charged with stealing a watch. He fiercely denied so base an impeachment, and brought a countercharge against his accuser for assault committed with a heavy golf club. "But," interposed the magistrate mildly, "why did you allow the prosecutor, who is a smaller man than yourself, to assault you without resistance? Had you nothing in your hand with which to defend yourself?" "Shure, your honour," answered Tim, in a moment of absent-mindedness, "I had his watch, but what was that against a golf club?"

A judge on a certain circuit in the west was wont to doze during the speeches of counsel. On one occasion counsel was addressing him on the subject of certain town commissioners' rights to obtain water from a certain river, water being very scarce at the time. During his speech he made use of the words—"But, my lord, we must have water—we must have water." Whereupon the judge woke up, exclaiming—"Well, just a little drop—just a little drop! I like it strong."

"You are charged," said the magistrate, "with talking back

at an officer, sir; have you anything to say?" "Dayvil a wurd, yer honour," replied the culprit, "Oi've sed too mooch alreddy."

There was tried at Cork on one occasion a case of assault, in which a man had been beaten while he lay asleep. His evidence was that he had been suddenly aroused by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself then?" asked the counsel. "Fasht asleep, sur," was the reply.

"Take the Book in your right hand," said the clerk of the court in the usual phrase to a man on his appearance on the witness table. The witness, however, put forth his left hand. "I said your right hand," said the clerk testily. "Plaze, yer honner," said the witness, still proffering his left hand, "shure I'm left-handed."

A similar case of simplicity is recorded in the following:— "Where did you receive the blow?" asked counsel of the prosecutor in an assault case. "Just close to me own door, sur," was the reply.

"If it plaze the coort," an Irish attorney said, "if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

"The evidence," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone in this case." "Sure," replied Mrs O'Hooliban, "an' the looks av the man shows more than that, yer honour. It shows that Oi hit him."

An amusing case was investigated in a petty sessions court in the county of Donegal. Prisoner was charged with the larceny of a box, and the principal witness, a simple-looking countryman, was plainly reluctant to tell anything about the matter. Asked who left the box at his house, he could not say. Pressed, he admitted "it moight be" prisoner. Further pressed, he admitted it was prisoner. He could not see the box, "bekase it was covered wid tickin'." "Something like that?" said the magistrate, pointing to the covering of the box. "Yis, maybe it was somethin' like that," admitted the witness. "It moight be somethin' like that, an' it moight

not." "Is that the same sized box?" continued the magistrate. "I'm not sartin," said the witness. "I didn't mizhur it." "I did not ask you to measure it," said the magistrate warmly. "Was it the same size, or was it ten times as big?" "I don't know how big that moight be, sor," replied the witness. "Will you give me a straight answer to a straight question? Was it about the same size as that box?" demanded the judge. "It was a sizable box. It moight be that size," admitted the witness. "Was it as big?" enquired the magistrate. "Ah—maybe—it moight be bigger," was the reply. "Was it a box like that or not?" said the magistrate in a stern voice. "Ay—yis," said the witness reflectively, "I think it is like it." "Then why not say so at once and save all this time?" asked the judge. "Bekase," explained the witness, "the box was covered. Sure, I can't see through the tickin'. By virtue av me oath, I can't see through the 'tickin'!"

"So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?" asked the judge. "Yes, yer honour," was the reply. "But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway?" continued the judge. "No," said the complainer, "bad 'cess to him; but it's wishin' he had Oi do be." "Why do you wish that?" asked the judge with a smile. "Begorry, thin," said the complainer in true Hibernian fashion, "Oi would have seen the scoundrel hanged for murther!"

"And you say he had murder in his eye?" asked another judge. "No, sor," said the victim, "I think it wuz in his hand. That's where he hild th' rock."

Some years ago Ephraim Mariner tried a case in the Circuit Court for an old Irishman. The suit was against the brother of Mr. Mariner's client. It was fought bitterly, and there was a great deal of feeling displayed during the course of the trial, as there always is when relatives get to fighting each other. Mr. Mariner won the case. His client was in a state of exultation. He thanked the lawyer again and again. When he

reached the south door of the court house he paused before going down the steps, and slapping his lawyer a vigorous blow on the back, said—"We bate them, didn't we, Mister Mariner?" "Yes, Andrew, it came out as I said it would," replied Mr. Mariner, quietly. "Mister Mariner," said the old man, his voice trembling with emotion, "you're a gentleman—in disguise."

She was an Irish girl in court as the prosecuting witness against a prisoner arrested for disorderly conduct, and the court was getting at the true state of the case by asking the usual number of entirely relevant questions. "What did the prisoner do?" he inquired, after the preliminaries had been settled. "He coom alahng by the area where I was sthandin' an' begin to address remainrks to me," replied the witness. "What did he say?" "He said, 'Good ave'nin'.'" "There was nothing very bad in that, was there?" "But, sorr, there was no inthroduction pravius." "Oh, yes, I forgot that." "So did he, sor." "Did you speak to him when he spoke to you?" "Yis, sor, I towld him to gwahn about his business." "Did he do so?" "No sorr. He sthood there talkin' to me." "Did you talk to him?" "No, sor, not wid politeness, sor." "What did he do then?" "He sthood over closer, sor, an' takin' my chin in his hand wid his t'umb in wahn cheek and his fingers in th' other, he held my face up, sor, an' thried to kiss me." "Oh, he did?" "Yis, sor, he did." "And what did you do then?" "Oi jerked me hid away, sor, an' towld him Oi wud have him arrested fer personathin' a policeman, sor." "Forty shillings and costs," interrupted the judge, while everybody laughed, except the witness and the policeman.

A poacher up before a magistrate made the following Hibernian defence—"Indade, your worship, the only bird I shot was a rabbit, and I knocked that down with a stick."

"Were you ever up before me?" asked a magistrate. "Shure, I don't know, yer anner," was the reply. "What time does yer anner get up?"

"Come along, now, quietly," said a policeman to an inebriate he was hauling to prison, "or it will be the worse for you." "Oi'll not," was the reply. "The magistrate told me last time niver to be brought before him again, an' begorra, I'm going to obey his instructions."

During the hearing of a case against a man in the Police Court in Belfast for maliciously breaking a neighbour's window, the defendant's solicitor during his cross-examination of the complainant asked—"On your oath, ma'am, didn't this man undertake to put in your windows?" "He did indeed, sir," said the complainant, at the same time holding up a stone, "and there's the stone he put it in with."

"Did you notice no suspicious character about the neighbourhood?" said a magistrate to a new policeman. "Shure, yer honour," replied the keeper of the peace, "I saw but one man, an' I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night? Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewellery sthore in the vicinity later on.' At that I says, 'I wish you success, sor.'" "Yes," said the magistrate in a disgusted tone, "and he did open a jewellery store in the vicinity later on, and stole seventeen watches." "Begorra, yer honour," answered the policeman after a pause, "the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar!"

"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight?" asked the judge of a policeman. "Shure," was the answer, "an' Oi didn't know which av thim wus goin' to be th' defendant, yer honour."

Mrs. Jenkins had missed Mrs. Brady from her accustomed haunts, and hearing several startling rumours concerning her, went in search of her old friend. "They tell me you're workin' 'ard night an' day, Sarah Ann?" she queried. "Yes," returned Mrs. Brady, "I'm under bonds to keep the peace fer pullin' the whiskers out of that old scoundrel of a husban' of mine, and the magistrate said that if I come afore 'im agin, or laid me 'ands on the old man, he'd fine me forty shillin's!" "And

so you're workin' 'ard to keep out of mischief?" "I'm what! Not much! I'm workin' 'ard to save up the fine!"

The Irish barrister is not always a man of law, as one anecdote bears witness. A railway, which was to run through a small village, was being constructed in the North. Among the navvies employed was one who frequently got more or less "elevated." One evening he enjoyed being "run in" by one of the village constables. On being brought before the sergeant the customary questions were asked:—"What's your name?" "Patrick O'Nale, sorr." "What do you work at?" "Oi'm a barrister, sorr." "A barrister! Come, come, tell me at once your proper calling." "Well, sorr, if a man that wheels a barrow isn't a barrister, what is he at all, sorr?"

Two additions which were made on one occasion to the Cork police force, named Mike and Pat respectively, disclosed great interest in their duties; so much so that the funds of the court were considerably increased through the frequency of finable cases brought before the magistrate. They were nearly on the eve of promotion, when the inspector was surprised by receiving their resignation. "For why," said that functionary, "do you wish to leave the force? Are you discontented with anything?" "It's not leaving the force, yer honour, we mane," replied Mike. "Meself and Pat there intends starting a station of our own. Pat will run 'em in, an' I'll inflict the fines."

At a recent fair in the north the day terminated with a general set-to with shillelaghs and other weapons in general use for the satisfactory settlement of small differences. One man was killed in the melee, and the slayer was brought up and charged with manslaughter. A doctor who was called as one of the witnesses testified, among other things, that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner was found guilty, and before sentence was passed the judge asked him whether he had any complaint to make. "No, yer honour,"

was the reply; "only I should like to ask, 'Was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?'"

Constable Hooligan was on night duty, and so preoccupied with thoughts of a wedding he was invited to next day that he nearly trod on a man stretched on the footway. "Arrah, he's spacheless, an' if I lock him up it's at the Coort I'll be instead o' the wedding." He knelt down, and then muttered—"By the powers, 'tis dead he is; bad luck to him!" Hooligan saw visions of an inquest instead of the wedding, got the cadaver on his shoulder, carried it a quarter of a mile, and dropped it on Doyle's beat. But a few minutes before rounds were changed Hooligan nearly fainted at kicking up against the same old corpse in much the same place. Doyle was going to that wedding too.

"Shure, an' Oi wish ye'd cum up an' arrist me woife. She's a-batin' th' loife out av me all th' mornin'," said a man to the policeman on the beat in which he lived. "Begorrah, ould man," replied the constable, "Oi know that misery loikes company, but ye don't get me into none av it. Oi don't monkey wid family troubles av yours!"

"Mr. O'Rafferty, why did you strike Mr. Murphy?" asked the judge. "Because Murphy would not give me a civil answer to a civil question." "What was the civil question you asked him?" "I asked him as polite as ye plase, 'Murphy, ain't yer own brother the biggest thafe on Manhattan Island, excepting yourself and your uncle, who is absent at the penitentiary at Sing Sing?'" "And what rude answer did he give to such a very civil question?" "He said to me, 'Av course prisint company excepted!' So I said, 'Murphy, you're another,' and struck him wid me fist."

An old woman who made her appearance for the twenty-third time in answer to a charge of drunkenness endeavoured to ingratiate herself with the presiding functionary by means of "a bit of blarney." The occasion of her intoxication, she explained, was her boy's birthday. "Just eighteen, your

honour, and a fine strapping boy, with a swate face as it does one good to look upon. He is a fine boy, and, if your honour wouldn't be offended by my bouldness, he's something like your honour, too, with a kind heart writ big on his face."

No less characteristically Irish was the laughable remark made by an Irishwoman before the late Stipendiary Magistrate in Glasgow. She had been charged with drunkenness, but "allowed to go" through the clemency of the magistrate, and as she was leaving the bar she replied to him—"Thank you, yer honour; may you be long spared, and when you die may they take you to where you'll be better appreciated than you've ever been in Glasgow."

Daniel Cavanaugh, a dock labourer without a home, entered a restaurant one night, and after seating himself at a table called a waiter of the name of Jackson and ordered pie. "What kind?" said Jackson. "Apple," answered the labourer. "Bring me a whole pie." Cavanaugh ate the pie as if he had just returned from a voyage of Arctic exploration. "More pie," he ordered. "Apple?" asked the waiter. "No; cocoanut," said Cavanaugh. "A whole one, please." The cocoanut pie followed the apple in record time. Cavanaugh then ordered successively mince, lemen, peach and pumpkin pies and ate them all without showing any symptoms of satiety. "Is that all the kinds you have?" he asked. "We have half a gooseberry pie," answered Jackson. "That won't do," said the labourer. "Whole pies or none for me." He then arose from the table and started to leave the restaurant. "Three-and-ninepence," shouted the waiter. "You've got a good chance," remarked Cavanaugh, lighting a black clay pipe. Jackson ran to the door and summoned the policeman, who arrested Cavanaugh. The prisoner had no money and was locked up. When he was arraigned before the magistrate in the police court next morning he said:—"Be easy with me, your honor, them's the first pies I've eat in two years." But the magistrate would not listen, fined him twenty shillings, or

fourteen days, and as he had no money the pie-eater had to go to gaol.

A man was charged before the Stipendiary with assaulting an old gentleman in the public street. The gentleman appeared in court, and proved to be an exceedingly short and remarkably stout person. On being asked what he had to say for himself, Pat replied—"Sure, I came up agin him in the strate by accident, sur." "And what did he say?" asked the stipendiary. "Bedad, yer honour, he tould me to walk over him at once," said Pat, with a grin. "And what did you say?" "'Begorra, sur,' says I, 'it would be aisier to walk over you than round you, anyhow.'"

"Who bunged up your eye that way?" asked a policeman. "Moike O'Lafferty," was the reply. "Was there an eye-witness?" "Indade there was." "Who was it?" "Moike O'Lafferty." "I mean, was there anybody else present?" "Indade there was." "Who?" "Myself, bedad."

"Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?" asked the judge. "It was silver, sor," explained the prisoner. "The guilt was all me own, yer anner!"

A man was once charged of a crime, and on being found guilty was asked if he had anything to say for himself. Pat rubbed his head for a little while, and at last said—"Yes, sur; faith, I'll dismiss the case."

Two witnesses were at the Waterford Assizes in a case which concerned long-continued poultry-stealing. As usual, nothing could be got from them in the way of evidence until the nearly-baffled prosecuting counsel asked, in an angry tone of voice—"Will you swear on your soul, Pat Murphy, that Phady Hooligan has never to your knowledge stolen chickens?" The responsibility of this was too much, even for Pat. "Bedad, I would hardly swear by my soul," he said; "but I do know that if I was a chicken and Phady about, I'd roost high!"

A woman named O'Connor was brought up in a court for assaulting her husband. Her husband's injuries necessitated

his remaining at home in bed. The woman's face was fearfully bruised; one eye was closed, her nose split, and she had a bandage around her head. "What an awful condition the poor woman is in!" exclaimed the magistrate, pityingly. "Och, yer washup!" returned the prisoner with a ring of exultation, "but just wait till ye see O'Connor!"

Mike had a quarrel with his friend Bill. Matters had gone from better to worse, and Mike applied to have Bill bound over to keep the peace. When the case was called the magistrate asked Mike—"Are you afraid of bodily harm from him?" "I am, sorr," admitted Mike. "Then you admit Bill can thrash you," said the magistrate. "Bill thrash me!" exclaimed Mike. "Nivver! I kin lick him and another half-dozen like him any day."

"And so I understand that Patrick O'Flanerty was your uncle?" said a counsel in the course of a cross-examination. "He was," said the witness, "till a bull killed him."

A young lawyer had a rather "kittle case" to deal with one morning. A woman looked him up in a great state and wanted him to meet her in court. Her erring offspring was about to come before the "beak" for some trivial offence. When the young lawyer arrived, the old woman, more excited than ever, rushed up to him and ejaculated—"Oh, Mr. Blank, Oi wa—ant ye to get a continguanee for me bhoy, Micky." "Very well, ma'am," whispered her agent, sympathetically. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the judge some grounds therefor." "Shure, ye can jist tell him Oi wa—ant a continguanee till Oi get a better lawyer to spake for the bhoy!" After telling the woman point blank she'd better get another on the spot, the young lawyer hurried back to his office.

A lawyer while questioning a witness, an ignorant country-woman, in reference to the position of the doors and windows, etc., of her house, asked the question—"And, now, my good woman, how do the stairs run in your house?" "How do the

sthairs run?" said the witness. "Sure, whin I'm oop sthairs they run down, and whin I'm down they run oop."

At Derry Assizes a barrister was defending a prisoner who was the father of a large family. He wound up his speech in the following pathetic words:—"And, gentlemen of the jury, think of all the little ones at home who are depending on this man for their daily bread; remember he is their father—their only father."

"The witness will please state," said the examining solicitor sternly, "if the prisoner was in the habit of whistling when alone." "I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with the prisoner when he was alone."

Here is a story which Baron Dowse, the celebrated judge, once told in that exaggerated "brogue" which he loved to employ. "I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said—'Gintlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock."

The fire of a legal examination is, as we have already seen, a hot one frequently, and an accused person who stands its test doesn't often emerge with a character the better established. An individual of somewhat doubtful appearance was applying for a situation as van-driver. On being asked for references, he mentioned one of the dealer's old hands, who was called in and questioned as to the applicant's honesty. The referee rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment, and said—"Honest? Well, guv'nor, his honesty's bin proved agin and agin. Faith, he's bin tried sivin toimes for stealing, and eshaped ivery toime!" The applicant was not engaged.

The quaint repartee and whimsical humour give a fillip of excitement to the dullest court-room. A woman asked for a warrant against a man for using abusive language in the street. "What did he say?" asked the magistrate. "He went fore-ninst the whole world at the corner of Capel Street, and called

me, yes, he did, yer wuship, an ould excommunicated gasometer." "He called me out of me name," said a witness, in a case of assault. The judge, trying to preserve the relevancy of the witness's testimony, said—"That's a civil action, my good woman." The witness's eyes flashed fire as she looked up at the judge, and retorted, "Musha then, if ye call that a 'civil action,' 'tis a bad bla'gard ye must be yerself!" A witness was once asked the amount of his gross income. "Me gross income, is it?" he answered. "Sure, an' ye know I've no gross income. I'm a fisherman, and me income is all net." "No man," said a wealthy but rather weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said a witty and eminent lawyer, "how many acres make a wiseacre?"

A gentleman, named Casey, was appointed to a government place which technically had to be occupied by a lawyer, which Mr. Casey was not. The benchers of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality, and appointed one of their number to examine him as to his knowledge of the law. "Well, Casey," said the examiner, "what do you know about the law, anyway?" "Well, to tell the truth," said Casey, modestly, "I don't know a single thing." "I have examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of the law," the examiner stated in his affidavit, "and to the best of my knowledge and belief he answered all the questions entirely correctly."

A noted K.C. in his early days of wig and gown got a case for his opinion. Possibly the solicitor thought it a very simple case; at all events, that was what the young lawyer thought, for after some study he took his pen and wrote, "I am clearly of opinion." It so happened that as he sat in the law library the silver-haired Nestor of the bar, a leader of unfathomable astuteness, chanced to look over his shoulder as he wrote. "My dear young friend," the old lawyer said softly, "never write that you are clearly of an opinion on a law point. The

most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."

Baron Dowse, while presiding at Belfast Assizes shortly before his decease, had occasion to speak on a burglary trial about the *prima-facie* case. One of the jury did not seem to grasp the meaning of the expression, and asked his lordship for an explanation. "Well," said the judge, "suppose you saw a man coming out of a public-house, and at the same time rubbing his mouth with a pocket-handkerchief, what would you conclude?" "That he had been having a drink," said the juror. "Just so," added the judge; "and that would be a *prima-facie* case."

A prisoner, having pleaded guilty to a charge of petty larceny, was asked by the bench whether he had anything to say. "Faith, it's meself that has, yer worship," was the reply. "I've the best possible character here in me pocket. Here it is" (diving his hand into his pocket, and producing an envelope). "Dickens a man in coort cud show betther." "Let me see it," said the magistrate. The letter read as follows:—"Dere Sir,—i have known Mat —— for the passed 13 years to be an okasional teatotaler. He has druv my trackshum ingin for 7 years, during which time he kep up grate steam.—Yours respectfully, etc."

"Was this man Dennis an entire stranger to you?" asked the cross-examining counsel of a witness in an important case. "Sorr?" said the witness, whose stupid face was crossed with wrinkles of anxiety, for he had been warned to be cautious and exact in his answers. The lawyer repeated his question. "Well, no, sorr," said the witness, with a sudden gleam of enlightenment; "he couldn't be that, for he had but the wan arm, sorr; but he was a parrtial stranger, sorr. Oi'd niver seen him befoor."

"Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod," advises one of the foremost American railway attorneys of the age. "Even if he does not think of an answer he will stumble

into some bull that will demoralise the court and jury, and whenever a witness tickles a jury his testimony gains vastly in its influence. Yes, I'm speaking from experience. The only witness who ever made me throw up my hands and leave the courtroom was a green Irishman. A section hand had been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. I had a good case, but made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out. In his quaint way he had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things he swore positively that the locomotive whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. Then I thought I had him. 'See here, M'Ginnis,' said I, 'you admit that the whistle blew?' 'Yis, sor; it blewed, sor.' 'Now if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning the fact would be in favour of the company, wouldn't it?' 'Yis, sorr, and Mike would be tistifyin' here this day.' The jury giggled. 'Never mind that. You were Mike's friend, and you would like to help his widow out, but just tell me now what earthly purpose there could be for the engineer to blow that whistle after Mike had been struck.' 'I preshume thot the whistle wore for the nixt man on the thrack, sor.' I left and the widow got all she asked."

A lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honours." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologise, thus:—"May it please the court—in the heat of debate I called your honours gentlemen. It was a mistake, your honours."

A judge was delivering judgment in an action brought by two charming ladies, and with that wit peculiar to Irishmen, he began thus:—"Everything in this case is plain—except Mrs Murphy and her charming daughter."

A case arising out of a neighbours' quarrel was heard at a provincial police court. Prosecutrix had a nasty wound on

her head, caused, it was alleged, by a bucket which the defendant had thrown in the course of the dispute. "What have you to say?" asked the chairman, turning to the defendant. "Sure, it was an accident, sorr," was the ready reply. "How do you make that out? According to the evidence you deliberately threw the bucket at the woman!" "Faith, sorr, Oi did nothing av the sort. When she called me an Oirish cat, sorr, Oi was riddy for her wid a bucket av wather. Oi intended her to have the wather, sorr, but Oi didn't mane her to have the bucket. It shlipped!" "Five shillings and costs," said the chairman.

Sergeant Kelly, in the early years of the nineteenth century, used to indulge in a picturesque eloquence, racy of the soil, but, unfortunately, he would sometimes forget the line of argument, and would always fall back on the word "therefore," which generally led his mind back to what he had intended saying. Sometimes, however, the effect was almost disastrous. One time he had been complimenting the jury, assuring them that they were men of extraordinary intelligence, and then branched off into a statement of his case. With a wave of his hand and a smile on his face he proceeded—"This is so clear a case, gentlemen, that I am convinced you felt it so the very moment I stated it. I should pay men of intelligence a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute, therefore I shall proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible."

A judge was trying a case in which a man was indicted for robbery, and the first witness was the young son of the man whose house had been entered by burglars. He identified the prisoner, and stated that he saw him enter the house and smash his father's chest. "Do you say that the prisoner at the bar broke your father's chest?" said the judge, in astonishment. "He did, my lord," answered the boy. "He jumped on it till he smashed it entirely." The judge turned to the Crown counsel and said—"How is this? Why is not the prisoner indicted for murder? If he smashed this poor man's chest in

the way the witness has described, he must surely have killed him." "But," said the counsel, "it was a wooden chest."

"Your case would have been stronger, Mr. M'Guire," said a lawyer, "if you had acted only on the defensive. But you struck first. If you had let him strike you first you would have had the law on your side." "Yis," said Mr. M'Guire, "Oid have had th' law on my soide, but Oi'd 'a' had him on my stomach a pounding th' loife out av me."

A well-known judge in the insolvent court once detected a witness kissing his thumb instead of the book in taking the oath, and in rebuking him sternly said, "You may think to deceive God, sir, but you won't deceive me."

"You say that you witnessed this altercation?" enquired the judge. "No, sorr," said the witness, "Oi didn't see that. Oi was busy lookin' at th' fight."

A female witness, possessed of a rich brogue, was giving evidence in Judge Donovan's court. Her tongue moved so rapidly in the narration of her story that her words were quite unintelligible. Finally, the court interrupted—"Hold on. Not so fast! Not so fast! This man (pointing to the court stenographer) can write about 200 words a minute, but you are going at the rate of 400. Give him a chance to catch up." "Arrah, why dun't ye git a good man, judge? What do ye kape a slow skate fur, at all?" was the ready retort.

A solicitor's clerk was collecting evidence of clerical intimidation of voters in a certain constituency. He had questioned many voters without eliciting anything of much importance, until he came to an old man who had not voted. "And why did you not vote?" asked the clerk. "Well, then, sor," was the reply, "it was all his rivrence's doing." "Ah, his reverence," said the clerk, brightening up. "What did he do to prevent you?" "I was working in the yard," said the old man, "when he suddenly burst into it and chased me into the barn, and kept me there until it was too late to vote." "And are you ready to swear that his reverence forcibly prevented

you from voting?" asked the clerk. "I am, sor," was the reply, "and there are others who can swear to it, too." "That's sufficient," said the clerk. "I have not time to go into particulars now; but there will be a gentleman here in a few days to whom you can tell everything." So important was old Pat's evidence considered that the next day the solicitor in the case drove ten miles in a blinding snowstorm to interview him. Pat repeated the same story, with the addition that he considered himself lucky in escaping as he did. "You appear to be greatly afraid of your priest," said the solicitor, a little surprised. "The praste!" exclaimed Pat. "Arrah, sure, it is not the praste I'm talking about at all; it's Phil Hogan's bull. Faix, I thought everyone knew Phil's bull, which we call 'His Rivirence.'"

A man mysteriously disappeared from his native town, and, as he was thought to be dead, his friends applied to court for a decree authorising the distribution of his effects, which was granted. Twenty years later he suddenly reappeared, having been to America, and, finding his goods missing, he applied to a magistrate and asked him to issue an order for the restoration of his property. The magistrate said—"In the eye of this court you are dead. This is not the place to get mistakes rectified. Go to a lawyer; he will tell you what to do." "Shure, yer honour, it's me phropity I want, and I'll have it, whether ye give me an orther or not. Dead, indade! It's a lively corpse I am, I'm thinkin'!" "I tell you," replied the magistrate, "that in the eye of this court you are dead!" "Then the eye of this court must be moighty blind, it strikes me. Once more, will ye give an orther?" "I will," replied the magistrate, sternly. "Policeman, remove that apparition out of court!"

In an important trial, a labourer was called as a witness, and when he appeared, the whole court was surprised to see him in a shabby dress. One of the judges sitting, of course, in his gown and wig, told the witness that he ought to have put on

his Sunday clothes, instead of appearing in court covered with lime and brick dust. "Well, your honour," said the labourer, "you are in your working dress, and I am in mine, and I think that is just as it ought to be." The judge turned to his brethren on the bench with a smile, and admitted that Pat's logic was good—quite Pat, in fact.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court!" said the judge sternly. "Hooray!" yelled the prisoner enthusiastically. "Now I've done it! Lemme go!"

Mr. Dowse was examining a witness in a certain case when on circuit in the North of Ireland, in which it was a question of whether a mill was accidentally or maliciously burnt. Counsel, among other things, asked the witness as to the general state of the premises on the evening in question when he left work for the day. "All the machinery," said the witness, "was perfectly right and cool, and the whole mull was as right as a trivet"—"mull" being the Northern pronunciation of "mill." "Mull!" exclaimed the judge. "This is the first time we have heard of the mull. What is a mull, Mr. Dowse?" "What you are making of this case, my lord," said Dowse despondingly; and, though the joke was against him, the judge, after a glance at the look of comic despair on counsel's face, was forced to join in the general laughter.

While a certain judge was a struggling young lawyer, he was engaged to defend a man who was indicted on the charge of murder. That was before the young lawyer ever dreamed of the bench. He accordingly took the Irishman's case on payment of a retainer of ten guineas and the understanding that ten should be paid if the fellow was acquitted. The young lawyer secured an acquittal on the ground of temporary insanity at the time the crime was committed. It was several months before he saw his client again. Meeting the man in the street one day he stopped him, when the following conversation followed—"Well, Pat, isn't it about time you

paid me that other ten guineas?" "Faith, an' what ten guineas is thot?" "Why, the ten guineas that you promised to pay me for saving your worthless neck." "Sure, an' did Oi promise thot? Oi don't remimber." "Why, Pat, you know you promised it." Pat was silent in perplexity for a minute, then, looked up with a beaming smile as he outlawed the claim with the explanation—"Oh, well, but ye know Oi was crazy thin."

In a court a man was on trial who could speak nothing but Gaelic, and an interpreter was called and duly sworn. The prisoner at once asked him some question, and he replied. The judge interposed, demanding sharply—"What does the prisoner say?" "Nothing, my lord!" answered the interpreter. "How dare you say that when we all heard him? What was it?" "My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case." "If you don't answer I'll commit you! What did he say?" "Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said—'Who's that old woman with the red bed-curtain round her sitting up there?'" The court roared. "And what did you say?" asked the judge, looking a little uncomfortable. "I said—'Whisht, ye spalpeen, that's the ould boy that's going to hang ye!'"

The story which went the round of the papers about Lord Beaconsfield consuming two bottles of brandy during a speech, has produced a plentiful crop of such reminiscences. Mr Macdonough declares that even the judges on the bench were not free from the prevailing baneful habit of indulging to excess in strong drink. A well-known judge who lived at the opening of the century had a strange habit while sitting in court of sucking one end of a quill pen, while the other end rested in a large black ink-bottle on the bench in front of him. But the mystery was explained when it was discovered one day by accident that the bottle was filled with brandy. His lordship found it impossible to get through his judicial labours without the aid of stimulants.

Lord Russell, in the early part of his career, was in court during the trial of a case of bigamy, and one of the counsel in the case, turning to him, asked him in a hurried whisper—"Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," was the prompt reply of the future Lord Chief Justice.

Lord Russell took a great interest in sport of all kinds, and he had a weakness for lecturing people of all sorts on their shortcomings. When in October, 1898, the London Irish Rugby football club was matched to play Hammersmith club on the London County Athletic ground, Herne Hill, Lord Russell was invited and consented to kick off the ball. On arriving punctually at the hour appointed he found that some of the members of the London Irish team were not on the ground. He waited patiently for some ten or fifteen minutes, until all the players were assembled, and then called up Mr. Dyas, the captain of the London Irish, and delivered the following homily—"Captain Dyas and members of the London Irish football club: I desire to point out to you that one of your cardinal rules in life should be punctuality. Unless you study that rule, whether in business or play, you will never be successful men, and I hope you will take to heart the lesson I am now reading you." The Lord Chief Justice, with the utmost gravity, then proceeded to kick off the ball.

Apart from racing, Lord Russell made a hobby of collecting snuff-boxes. When one of his friends desired to make him a present, jewellers' and curio-dealers' shops were ransacked for anything historical or quaint in that particular form. A certain distinguished actor one day entered the shop of a jeweller in the Haymarket and asked to see something really original and old in the way of snuff-boxes. "For Lord Russell, I suppose, sir?" was the assistant's preliminary question. The answer cleared the ground; the assistant knew almost exactly what the Chief Justice possessed and what would be a welcome addition to his collection.

Lord Russell was a confirmed snuff-taker, and his pretentious box and red handkerchief were familiar things in his court. He consumed a quarter of a pound weekly, and never went anywhere without his pungent stimulant. His clerks took particular care to see that their master was always supplied. The mixture cost 12s. per lb., and was almost black.

Another great judge who deserves to be remembered along with Russell was Lord Morris. When Morris was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, a pantomime song was very popular, "Are ye there, Moriarty?" One day after luncheon it was found that a juror named Moriarty was missing. The criers and policemen shouted the name, but there was no response. Meanwhile the judge lay back in his chair and began to lilt loudly enough to be heard all over the court, "Are ye there, Moriari-ty?" When the errant juror did return he was asked what had delayed him. "I was takin' a pint iv porther an' a pinny rowll, me lord, and I didn't mind the time," he explained. "You should know, sir, that this isn't the Rowlls Court," said the chief.

When permanent head of the Irish judiciary he had a great regard for the independence of the Irish bench, which he was never betrayed into forgetting himself or allowing others to do so. With any unwarrantable liberties or interference he was impatient, and no anecdote of him is better known than his reception of a distinguished Treasury official, who, after a long correspondence on the part of the Department, was sent over to inquire into the expenditure of fuel in the courts and judges' chambers. The Chief Justice received him politely and asked him to sit down, and after listening with patience and attention to his complaint, said he would put him in communication with the proper person. He then got up and rang the bell; when the tipstaff appeared he said as he left the room—"Tell Mary the man has come about the coals." Morris's humour was not of the literary kind which finds its way into judgments, but it did bubble up now and again. In the decision

of the judicial committee in *Cochrane v. Macnish* the question was as to the lawful and unlawful use of the term "club soda," and Morris, who gave the decision of the tribunal, remarked—"In the manufacture of soda water there is no secret, and frequently no soda."

Lord Morris always spoke in the mellifluous brogue so characteristic of County Galway. He apparently gloried in it. "Thank God," he once said, "no one, drunk or sober, could take me for anything but an Irishman." It was this delightful brogue which helped to make his utterances so telling. He would sit for hours in the Privy Council Chamber while his colleagues were pursuing the Socratic method of investigating justice which is so embarrassing to counsel, and then, by one quiet remark, would elucidate a point or suggest the real issue in half-a-dozen words.

A young junior rose in his court one day to make his first motion, and spoke in the hard brogue of the North of Ireland. "Sapel," said the judge in a low voice to the registrar of the court, "who is this new-comer?" "His name is Clements, my lord." "What parrt of the coontry does he hail from, in the name of all that's wundherful?" asked the judge. "County Antrim, my lord," was the reply. "Well, well," said the judge, "did you iver come across sich a froightful accint in the whole coorse of yer born loife?"

Morris had not a very high opinion of either the intelligence or the straight-forwardness of politicians. His reply to someone who asked him, somewhat inaptly, to explain "the Irish question" in a few words is well known. "It is the difficulty," he said, "of a stupid and honest people trying to govern a quickwitted and dishonest one." When a distinguished Radical begged to be informed how long the struggle against the law in Ireland would be maintained after "resolute government" had been really instituted, Lord Morris's answer was "One hour!"

During the height of the Land League agitation, an eminent

Q.C., in opening a case before Morris, in which property in Australia was involved, proceeded to read a document setting forth, in glowing terms, the advantages it possessed. Amongst these was the statement—"The Australian aborigines are very quiet." "Bedad," interjected the Chief-Justice, "that's more than can be said of this country!"

In defence of his hostility to Home Rule, Lord Morris occasionally made use of the following argument—"Here we are, a very poor country, in partnership with a very wealthy kingdom, with one hand in the till, and nothing will please the Separatists but to get away to set up a little shebeen of their own."

Counsel in a sanitary case, addressing Lord Morris, said—"I shall assume that your lordship is fully acquainted with the statutes and authorities." "Assume nothing of the sort," was the unexpected response; "I yield to no man in my utter ignorance of sanitary law!"

XIII.—PADDY.

IN our previous chapters we have sketched what may be called the individual Irishman as he exists in anecdote and story, that is, the Irishman as priest and as doctor, as soldier and as emigrant, as lawyer and as jarvey. Here we deal with the Celt in general in his everyday life. In this chapter we have collected a few of the numberless anecdotes which do not allow of any very distinct classification.

Pat is a "bhoy" for reasoning, but he does not take logic very seriously at all, at all. "Phat a blessing it is," said Pat, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is all toired out, and he could not work any more, at all, at all, even if it was morning!"

"Where are you going with that mortar?" shouted a brick-layer to Murphy, who had just reached the fifth storey. "Oi'm taking it down again, Oi am, av coorse. It's dinner time, and nivver a bit av wur-r-k Oi do afther the bell goes!"

A man who had a pig was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to perfection one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied—"Och, sure! and isn't it this I like—to have bacon with a strake av fat and a strake av lane aqualy one afther t'other?"

A man who was leaving his employer asked for a character, which was freely given him. He gave it a somewhat long perusal, with a look of perplexity on his countenance. "Well, Pat," said the master, "what is the matter with it?" "Well, sor, you have not made any mention as to sobriety." "But, you know, I could not conscientiously say you were a sober man." "Arrah, now, but couldn't you say I was frequently sober?" observed Pat. "Well, I shall write you a fresh one. How will this do?"—"The bearer, Pat Houligan, has been in

my employment for over three years, during which time he has been frequently sober.” “Thank ye, sor; that will do much better than the other one,” said Pat.

There is a story told of a Celt who, on returning from market one day, was observed lashing his horse most furiously and galloping by the side of two gentlemen. His friend, seeing fish after fish drop on the road from his panniers, cried out to him to stop or he would lose all his fish. “Arrah!” cried Pat, “bother tak’ ye, and what do I care so long as I keep up with the gentlemen?”

Pat was no astronomer, but next to his pipe, he loved to be “up to date.” A friend had been telling him about an approaching eclipse of the sun. That night Pat sat on his door-step, patiently puffing away at his old pipe. He would light a match, pull at the pipe, and then, as the match burned out, try another. This he did till the ground was littered with burnt matchwood. “Come to supper, Pat!” called his wife from the kitchen. “Faith, an’ Oi will in a minute, Biddy,” said he. “Moike has been a-tellin’ me that if Oi smoked a bit av glass, sure I could see the shpots on the sun. Oi don’t know whether Moike’s been a-foolin’ me, or whether Oi’ve got hold of the wrong kind o’ glass.”

An old potato dealer of Dublin received from a postman a postcard in the presence of a friend. He glanced at it, and burst into tears. It was shortly after the recent change from red to green of the half-penny stamp. “Bad news?” asked the friend sympathetically. The old man, unable to speak, handed him the card, which read—“Dear sir, please forward two sacks of your best potatoes, as before, and oblige, P. Sullivan.” “Well, this is rather good news, isn’t it?” said the friend in surprised tones. “Ye be lookin’ at the wrong saide av the carrud, Murphy,” replied the old man, as he wiped his eyes. “Look at the shtamp av the Quane, God bless her, hasn’t she turned it from red to green in honour av Ould Oireland.”

Colonel Sanderson's charge against the Irish was equalled by a smart Conservative agent during the 1892 election. This enterprising young man adopted the electioneering plan of entering pubs. apparently as a customer and narguing the loungers. One night, thinking he had his hearers well in hand, he exclaimed—"Show me an Irishman, and I will show you a coward." This roused a big navvy who had sat in the corner. Rising, he shouted—"I am an Oirishman." The agent opening the door, cried—"I am a coward."

An astronomer was once trying to explain to an Irishman that the earth was round, but Pat would not believe it. After some discussion the astronomer said:—"Now, where does the sun rise?" "In the east," said Pat. "And where does it set?" "Sure, sir, in the west." "Then how does the sun manage to get back to the east?" Pat scratched his head for a few seconds, and looked perplexed. At last his face lighted up, and he shouted triumphantly—"Sure, sir, it slips back in the dark."

A short time ago a corporation acquired a plot of land with the avowed most laudable intention of converting it into a "children's play-ground." As the work proceeded it was noticed that so much of the ground had been used for flower-beds, and so on, that very little indeed remained for the children—save the gravelled paths. One morning a fussy little member of the city council was looking over the place when a labourer—who happened to be one of his constituents—addressed him. "Sure, an' it's a moighty foine playground ye're afther making, Mr. X——." "Yes," returned the councillor. "It will be one of the prettiest spots in the city." "Thruve for ye," was the rejoinder. "Oi was a little puzzled wid the thing at first, but Oi see the idea now. The children'll have to play outsoide, Oi reckon, an' come in here for a rest loike, whin they're toired! An' be jabbers," he added before the councillor could get in a word, "Oi'm thinking the little

darlints'll have to come in wan at a toime, or it's crowded out entoirely they'll be!"

"Come along wid me to the hall," said Mr. Herlihy to his neighbour, Mr. Nolan. "There's going to be a free lecture, and the subject is, 'The Fall of Man;' it's free to ivery wan." "I dunno as I care to lave me own home the night," said Mr. Nolan, who sat gloomily nursing a bandaged arm. "If it's falls from horses he's talking about, I'm niver likely to have wan, for lack of money; and if it's falls from anything else, from bicycles to ladders, I don't need to go near him to learn about thim. Me last was down the cellar stairs, and I'm thinking I'll kape to home while ricollection is frish in me mind!"

The foreman of a labouring squad had taken ill, and Pat was duly promoted to the post for one day. On the foreman's return the following day he found only Pat at work, and interrogated him as to the absence of the others. "Where are they?" "Shure they're sacked," replied Pat, "every man of them. It's not often I've a chance of showing my authority; but, bedad, I made the most of my opportunity yesterday."

"Where's your daughter Mary living now, Mrs. Herlihy?" inquired one of the neighbours, who had dropped in after an absence of some months. "Her hoosband's got a foine job on the 'Toimes,' reporting accidents," said Mrs. Herlihy, proudly, "and the two av thim and little Moike is living in a suit up-town." "What's a suit?" inquired the neighbour, curiosity having got the better of a desire to appear well-informed on all points. "A suit," said Mrs. Herlihy, slowly, "is one o' thim places where the parlor is the bedroom, and the bedroom is the kitchen, and the closets is down in the cellar, and the beds is piannys—or organs, and—well, it's one o' thim places where iverything is something else," concluded Mrs. Herlihy.

A poor man, who did any odd job to earn a few pence, was once out walking, when a man asked him if he would white-wash the ceiling of a room for him. Pat said he would, and, on his way home, thought of the things he would want to use for

the job. Having an old whitewash brush at home, with the hairs almost worn away, and not having enough money to buy a new one, he wondered what he should do about it. After pondering some time, a smile suddenly flitted across his face, and he said—"Ah, begorrah! I've got sum hair restorer at hum, and I'll be after a-puttin' sum on the brush."

"And now let me show you the germinating house," said a florist, after taking an Irish visitor through his collection of plants and various hot-houses. "The German ating-house, is it?" rejoined the son of Erin. "Do yer plaze, couldn't ye give us a sight av an Irish drinking-house hereabouts, if it's all the same to you?"

"Will you have a piece of apple-pie?" asked the landlady of the Irish boarder. "Is it afther bein' houlsome?" asked Pat. "To be sure it is," she replied. "Why should you think it otherwise?" "Faith, an' Oi had an uncle wanst who doied av apple-plexy, an' Oi thought this moight be somethin' av th' same koind."

An Englishman was boasting about the big policemen they had in England, and said they were so tall they could light their pipes at the street lamps. "Oh, that's naething to the bobbies ower in Scotland," said Scotty, "they are so big yonder they can look ower a land o' hooses." "Is that all the size of 'em?" said Pat. "Shure them would be called kids of policemen over in Ireland. Ours are so big they have to stand in a coal pit before they can get their hair cut."

"Well, Pat, have you learned to ride that bicycle yet?" "Sorra a bit, sor. Sure Oi can't aven balance mesilf standin' still."

"I don't know that you're the man whose name is on this cheque," said the bank cashier. "You'll have to be identified before I can give you the money." "Oidentifoyed, is it?" replied Pat. "Sure, thin, cast yer eye on this bit of fotygraf, an' ye'll see it's meself entoirely."

"Why did you leave your last place?" said a country squire

to an Irish applicant for the post of valet. "Because the man av the house was no gintleman!" was the reply. "What did he do?" said the squire. "He locked me out av me room, an' t'rowed me clothes out av the windy, an' called in an officer an' put me out av the house by main force, an', begorry, Oi left an' niver wint back!" replied the Irishman.

"Why do you think this man who almost drove over you is Irish?" "Because I threatened to lick him." "Well?" "Well, instead of driving on about his business he got down from his cart and wanted to fight."

A coachman had once been suddenly raised to the post of waiter at a dinner party, when sudden resignation had left the place vacant within an hour of the assembling of the guests, and was greatly delighted when the host found an old dress coat and vest that would fit him. Ten minutes were spent in acquainting the servant with the usages of polite society at a dinner. Among other things, the host told the coachman that he was on no account to ask any of the guests to be helped a second time to soup. The guests took their places at table, and the soup was served quite creditably; when the coachman observed that one gentleman pushed his plate of soup away from him. He leaned over and drew the plate back in front of the guest, who in turn pushed it from him again. This displeased the coachman. He thought he saw a breach of decorum in the action. "Ate your soup, sorr," said he in trumpet tones. "Ye'll get no more."

"Pfwat wud ye do if Casey called you a liar?" asked Paddy Brannigan of Joe Murphy. "Pfwwhich Casey?" enquired Joe cautiously, "the big wan or the little wan?"

"I hear you want to sell your dog, Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree?" "Shure, an' Oi niver noticed it, sor. Anyhow, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an' Oi'm thinkin' as how he'll be afther out-growin' it, sor."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr. —?" asked one Irishman of another. "Faith, and I will, with all my heart."

"Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm askin' you to."
 "And what for not—a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?" "Och, nothing uncommon! An elegant piece of corn beef and potatoes." "By the powers, that beats the world! Jist my dinner to a hair—barring the beef!"

An Irishman who had taken a seat in a theatre other than the one his reserved ticket called for was remonstrated with by the attendant, who insisted on his getting up and giving his seat to the rightful purchaser. "G'wan wid ye," excitedly retorted the Celt; "the sate is moine, an' Oi'll shtand up for me roights ef I hev to sit here all noight."

Two gunners, one a young Irishman unaccustomed to handling a fowling piece, the other a sharpshooter, were in quest of ducks. They had floated their decoys and were patiently awaiting the coming of the game when, on a sudden impulse, the disciple of the shamrock put gun to shoulder and fired both barrels into the midst of the floating flock of mimic ducks. In answer to an expostulation from his companion the offender replied—"It's yureself that hoz no sagacity at all. Faith, when th' birds see what a d—— bad shot I am they'll think you're no better, an' it's a boatload ov ducks we'll be after takin' home, d' y' moind?"

In a collection of Irish stories may be mentioned an amusing conversation about Irish affairs in which the disputants got very hot. "The only way to govern Ireland," said the first, "would be to bring Cromwell back from hell to do it." "Shure," was the reply, "do you think he'd come? Isn't he aisier where he is?"

"My friend," said a phrenologist, "I find you have a most remarkable memory." "Profissor," said the man under examination, "wud ye moind puttin' thot down on a bit o' paper so's Oi won't fergit it?"

An Irishman in gaol not being satisfied with his dinner, made an application to see the Governor. Brought before that

gentleman the next day, he laid down a long story about the quality, quantity, etc. To finish up with he shouted—"And if there isn't an alteration I will have to lift my time." In an instant he saw his mistake, and, covered with blushes, made for the door.

Two poor down-trodden peasants, who fancied they had a grievance against their landlord, were waiting behind a hedge by the roadside, with their guns loaded, murder in their hearts, and fully determined to have a shot at the tyrant. The time at which he was expected to come along passed. Still they waited and waited until the village church clock struck three, and at length they became uneasy. "Bedad, Pat," said Mike, "I do hope nothin' has happened to the poor ould gintleman!"

Here is the story of an incident that occurred in a Scottish post-office. An Irish harvester expected a letter from home, and called at the nearest post-office, when the following conversation took place:—Pat (to postmaster)—"Shure and isn't there a letter for me?" "Who are you, my good sir?" "I'm myself, shure, now, and that's who I am." "Well, but what is your name?" "And what do you want wid my name? Shure, now, my name will be on the letter if there is one." "Oh, yes, but you must give me your name so that I can find the letter if there is one for you." "Well, then, Pat Murphy, if you will have it." "No, sir, there is none for Pat Murphy." "If I could get round the counter, shure, I'd teach ye better manners than to insist on a gentleman's name. But shure and ye didn't get it, after all, so I'm even with ye. Not one bit is my name Pat Murphy, ayther."

There is a newsman on Kingstown pier well known to all travellers across the channel. It seems that when Queen Victoria was in Ireland he had the honour of supplying her with morning papers. Accordingly, when the Queen re-visited forty-nine years later, Dave Stevens presented himself with a formidable array of journals, for his stock-in-trade has increased enormously in the meantime. One of the gentlemen

in attendance reminded Her Majesty of the circumstance, and she sent for a morning paper, inclosing a sovereign, with a message to the effect that David might keep the rest for himself. "And which newspaper did she buy?" asked the newspaper's interviewer. "I'm like a lawyer, sur; all that takes place between my customers an' myself is a secret, an' I wouldn't tell ye for a handful o' soverins—but that would surprise ye if ye knew." The interviewer's curiosity is still ungratified.

Implicit obedience to a lady dispenser's instructions supplies the point of this anecdote:—Said an old woman, "I was tuk that bad last night I thought the life 'ud lave me." After due inquiry into her symptoms she was given a packet of arrowroot, with minute directions how to prepare it. As she scarcely seemed to take them in, a happy thought struck the lady. "You know how to make starch, don't you?" she asked. "Yes," said Biddy, "I do." "Then make it just like that," said her friend, "and add a little sugar to it." Biddy departed, to return next day with the information that "she was like to die afther atin' what Miss Norah gave her, and with all due respect to her, she couldn't get it all down, it wint so aginst her." She was requested to bring what remained for inspection, which revealed that the directions as to starch had been literally carried out. She had put blue in it.

"I should like to show you, madam, this patent bag to hold clothes pegs," said an agent. "It costs only a shilling, and, as you see, slips along the line, making it much easier to get at than to stoop to the basket every time." "An' phat's the matter wid me mout' that costs not a ha'penny an' alawys wid me, I'd like to know," demanded the thrifty housewife. "It's mesilf that can howld a dozen o' pegs an' be sociable like over the fence to Mrs. O'Toole, with the same breat', begorra!"

When Queen Victoria visited Ireland in 1848 there was one attempt made to disturb the order of the proceedings for controversial purposes. Half-way up Parkgate Street, Dublin, Mr.

Nugent, a then well-known public man in Dublin, forced his way through the guard and caught at the Royal carriage, while he appealed to the Queen to pardon Smith O'Brien. He was put aside in a moment by Lord Clarendon, who was in attendance, and the incident terminated almost before any one realised what was happening. Another incident of the procession—characteristically Irish—was the salute of a spectator in Circular Road. "Arrah! Victoria, will you stand up and let's have a look at ye?" he roared out at the top of his voice. The Queen heard it, and rose at once and bowed and smiled at him. "God bless ye for that, my darling," he responded, to the great amusement of the crowd, while Her Majesty resumed her seat and laughed heartily with Prince Albert at the incident.

"Phwat is your son doin' now, Mrs. O'Rafferty?" asked a neighbour. "Sure he's adopted th' stage as a profession, Mrs. M'Moriarty," was the reply. "Dhrivin' a stage, is it?" "Be away wid y'r nonsence! It's an actor he is. He do be a light comedian." "A loight comedian, is it?" "Yis. He stands beyant the black curtain, wid his mouth to a hole forninst a candle, an' whin Pawnee Ike shoots at the candle, he blows it out."

"Is your master a good farmer, Pat?" "Bedad, an' he is that; he makes two crops in one year." "How does he manage that?" "Well, he sells all his hay in the autumn an' makes money once, thin in the spring he sells the hides of the cattle who died from want of the hay, an' so makes money twice, begorrah."

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien. "And phwat's ancisters?" "Why, people you sphrung from." "Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively. "I come from the rale sthock av Donahues thot sphring from nobody. They sphring at thim!"

It is not often that natural processes take their cue from police regulations, yet this would seem to be the case in the

North of Ireland, where the following police notice, "in view of the earlier approach of darkness," was being widely posted recently:—"Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness always begins as soon as the lamps are lit."

"Was there anything to lead you to believe that the deceased was non compos mentis when he took his life?" queried the coroner of a witness. "Would ye moind axin' me that question in English?" asked the witness. "Well, do you think he was suffering from temporary insanity?" "Faith, 'twas jist th' opposite av temperance insanity, bein' that crazy wid drink he was."

"Oi'd like a job wid ye, sor," said an Irishman to the foreman in a factory. "Well, I don't know. There isn't much doing just at present. I don't think I could keep you busy," said the foreman. "Indade, sor," answered Pat, in a reassuring tone, "it 'ull take very little to kape me busy."

A political candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the peasant class, was very pleased, but somewhat surprised, on hearing from the elector that he would support him. "Glad to hear it," said the candidate; "I thought you were against me." "Shure I was at first," rejoined the peasant. "Whin, the other day, ye called here, and stood by that pig-sty, and talked for half-an-hour, ye didn't budge me an inch. But after ye had gone away, sor, I got to thinkin' how ye'd reached your hand over the rail and rubbed the pig's back till he lay down wid the pleasure of it. I made up my mind thin that whin a man was so sociable as that wid a poor fellow-crachure I wasn't the bhoys who was goin' to vote agin him."

An Irishman was one day observing to a friend that he had an excellent telescope. "Do you see yonder church?" said he. "Although it is scarcely discernible with the naked eye, when I look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close I can hear the organ playing."

"Sure, sor," said Mrs. O'Mara, "an' ye towld me this clock was Frinch." "Isn't it?" queried the jeweller. "Thin how the divil can Pat understand the toime from it?" asked the woman.

"Well, Pat," said a tourist, "this is a grand-looking clock; but shoot me if I can tell the right time by it!" "Well, your honour, it's like this," answered Pat, "when the big hand points to six and the little hand to seven, and it strikes five times, then you know it's half-past six o'clock!"

At a well-known mill not a hundred miles from Coatbridge, a Scotsman and an Irishman were employed carrying bags of flour. Each had to carry three dozen bags and then get a short spell. The Scotsman, working harder than the Irishman, got through with his three dozen first, and, of course, had a rest. While sitting, the Irishman came along, and exclaimed—"You haven't carried three dozen yet." "Ay," said the Scotsman, "sax (sacks) times sax (sacks) is thirty-sax (sacks)." "Be jabbers," says Pat, "you moight as well say bags times bags is thirty bags."

It is not so long since the densest ignorance prevailed amongst Englishmen regarding Ireland. The following is a good story regarding this. It may be apocryphal, but it is *ben trovato* all the same. A reverend gentleman was lecturing to a large audience in Exeter Hall, London. The subject was foreign missions, and the good man was endeavouring to extract money by his perfervid eloquence. His peroration was as follows:—"Think of it, my brethren, think of the millions of mortal men who live in darkness and ignorance. The cannibals of the Congo, the earth-eating Hottentot, the Australian aborigine. And you can save them, my brethren—there are none too blinded but can be saved. Even, if we come nearer home, even in that benighted island across the sea, where dwells the wild Irishman, jumping from tree to tree—even he, I say, has an immortal soul."

A prominent member of the Upper House engaged a wild

Irish youth from Connemara as footman. "Pat," said his lordship one morning, "see if your mistress is 'at home' to-day." "That she is, your lordship; sure Oi jist saw her go into the dhrawin'-room," said Pat, who was ignorant of the ways of high society. "You misunderstand me, Pat," said his lordship; "go and ask your mistress if she is 'at home' to-day." "Well," muttered Pat, as he obeyed, "if his lordship ain't quare! Shure Oi jist saw her ladyship in the dhrawin'-room, an' the masther asks is she at home! An' now Oi've got to ask her that same, an' she in the house all the toime!" "Are ye at home, me lady?" he asked, thrusting his head into the drawing-room. "No, Patrick!" replied his mistress. Pat stared in stupefaction a minute, then slowly retired. "Well, well! Phwere does she think she is, poor sowl? Sure it's mad she is, an' the masther, too! More's the pity!" he exclaimed.

"Thot fool av a Kelly must read the comic papers," said Cassidy. "Phwat makes ye think so?" asked O'Brien. "Oi heard him say 'Be jabbers' the other day," replied Cassidy.

The other day an Irishman went to a fair which was being held in his village, and got mixed up in a free fight. Shortly after hostilities commenced he was knocked senseless by a blow from a thick blackthorn. He was then carried to the local hospital, where, on examination, it was found he had sustained injuries so serious that he would be laid up for several weeks. After his dischargo from the hospital he met a friend, who expressed his sympathy for the bad luck he had had. "Yes," replied Pat, regretfully, "the fun had only just commenced whin I had ma sinses knocked out o' me, but," and here he brightened up, "faith, it was an illigant smack."

An Irishman having placed a new chimney on his cottage, called one of his neighbours to show him his handiwork. "Now, what do ye thing of it?" said Mike to his neighbour. "Begorra!" said that worthy, "but the chimney is leaning to the left." "An' bedad!" replied Mike, "if you wuz to go

round to the backyard an' look at it you'd sae it wuz laneing to the roight, so sure it must be stroight."

"Why don't ye pump faster? Ye won't get the tub full av ye're going to work at that rate," asked Mrs. O'Finnegan. "D'ye suppose I want to pump the cistern dhry fillin' yer measely tub?" queried her husband.

Two Irishmen went out hunting. They became separated, and one of them, hearing a succession of howls and a fearful scratching and hissing, ran toward his companion, whom he discovered with his arms around a tree, wrestling with a wild cat. "Pat, will I come to ye and help ye to hould on to the baste?" "No," replied Pat, "come to me and help me to let go av him."

"Phoy is O'Grady carrying his head so hoigh? Hos somebody towld him his veins flow wid genteel blood?" asked Larry Donohue. "It's worse thou thot," was the reply. "Th' ither day, the foremon told him to bank up th' clay, an' iver since he's bin callin' himsilf a banker."

An assessor of property one day entered a cellar, and asked who lived there. The woman did not at first appear to understand him, having round her a whole tribe of squalling children. "Who resides here, I say?" demanded the assessor. "An' plase yer honour, I hardly knows," replied the woman. "Larry O'Rake, that's me husband, occupies this corner with me; Looney, the gravedigger, with his family, live in that corner; O'Hone, the rat-catcher, in the other; and Judy M'Mulligan in the other." "How many of you are there altogether?" asked the assessor. "Forty-two," answered the woman; "and we might do well enough did not Judy M'Mulligan take in boarders."

"I have no sympathy wid a strike," said Mike. "But you don't blame folks for not workin'," protested Pat. "Ye can't strike unless ye've got a job, kin ye?" was the withering rejoinder. "They had no business goin' to work in the first place."

"Does that look anny'ting loike me late laminted Dinnis, Mrs. O'Toole?" asked the Widow Clinchy, pointing to a lithographed portrait which she had recently hung on the wall. "Tell me, d'ye detiect anny resimblance at ahl?" "Oi do not!" truthfully replied the visitor, who had dropped in for a chat, somewhat surprised at the question. "Av me oyes don't desave me, that is a picture av that illigant mon, Lord Roberts." "Yis, 'tis that," said the widow. "But, phwisper, whin Con Duffy, the soign-painter, slips in an' paints a plug-hat upon its head, a Saint Patherick's Day smille on its face, an' a grane sash across its chist, tell me now, d'ye t'ink ut would fool that foine, fore-handed widower, Phalim M'Larrity, who has wake oyes, into belavin' that av he wins me he'll be marryin' a lady that is proud av a good husband whin she has wan?"

"Now, the divil take me if ye hasn't lost your sences entirely—hanging yer new crayon portrait onto the outside of the house," said Mrs. O'Brien. "Mary Ellen," replied O'Brien, "has ye forgot that we are havin' a christenin' party this evening, an' does ye think I'd lave anything as life-like as that hangin' in the parlour to get the face knocked off it?"

"Norah hung her jersey jacket over th' sthove an' it wuz scorched. Did ye hear about it, Dinny?" "Oi did; an' Oi also hur-rud that it changed th' jacket complately." "How phas that?" "Well, ye sae, it phas a jersey jacket whin shae hung it thoo, but, faith, after it wuz scorched it phas a smoking jacket."

"What do you wish, ma'am?" said a shopman to a customer. "Oi want to sae some mirrors fit to give as a Christmas gift." "Hand mirrors?" "No; some ye kin sae yer face in."

An Irishman was recently asked by a friend—"Why don't you stop the leaks in your house, Pat?" "Ye wouldn't have me go out in the rain to do it, would ye?" "No, but why don't you stop them when it don't rain?" "Oh, they don't leak then, so what's the use?"

"Can't prove Mickey a schoundril?" asked Mr. Hogan, when a friend's character was under consideration. "An' the divil, isn't it mysilf that's repeatedly met him in places where no dacent man would be seen?"

"I should like a room with an iron bedstead," said a tourist to a hotel proprietor in the west. "Sorr, Oi haven't an iron bedstead in the place; they're all soft wool. But you'll foind the mattresses noice and hard, sorr."

An Irish landlord, against whom a writ had been issued, kept himself closely confined to his house. He went abroad only on Sunday, on which day service was not legal. It used to be said of him in the district, "Faix, he's so pious that he never stirs out only on Sunday!"

"Shure an' these hair resthorers are fakes!" said an Irishman to a friend. "Oi've poured mor'n a bottle over this camel's hair brush, an' divil a bit has it hilped th' bald sphots!"

"Was Hogan talking about me behind my back?" asked Dennis. "No," said Pat; "but he was talking about you behind yer barn."

"Doolan offered to prove to me in black an' white that Oi war a fool," said Casey. "Plawat happened thin?" "Oi proved to him in black an' blue thot he war a liar."

Some gentlemen fishing off the west coast of Ireland encountered heavy rains, and, consequently, kept their bad weather oil-suits in readiness. One day, after a sudden shower, one of them had occasion to go to the neighbouring village. On the way it cleared up, and the sun came out in all its glory, and the gentleman regretted having kept on his surtout. His chagrin changed to amusement when a beggar by the wayside accosted him with—"The Lord protect your honour from the weather ye look like."

Some years ago a worthy Irish couple resided in the Tron-gate, Glasgow, directly opposite the statue of King William, which, on a fine 12th July morning, had been decorated with an orange sash and fancy-coloured ribbons, in honour of the

annual demonstration. In the early morning, Bridget having occasion to look out of the window, and perceiving the usually unattractive statue arrayed in many colours, cried excitedly to her husband—"Pat, Pat! me bhoy, shure Orange Billy himsilf's going to walk to-day!" "Who tould you that?" asked Pat, bewildered. "Luk out the winder an' see for yersilf," said excited Biddy. On reaching the window, Pat gazed with astonishment at the bronze horseman for a moment or two, then vehemently exclaimed—"Troth! an' it's for walkin' he is! The ould fool!"

"The great trouble with us," said the president of the Pick-pockets' Club, "is that we are inclined to take things too seriously." "Ist thot so?" yelled the policeman, who had managed to slip in unobserved; "Oi t'ought the main throuble wid yez was that yez took things too aisy. Come on, now! None av that, or Oi'll smash in your tinpannum!"

"Niver say a word whin ye foind yer gittin' angry," said Mr. Dolan. "Remember, silence is golden." "It's the good rule," answered Mr Rafferty. "Waste no words: smash 'im."

He was an Irish pilot, and the skipper felt rather doubtful as to his ability to navigate the vessel out to sea. "Are you sure you know all the rocks in the river?" he asked for the second time, as the ship gathered speed. "Sure an' I do, yer 'anner," said the pilot, "ivery wan of them. That's wan now!" as, with a loud crash, the Mary Jane ran hard and fast aground.

Two Irishmen came over from the "Ould Country," and were walking through a large village in the Midlands, when they saw a blacksmith shoeing a horse at his forge. They had never seen the like before, and stood staring and wondering. Presently Pat turned to Mike and said—"Shure, Moike, an' me puir ould mither be roight again, as she allus was. She tould me I'd niver be ter ould fer larnin', an' 'tis meself as allus did winder wer hosses cum fram, an', begorra, er's th' plaize wer they make 'um. Thur jist—nailin' on the feet."

An Irishman seeing a fine parrot in a bird fancier's shop bought one of its eggs and had it hatched out. To his bewilderment the outcome was a duck! He hastened back to the proprietor, and said angrily—"Whin I buy a crown's worth o' parrot egg I want wan you kin give a charachter wid. See?"

"Now is the time for Irishmen to strike for Ireland!" exclaimed an Irish agitator. "Shure and Oi'd sooner shtrike for higher pay!" replied Pat.

"And so Phelim is proud av his descint, is he?" "Yes; he is terribly stuck up about it." "Well, begorra, Oi've a bit av a descint meself to boast about. Oi descinded four storeys wanst whin the ladder broke and niver sphilled a brick!"

"Hov ye hur-rud about me ould mon hoving th' liver complaint?" "Nivir a wur-rud! Phere did he contrhact it?" "He used to wur-ruk in a livery stabble."

An Irish waiter at a London hotel had charge of the hats of the guests who went there to dine. His accuracy and promptness in giving every man his own headgear as he came out of the dining-room excited one inquisitive gentleman's curiosity. "How did you know so well this was my hat?" he asked. A smile lighted up the waiter's good-natured face as he bowed politely. "Sorr," he said, "Oi didn't know it was yours, but it's the one ye giv me!"

An Irishman, once travelling by train, in his eagerness to see the passing country, had his hat blown from his head by the rush of air. He immediately pulled out a big jack knife and made a great notch in the window sash. His fellow-travellers, wondering, asked him his reason for so doing. "Begorra," replied Pat, with great assurance, "so that I shall know the place where it fell out."

A very eloquent stump speaker in America was addressing a meeting where it was a great point to catch the Irish vote, and, after flattering the Irish as a people, he inquired—"Who dig our canals? Irishmen. Who build our railroads? Irish-

men. (Great applause.) Who build all our gaols? Irishmen. (Still greater applause.) Who fill all our gaols? Irishmen. This capping climax, if it did not bring down the house, brought down the Irish in a rush for the platform. The speaker did not wait to receive them.

"Did you ever save a penny?" "Never!" answered Mike. "Did you ever do a day's work?" "Never!" "Why not?" "Mister, you're an intelligent man, and you can see that these discussions between capital and labour is bound to continue. What I'm aimin' at is to keep me mind perfectly free from prejudice on either side, so's to be ready when they want someone to do a good job of arbitratin'."

A good story is told of three shipmates—English, Scottish, and Irish—who were once rambling along a street and looking in at the shop windows. Through one window they observed a charming girl behind the counter, and expressed their admiration of her. "Let's go in and buy something," said the Englishman. "Toots," said the thrifty Sandy, "nae need o' that. Let's gang in and ask if she can change a saxpence for us." The Irishman, however, rose to the occasion in splendid style. "Let's go in," he exclaimed, "and ask if she'll let us light our pipes by the light of her beautiful eyes."

That it is well-nigh impossible to out-distance Pat in the art of making compliments is generally admitted, and another clever saying of this kind deserves to be recorded. A very pretty lady hired a car to take her from the centre of Dublin to the outskirts of the city. It was quite obvious from her speech that she was not a native, but she chatted away gaily to the jarvey, and he never failed to point out the various places of interest as they passed. At length they reached the end of the journey, and the lady asked her fare. "Five shillin', ma'am," was the reply; "but there will be the exthry for me goin' back." "Now, that is nonsense, you know," was the response, "for it will not be so heavy a burden on your animal since I have got out." "Thrue, ma'am, thrue," was

Pat's gallant rejoinder ; "but, ma'am, 'twill be a very lonely journey for the baste and me."

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of look-out man for a gang of railway platelayers. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him, and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated. "In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm. "Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust meself to remimber to wave a red flag when there was a green wan handy."

Many amusing stories have been told about the shifts to which Irish innkeepers have been driven in order to provide suitable entertainment for their guests. Lady Grove, in an article on "Social Solecisms," tells another, which is one of the best yet related. She states that one of her friends had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady call him at eight. At six, however, next morning she knocked at his door. "Ye've to git up," she said. "What o'clock is it?" "Six, surr." "Go away, I am not going to get up till eight." At seven she reappeared. "Indade and ye must get up now, it's seven." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said, "Git up, there's a sweet gintleman; there's two commercial gintlemen waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honour's top sheet."

Lord Dufferin used to tell a creepy ghost story, which, he averred, was absolutely true. He was staying at a country house in Ireland. While dressing for dinner one evening he heard wheels on the gravel, and looking through the window he saw a hearse drive up to the front door. He was struck by the face of the driver—a fat, unpleasant, saturnine face. Assuming that a servant had died in the house, Lord Dufferin mentioned the matter to his host, who informed him that there

had been no death, and that the hearse was the ghost of the house. Its appearance was supposed to be a warning of danger to the man who saw it. A little while later Lord Dufferin went to Paris for the Exhibition, and stayed at the Grand Hotel. Entering the lift, he saw, with a shock of alarm, that the attendant had the face of the man on the hearse. He got out and walked downstairs, and immediately afterwards the lift smashed, and all the occupants were killed. The attendant was never identified. He had entered the service of the hotel only that morning, and nobody claimed his body.

An Irishman had run up a small bill at the village shop, and went in to pay it, first asking for a receipt. The proprietor grumbled and said it was too much trouble to give receipts for such small amounts—it did just as well to cross the account off, and he drew a diagonal pencil line across the book. “Does that settle it?” asked the customer. “Certainly!” “An’ ye’ll never be asking for it again?” “Certainly not!” “Faith, thin,” said the Irishman coolly, “an’ I’ll kape me money in me pocket, for I haven’t paid it yet!” “Well,” was the retort, “I can rub that out.” “I thought so,” said the persistent customer drily. “Maybe you’ll give me a receipt now. Here’s the money!”

A Chicago restaurant boasts of an Irish Munchausen who acts in the humble capacity of waiter and adds much to the entertainment of customers. Some of these gentlemen had been spinning some good yarns one evening. One of them, on being served with a small lobster, asked—“Do you call that a lobster, Mike?” “Faix, I do believe they do be callin’ thim lobsters here, surr! We call ’em crabs at home!” “Oh,” said the diner, “you have lobsters in Ireland?” “Is it lobsters? Begorra, the creeks is full of ’em! Many a toime have I seen ’em whin I’ve leaped over the strames!” “How large do lobsters grow in Ireland?” “Well,” said Mike thoughtfully, “to shpake widin bounds, surr, I’d say a matter of five or six feet.” “What! Five or six feet? How do they turn round

in those creeks?" "Bedad, surr, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide!" said the unabashed Mike. "But," said the persistent inquirer, "you said you had seen 'em when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea?" "'Deed I did, surr! We are powerful leapers in Ireland. As for the say, surr, I've seen it red with 'em!" "But look here, my fine fellow," said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, "lobsters are not red until they are boiled." "Don't I know that?" said Mike reproachfully. "But there are hot springs in the ould counthry, an' they shwim troo 'em and come out rady for ye to crack open and ate!"—and Mike walked calmly off to wait upon the next guest.

It was evident that something of more moment than usual was weighing on the small boy's mind. Three times he passed the door of the house and peered through the window before he dared to enter. Then he made his appearance with an air that dozens of broken windows or bushels of stolen apples could not have given him. "Mrs. Murphy, little Mickey's new tin whistle's all broke." "And how did that happen, dear?" "Well, Mickey was playing on it when the stame-roller wint over it."

A striking illustration of how Mr. Parnell could detach his thoughts from important and momentous events is told by Mr. Henniker-Heaton in the following paragraph, which also reveals to us the fact that the famous Irish leader was an able metallurgist and assayist. Mr. Heaton says—He came into the House of Commons one afternoon when the fiercest excitement prevailed regarding the publication by "The Times" of the forged letters. He, in a short speech, denied the authorship of the letters, and then walked into the lobby and engaged me in earnest conversation. Everybody thought he was telling me of the awful political event then stirring men's minds. This is what he said to me—"I have just read in the afternoon paper that a mountain of gold has been discovered in Western Australia, and that some tons of the specimens have been sent

home to you." I replied that it was true, and that I had in my locker in the House some of the crushed specimens. We proceeded to get them, and I gave him about a wine-glassful of the "crushing." He took it away with him, and to the bewilderment of his party no one saw him for a week and very few indeed knew his address. On that day week, almost at the same hour, he again appeared in the lobby. Walking up to me, he said, smilingly, "I have analysed the specimens, and they go thirty-two ounces of gold to the ton." I said he was wrong. He then took from his pocket a scrap of paper and read, "Twenty-seven ounces of gold and five ounces of silver." I replied that this was indeed remarkable, for it exactly coincided with the analysis of Messrs Johnson, Matthey, & Co., the famous metallurgists. Parnell then showed me the small pin's point of gold he had obtained. I expressed surprise at his work. He said, "The fact is, I take an interest in the matter. I have a small workshop to test the minerals in the mountains of Wicklow, some portion of which I own." The astonishing thing is that, while his hundreds of thousands of adherents were fulminating against "The Times," he was quietly working away testing minerals in his laboratory.

A lady who is a district visitor became much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish. Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:—"Your neighbours seem very curious to know who and what I am and the nature of my business with you." "They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran. "Do they ask you about it?" "Indado they do, ma'am." "And do you tell them?" "Faith, thin, an' Oi do not." "What do you tell them?" "Oi just tell thim," was the calm reply, "that you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."

Derrigan lived in a ramshackle shanty which stood in a field near the main highway. The foundations of the house were lower than the road, through which ran a great water-main. As the living floor of the house was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, there was a large cellar underneath, where Derrigan kept a dozen hens. One day the water-main burst, flooded the cellar, and drowned the hens. Derrigan immediately put in a claim for damages. After a long delay and much trouble, influential friends assisted the old man to get thirty shillings in settlement of his claim. That evening he saw Mrs. Cassidy, his next-door neighbour, sitting on her back steps. "I got me money from the city!" he called to her. "Did ye, then, Mr. Derrigan? It's glad I am. How much did ye get?" "Thirty shillings." "Glory be! An hov ye the money?" "I hov not; but I had it." "What did ye do wid it?" "Sure, I bought thirty shillings' worth of ducks wid it!"

During the agrarian disturbances in Ireland an Irish squire was honoured with the attentions of Moonlighters. They wished the squire no harm, for he was a good landlord, but they had to obey the commands of the secret brotherhood. Accordingly, when they fired through his window one night, they first carefully reconnoitred the room from outside, so that the bullets should not hit any of the occupants. Again, when they ambushed the squire from behind a hedge, they succeeded in hitting their real target—a wood some distance beyond the squire. But he openly defied the secret society, the unknown heads of which, as a last effort at intimidation, ordered the local members to dig a grave at night on the squire's lawn. The squire was doing a little private sentry-go and witnessed unseen the digging of the grave. Stealing back to the house, with the assistance of his gardener, by dawn he made a big wooden headstone. When the midnight grave-diggers strolled casually past the house next morning to see what effect their work had had upon the squire's household, they found, to

their unspeakable amazement and awe, a huge six feet high headstone fixed in position at the head of the grave. Lounging by its side, one arm resting easily on the stone and the other hand grasping a cocked revolver, was the squire, a sardonic smile on his face, while painted in large black letters on the headstone was this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of——." That was all, but it was more than enough, for the attempts to intimidate the squire were given up in despair, and he was thereafter left in peace.

A cyclist while wheeling through some of the rural "out-of-the-ways" in Ireland had cause to pull up at a humble shanty one day to make inquiries as to his whereabouts. Entering the cabin, he was at once struck with the poverty of the furniture and surroundings, and curiously so with what evidently answered the purpose of a sideboard—a rough plank, supported at either end by three bricks. In the middle was half an old brick, and on it a tiny faded flower. After making the necessary inquiries as to his whereabouts, the stranger asked what the brick might be. "Shure, and the brick is it ye're wantin' to know about? Ye see this big hole at the back of my ear? Shure, it was made entoirely wid that brick!" "An' the flower?" "Ah, shure now, that is a flower off the man's grave that threw the brick!"

Pat the Irishman and Hans the German were on tour together. A farmer, at whose house they called, refused them food, but kindly allowed them to sleep in the scullery. About two in the morning the pangs of hunger were too much for Hans, and he announced his intention of getting some supper, but to reach the larder he had to pass through the farmer's bedroom. Presently he returned beaming, and said he had had a good supper. But how did you manago it?" queried Pat. "Vell, I shoost step quiet across de room, and vhen de ole man vake up he say, 'Who's dere?' I shoost say, 'Meaow, meaow!' and he say, 'Boder dat cat!' and go ter sleep." "Faix," said Pat, "it's a grand trick, I'll try it mesel'." Off

he started, but he fell over the farmer's boots with an awful clatter and woke their owner up. "Who's there?" he shouted. "Lie still, and be aisy, now. Oi'm the cat."

"Hallo, Pat, I hear your dog is dead?" "It is." "Was it a lap dog?" "Yes; it would lap anything." "What did it die of?" "It died of a Tuesday." "I mean, how did it die?" "It died on its back." "I mean, how did the dog meet its death?" "It didn't meet its death. Its death overtook it." "I want to know what was the complaint?" "No complaint. Everyone for miles round appeared to be satisfied." "I wish to know how did it occur?" "The dog was no cur; he was a thoroughbred animal." "Tell me what disease did the dog die of?" "He went to fight a circular saw." "What was the result?" "The dog only lasted one round."

An Irishman made his way to a country gaol, and asked to be allowed to see the governor. On being ushered into that functionary's presence, he begged for the favour of an interview with a prisoner who was to suffer the extreme penalty of the law in the course of the morning. "No, my man," said the governor, on being appealed to, "you cannot see the prisoner. He is to be executed in half an hour's time, and it is not allowed for visitors to see a prisoner on the day of execution. But what might be your business with him?" "Shure, sorr," answered Pat, "it's his birthday, and I was afther wishing him many happy returns."

A man was waiting his turn to be served in a Dublin fishmonger's while a little, weazened old gentleman priced every fish in the shop. "How much is this—and this—and this—and this?" he asked. At last the exasperated shopwoman exclaimed, "Oh, go on out of that wid ye! It isn't fish ye want, but information!"

In conversation with a friend, a writer chanced to remark that, wherever he might be, it was extremely difficult for a Yorkshireman to hide the fact that he was born in the broad-acred shire. "I've been in nearly every corner of the king-

dom," he added, "and in all sorts of odd places I've been met with the query, 'You're a Yorkshireman, are you not?'" "Och, thin," remarked the writer's friend, "it's moighty careless ye've bin entoiirely. Sure, it's as aisy as gettin' kilt to desave ivery wan! Look at me, now! Oi've been all over the warruld. Oi've bin taken fer a German, a Frinchman, a Roosian, a Greek, a Yankee, a Portugese, a haythun Chinee, a Turkee, an' even an Oirishman; but niver a wan av me friends iver looked me in the oye an' sid, 'Tim O'Rourke, ye're a Yorkshireman!' "It's the dialect that gave ye away. Dhrop it, me bhoy, dhrop it!"

In his amusing autobiography, the author of "Father O'Flynn" tells this anecdote as an instance of the bliss of ignorance—We had an old farm servant of the name of Fanny Downey, generally known as old Fanny, but she preferred to call herself by her maiden name, Fanny Sullivan, reverting thereto after the loss of her husband and children. She was a very faithful servant and very hard-working, but strangely simple in her ways. She was an old woman-of-all-work, now carrying the post-bag to the village two miles away, now in the hay-field, now at the turf-rick, now again, as the sequel will show, carrying basketfuls of seaweed from the beach to manure the potato-garden. One day, as she passed the open drawing-room on her way from the kitchen to one of the bedrooms, she espied a little aquarium upon the table full of delicate seaweeds, and thereupon, raising her eyes and hands, exclaimed—"I never thought to see the mannyure growing on the drawing-room table!"

"Talking about jumping," said an Irishman, "I've got a brother can beat any record. Only a month ago P sy Flaherty challenged the whole world for £1,000 a side. It was to be a jump off the highest building in Dublin, and my brother Moike took him on. Shure, I shall niver forget as long as I remember; for when I come on the scene there was Moike on the top of the building ready to jump, and some of Patsy

Flaherty's pals down below (who was bitter against Moike) with a lot of broken bottles, so that when he come down he'd be cut to pieces. I saw it in a moment, and, just as the word was given to 'go,' Moike came half-way down, when I called out to him, 'Moike, don't come any further; they've put a lot of broken glass under you!' And, would you believe it, Moike actually turned round and jumped back again!"

A steam "navvy" at work had attracted a large number of spectators, including two Irishmen, who, judging by their appearance, were toilers temporarily out of employment. As the big shovel at a single lick scooped up half a ton of dirt and dumped it upon a cart, one of the Irishmen remarked—"What a shame, to think of them digging up dirt in that way!" "What do ye mane?" asked his companion. "Well," said the other, "that machine is taking the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of labourers who could do the work with their picks and shovels." "Right you are, Barney," said the other fellow. Just then a man who had been looking on, and who had overheard the conversation, remarked—"Look here, you fellows, if that digging would give work to a hundred men with shovels and picks, why not get a thousand men, and give them teaspoons to do the job?" The Irishmen, to their credit, saw the force of the remark as well as the humour of the situation, and joined heartily in the laugh that followed.

Patrick Murphy was conspicuous for a very homely face. He used to say that it seemed like "an offence to the landscape," a conclusion in which his acquaintances fully concurred; and he was as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbour met him and said—"And how are ye, Pat?" "Mighty bad," was the reply. "It's shtarvation that is starin' me in the face." "If that is so," said his neighbour, "sure and it can't be very pleasant for aither of ye!"

An Irishman was very proud of a huge brindle bulldog which he possessed, and which was his constant companion. One day a friend met him without the dog, and looking very discon-

solate. "Well, Pat, and how is that bull-pup of yours doing?" "Oh, be jabbers, he's dead! The illigant baste wint an' swallowed a tape-measure!" "Oh, I see! He died by inches, then?" "No, begorra, he didn't! He wint round to the back of the house an' died by the yard!"

The Hibernian gift for courteous speech was seldom better displayed than by a certain Irish boarder. His landlady, a "pleasant-spoken" body, had poured him a cup of tea, and presently inquired if it was all right? "It is jist to my taste, Mrs. Hallakan," said the boarder; "wake and cowl'd, jist as I loike it."

An American and an Irishman were riding together when they came across an old gallows by the wayside. "You see that, I cal'elate," said Jonathan. "Now, where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone," said Paddy.

Nearly everyone knows that Mr. Timothy Healy possesses a keen sense of humour, and that it is but seldom, when the necessity arises, that he fails to come off with an exceedingly witty rejoinder. On one occasion, however, his accomplishment in the art of repartee altogether failed him. The man who was the hero of this exceptional exploit was Mr. Seymour Bushe, K.C. A case was being heard in the Dublin Recorder's Court on one occasion, and during the proceedings the Testament on which witnesses are usually sworn was found to be mysteriously missing. A search was made for the required book, but for a little time without result. At last, Mr. Bushe happened to notice that Mr. Healy had taken possession of the volume, and was busily engaged in reading it, quite oblivious of the consternation which its disappearance was creating. "I think, sir," said Mr. Bushe, turning, with a mischievous expression, towards the Recorder, "that Mr. Healy has taken possession of the Testament." As soon as he caught the sound of his name, Mr. Healy glanced up, and then, realising what had taken place, with many apologies, handed over the volume. "You see, sir," added Mr. Bushe, "Mr. Healy was

so greatly interested in it that he didn't know of our loss; he took it for a new publication." When the laugh had subsided, Mr. Healy, for once, had no reply to make.

There is a story on record of three Irishmen rushing away from a race meeting at Punchestown to catch a train back to Dublin. At the moment a train from a long distance pulled up at the station, and three men scrambled in. In the carriage was seated one other passenger. As soon as they had regained their breath one said:—"Pat, have you got th' tickets?" "What tickets? I've got me loife: I thought I'd have lost that gettin' in th' thrain. Have you got 'em, Moike?" "Oi, begorrah, I haven't." "Oh, we're all done for, thin," said the third. "They'll charge us roight from the other soide of Oireland." The old gentleman looked over his newspaper and said:—"You are quite safe, gintlemen; wait till we get to the next station." They all three looked at each other. "Bedad, he's a director; we're done for now, intoirely." But as soon as the train pulled up the little gentleman jumped out and soon came back with three first-class tickets. Handing them to the astonished strangers he said:—"Whist, I'll tell ye how I did it. I went along the thrain: 'Tickets, plaze! tickets, plaze!' I called, and these belong to three Saxon tourists in another carriage."

A new Irish brakesman had been hired by a North-Western railroad, and was set at work on a construction-train at three cents a mile for wages. One day, says the man who tells the story, the train got away on a mountain grade and went flying down the track at about sixty miles an hour. I twisted the brakes hard all along the tops. Pretty soon I saw Mike crawling along one of the cars on all fours, his face the colour of milk. I thought he was getting ready to jump. "Mike," I yelled, "for goodness' sake, don't jump!" He clamped his fingers on the running-board to give him a chance to turn round, and looking at me contemptuously, answered—"Jump, is it? D'ye think I'd be jumpin' an' me makin' three cints a moile?"

Shortly after Mr. Wilson Barrett had joined the theatrical profession he became a member of a company performing at the old Theatre Royal, Dublin. His part naturally was a small one, and Mr. Barrett had no expectation whatever of receiving any sign of approval from the audience. Greatly to his surprise, however, his first small speech was greeted with a round of applause. This unlooked-for tribute quite elated the young actor, and he exerted himself to the utmost in the endeavour to sustain the good impression he appeared to have made. He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Everything he said or did was rapturously applauded, and the principal performers were thrown completely into the shade. The "stars" were of course disgusted, and the rest of the company lost in amazement—none more so than young Barrett himself. He scarcely supposed that he quite deserved such an ovation, but with the natural vanity of youth he considered that these Dublin folk showed a rare appreciation of budding merit. Just as he was leaving the theatre, however, one of the scene-shifters accosted him. "Sure ye wor cock o' the walk to-night, sir!" "Well, yes, Mickey," returned the actor, with pardonable pride—"I think I knocked 'em a bit—eh?" "Och, sir," said Mickey, "sure it wasn't that at all, at all! But it's got about among the bhoys that ye're a brother o' the man that was hung this morning!" A Fenian named Barrett had that morning paid the extreme penalty of the law.

The late Lord Dufferin always said the happiest years of his long official life were those spent at Calcutta. He revelled in the sunshine. A friend one day expostulated with him for his reckless exposure of himself to the weather. "Well, you see," said the Viceroy, "they've always sent me to cold places. They sent me as Viceroy to Canada, where one must live two-thirds of the year in buffalo furs. They sent me to St. Petersburg, where one has to hibernate like a bear. So, when they ordered me to India, I rubbed my hands and said to myself, 'Now I can hang myself up to dry.'"

A thorough Irishman, warm-hearted, generous almost to the verge of lavishness, and unselfish, Lord Dufferin went through life with a disregard for economy which often alarmed his friends. A trivial but amusing example of this trait is the following. He was driving once in a hansom with a friend from Hyde Park Corner to St. James's Street. When they reached the Club Lord Dufferin gave the cabman half-a-crown. "What on earth did you do that for?" asked his astonished friend; "it's only a shilling fare." "Oh! I would never think of giving a cabman less than half-a-crown. Would you?" replied Lord Dufferin, as if the correct fare were an economy unthinkable.

After much brain-racking, Pat had invented what he described as "a stame snowplough." "What's the motive power?" asked a waggish acquaintance. "Horses," responded Pat promptly. "Four av 'em." "Then why call it a steam plough?" Pat was puzzled, and reflected a moment before replying. "Arrah!" he remarked, brightening up. "Oi've thought of that same. Av ye saw the machine an' know the weight av it, ye'd onderstand as the horses'll do the staming whin they git to worruk wid it." "Granted," said the friend. "But where are you going to find the horses capable of dragging such a machine through, say, three feet of snow?" "Howld a minute," said Pat, after another thoughtful pause. "They won't have to face it. Sure, Oi'll make both inds av the jigger alike, so the horses can pull it aythur way." "But there's still the snow to face." "Sorra a bit av it. Oi've arranged all that. Bedad, Oi'll have a gang of men to clear the strate for the horses." "Then of what use is the plough?" "That's where the beauty av the thing comes in," said Pat. "Whin there's no snow to shift Oi've arranged matters so that the machine can be converted into a beautiful milk cart. An' wheer's yer objections now, for, begorra, a milk carrt's always useful annyway. An' av ye are not satisfied now invint wan for yersilf!"

It was in the West of Ireland. The cabin was of the usual

pattern, with cattle stalls to the left as you entered, an open chimney, a round table, one chair, a big box, and one bed to the right. The legs of the bedstead, an old four-poster, had sunk into the earthen floor. "How many of you sleep there, little girl?" asked the tourist. "Feyther and mother, myself an' me foive brothers and sisters," answered Biddy, who was about twelve years old. "Oh, but there's not room for eight of you." "But there is, sorr. Four sleep at the top an' four at the bottom," chimed in the child. "Still, even four abreast could not manage. There would be no room to turn." "We don't turn, yer honour. When feyther wants to turn he ses, 'Turn!' an' we all turns."

An Irish M.P., more noted for his wit than for the depths of his purse, was travelling by the County Council omnibus to Westminster, and at the request of a lady said, "Conductor, put this lady off at the next corner." The conductor, who was a new man, failed to understand, and said, "Excuse me, sir, seems as how she's a behavin' of herself; don't seem no occasion for proceedin' to extremes." The little red-haired M.P. was too astonished to reply, and got off himself to avoid an explanation.

The tragic times in Ireland, when peasant was at open war with landlord and all were at war with English rule, are relieved by many good stories. The mercurial Celt is whimsical even in time of trouble.

When Mr. Arthur James Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he met Father Healy at a dinner in Dublin. "Tell me, Father Healy," said Mr. Balfour, "is it true the people of Ireland hate me as much as the Nationalist newspapers represent?" "Hate you!" replied the priest. "If they hated evil as they hate you, Mr. Balfour, my occupation would be gone."

Yet it was Mr. Balfour who a few years later had accomplished much toward the pacification of Ireland. His name became amusingly prominent in Irish families. A gentleman

driving into the town of Westport, County Mayo, was stopped by a pig which ran in front of his horse. An old peasant shouted across the ditch to a boy who was watching the pig stupidly: "Arrah, Mick, will ye stir yerself? Don't ye see Arthur James runnin' away?" Struck by the name, the gentleman asked the old man about it, and found that in gratitude to Mr. Balfour, who had been the means of getting them the pig, the peasant had given the animal his name.

A man went to his next-door neighbour's house early one morning in a state of alarm to inquire if he and his family were well. On being told that they were, he exclaimed, in a tone of intense relief, "I'm glad to hear it; I feared ye were all dead, for I couldn't hear any of ye fightin' last night."

"Jerry," said Flaherty, "why is it ye're gittin' so proud since ye're gittin' a bit o' money put by?" "Me b'y, 'tis loike that wid all th' rich," said Jerry. "'Tis a measure of protection ag'in me poor relations."

One moonlight evening two Irishmen stood on the banks of a lake arguing whether it was the sun or the moon that was shining on the lake. After a while they agreed to ask the first person that came that way. In a few minutes a young man came along, and they asked him whether it was the sun or the moon. "I cannot tell you," said the man. "I am quite a stranger to this part of the country."

Poor old Paddy Rourke had been looking for work for a long time without success. But at last a brighter day dawned, and he got an offer of a job as a diver. They fitted him out with a suit and gave him instructions tenderly as to a little child. He was told that if he wanted to come up out of the water he was to give the tube which is attached to the head-covering a sharp pull. Next day was the great day, and Paddy started with joy in his heart. He was lowered into the water, but lo! scarce-y had he been down two minutes before he was pulling the tube to be brought up. They pulled him up like lightning. "What's up—what's up?" queried the master.

"Oh, begorra!" said Paddy, "I'm up, an' I intind to remain up! I couldn't find the place where ye get your breath from. How far is it from this?"

"How many ducks did you kill, Pat?" "Faith, an' Oi didn't get a chance to shoot at thim." "Found none at all, eh?" "Oi found plinty. That's the throuble—there wor too manny." "Too many? Why, how's that?" "Sure, iv'ry toime Oi took aim at wan, three or four more of the cratures would come shwimmin' in between and shpoil it."

Two Irishmen were discussing various books they had read. "Have you read 'The Eternal City?'" "I have." "Have you read Marie Corelli's works?" "I have that." "Have you read 'Looking Backwards?'" "How the divil could I do that?"

The same two Irishmen were arguing who was the cleverer. "Well," said Pat, "I'll bet you can't tell me what keeps bricks together." "Shure," said Mike, "it's mortar." "No," said Pat, "you are wrong; that keeps them apart."

"When do you go on?" asked the saucy soubrette at the music hall. "Immediately after the trained donkeys," replied the Irish comedian. "Good gracious! It's a wonder the stage-manager doesn't try and break the monotony more than he does."

Like the majority of Irishmen, Edmund Burke was ever ready with his retort, and on one occasion at least he scored heavily. He had been attacking the Government one night in the House of Commons very fiercely for a policy which, it was well known, was strongly advocated and approved by no less a personage than the King himself. Stung by Burke's biting sarcasm, George Onslow, a supporter of the Government, rose and said that the hon. member really had gone too far; he had deliberately insulted the Sovereign. Burke listened to this with due reverence, and then gravely addressed the Speaker—"Sir, the hon. member has exhibited much ardour but little discretion. He should know that, however I may

reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined, to extend that reverence to his ministers. I may honour His Majesty, but, sir, I see no possible reason for honouring"—and he glanced round the Treasury bench—"His Majesty's man-servant and maid-servant, his ox or his ass!"

Pat was going out to see the races, and Bridget was giving him the finishing touch with the clothes brush. "Pat," said she, "an' it's yerself that'll be took for a jintleman." "Thin bejabers," said Pat, "if it's pick-pockets that does they'll find I'm poor Pat wid wan bob in my pooch."

The foreman of a Sheffield cutlery works reprimanded an Irishman for coming late to work. "How is it, Pat, you did not get to work this morning before nine o'clock?" "Shure, sir, I dramed last night I was at the football match, which ended in a draw, and the referee ordered an extra half-hour to be played, and, begorra, I only stopped to see the finish."

At the Irish International football match a man was sitting beside a Hibernian, who shouted—"Bowld fellow, Barney Pyper; me lad, ye'll be afther showin' thim Irish." "But," the man remonstrated, "that's kicking the man; not the ball." Taking the cork out of a half-mutchkin bottle, Paddy gazed at his neighbour in a benevolent manner, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, winked, and raised the bottle. The rapidity with which the contents sank showed he was an expert. Replacing the cork, he said—"Me young friend, whin ye be done with cuttin' yer wisdim teeth ye'll undherstand there be more ways than wan of playin' football. In Oirland there is three ways—Rugby, Association, an' Celtic. Now, me friend, in Rugby you kick the ball, in Association you kick the man if ye can't kick the ball, and in Celtic ye kick the ball if ye can't kick the man. That lasht same is what they do be playin'." As he was a big, powerful man the other fellow thought his argument was unanswerable.

One day a traveller, while passing a farm in Dublin, entered into conversation with an old Irishman who was engaged in the

business of poultry-rearing. He expressed surprise at the use of so much meal at feeding time, and suggested that it should be mixed with sawdust, insisting that the fowls would not know the difference. A few months later the traveller was again in the district, and he asked the Irishman if the new diet had been tried, and what the result had been. "It works beautifully," was the reply. "See that old yellow hen? Well, I tried her on half-and-half, and she liked it so well I changed it to all sawdust, and the last time she hatched three of the chickens had wooden legs, and a fourth was a woodpecker!"

A gentleman had engaged an Irishman as a gardener. One day when the gentleman came out Pat was hard at work raking leaves in front of the house. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and Pat, instead of raking in the direction the wind was blowing, raked against it, with the result that the leaves were all blown back again. The gentleman remonstrated with Pat, and told him he ought to rake the leaves with the wind, meaning, of course, in the direction the wind was blowing. "Be jabers," replied Pat, "I always rake leaves with a rake."

A commercial traveller sauntered into a clothier's shop, and finding the proprietor busy with a customer, leaned against a pile of clothing and waited. Suddenly the pile toppled over and fell to the floor. He hastily began to rearrange the goods, remarking, as he did so: "Well, Mr. Smith, you see clothing has had quite a fall." As Mr. Smith kept on working, he added, "And my business is picking up." Commonplace as the remark was, it made a great impression upon an Irishman who happened to be standing by. "Begorra," he muttered, "that's a foine joke. Oi'll get that off on some one before night." With the joke still fresh in his mind he sauntered over to the shop of a Mr. Levy, also a clothier, chuckling as he went along. "Aha, Mr. Levy, it's a foine joke Oi do be after hearing," he said; "wait till Oi show ye." Seizing a pile of fine goods he threw them on the floor, which was none of the cleanest. Levy became indignant. "Vot's der matter mid

you, anyhow? Vos you grazzy?" he shouted. "No; it's a joke Oi'd be after illusthratin', but Oi'll be blessed if it ain't clean escaped me." Levy piled the goods laboriously upon the table, grumbling all the time, while Pat stood cogitating. Suddenly he cried: "Be jabbers, Oi hev it now!" With a vigorous push he sent the goods to the floor a second time, crying: "Oi hev it! Clothing's cheaper than it used ter be, and business is getting a site better. How's that for a joke?" Pat wondered why he was ejected with such rapidity, and Levy hasn't seen the point of the joke to this day.

An English sportsman was invited by an Irish friend to visit the land of the shamrock for a few days' shooting. The gun-room was short of an attendant, and a man-of-all-work was deputed to load for the new-comer. The latter, with his first shot, hit a bird on the wing, which fell at the attendant's feet. "Faith," he exclaimed, "ye might have saved yer honour's powder an' shot!" "Why so?" asked the Englishman. "Sure," replied the attendant, "a fall like that wud kill the biggest burd alive!"

"Your wife is always hard at work, and you seem to be always idling. Do you ever do anything to support your home?" asked a lady who was district visiting. "Yus, Oi leans agin it!" was the reply.

The party in the smoking-room of the steamer was talking of Irish wit and the quickness thereof. Several gave personal experiences, and one man, to his sorrow, tried to use an old story. Then spoke the agent for an exporting house. "I was coming up the South American coast on a sailing ship last winter," he said, "when this happened. There was a Norwegian in the crew who was absolutely fearless aloft. He did a number of tricks for us one afternoon, and as a grand finale stood on his head on the top of the mainmast. We held our breaths until he swung himself back into the rigging. 'I would like to see any of you do that,' he boasted when he reached the deck. 'I can do it,' said a little Irishman, one of the kind

who will never be 'stumped.' 'I can do it,' and forthwith he started up the mast. We could see from the way he climbed that he knew nothing of moving about aloft, and the captain yelled at him through the megaphone to come down before he killed himself. He howled back that he was going to stand on his head first. He reached the crosstrees, and was actually putting his heels into the air when the ship rolled and down he came. We held our breaths again. Fortunately, he struck in the sag of a loose sail, bounded off, and reached the deck on his feet. 'I'd like to see any of you do that!' he cried, even before he had recovered from the shock. 'I'd like to see you!'"

An Irishman said to some friend who had been asking conundrums—"What burrud is it that has a long beak, stands first on one leg and then on the other, has a neck like an ostrich—and—and—and barks like a dog?" They all thought, but finally gave it up, one of them saying—"A stork is something like that, but——" "That's it. That's it!" said Pat. "But a stork doesn't bark like a dog," they declared. "I know it," exclaimed Pat. "I put that in so that it would be harder."

"The Finnigans must hov had a grand toime at th' parthy lasht noight," said Mrs. Grogan to her neighbour. "Did Bridget Finnigan tell ye so?" asked the neighbour. "Nivir a whishper," was the reply; "but she sint over this marnin' early t' borry th' loan av me bottle of arnicky."

"An' how did ye injoy St. Patrick's Day?" queried Muldoon of his friend. "Foine," was the answer. "We cracked Casey's skull in th' marnin', an' attinded his wake in th' avenin'."

One day an Englishman and Irishman were bragging as to who could see the farthest distance. "Well," said the Englishman, "on fine days I can see a distance of thirty miles." "Is that all!" cried the Celt. "On fine nights I can see the moon, and it's millions of miles away."

An Englishman was rowing against an Irishman in a sculling

race at Yarmouth Regatta. The Englishman was winning so easily that he stopped two or three times and shouted to Paddy to come along. After the race everyone was chaffing Paddy on the beating he had received from the Englishman, but he simply shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "If I had had as many rests as he had I could have beat him quite easily."

A certain football club, with one win to its credit as the result of a season's work, found itself in financial difficulties. In order if possible to reduce the club's indebtedness the committee organised a "grand carnival," as the bills had it. A cycle procession round the streets was followed by various sports on the football field. In connection with the latter an amusing incident occurred. The interval between a couple of events on the programme was enlivened by the sudden appearance of an Irishman, a well-known supporter of the club. Spick and span in national costume, Pat sat in a low buggy behind a couple of donkeys, driving tandem. Pat bore a lot of good-humoured chaff, but the captain of the football team went a step too far. "You're in good company, Pat," he shouted. "Three of a tribe!" "Thru for you," instantly returned Pat. "Sure Oi've long wanted to see a good team on this field, an', be jabers, Oi've had to bring wan mesilf at the finish!"

The loss by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland of his Viceregal dignity and honours from the very moment that he sets foot in England was amusingly illustrated on one occasion when Lord Crewe, while Viceroy of Ireland, found himself a fellow-passenger with the Duchess of Devonshire on the trip from Kingstown to Holyhead. Lord Crewe was seated on a reserved portion of the deck between the two paddle-boxes when he caught sight of the duchess, and, with a condescending wave of the hand, signed to her that she might take a vacant chair beside him. The duchess, who had known him since he was a little boy, remembered that while in Irish waters, and even as long as he trod the decks of the Irish mail steamer, he remained Viceroy, and was entitled to Royal honours. Indeed,

she was quite deferential to him throughout the trip across; and it was only when they reached Holyhead, and when they were going down the gang-plank of the steamer together, that she suddenly exclaimed, in a very sharp and peremptory tone, as if she were talking to a lad of no consequence: "And now, Bobbie, just take hold of this bag, run on as fast as you can ahead, like a good boy, and see that I have a compartment reserved for me!"

"Brace up, man!" said Mooney to his friend Hogan. "Troth, ye luk as if ye didn't hov a fri'nd in th' whole wur'ld." "Oi hovn't," replied Hogan. "G'wan," said Mooney. "If it ain't money ye want t' borry Oi'm as good a fri'nd as iver ye had."

An Irishman while walking with a friend passed a jeweller's shop where there was a lot of precious stones in the window. "Would you not like to have your pick?" asked Pat. "Not me pick, but me shovel," said Mike.

"I notice you don't have as many fights with Orangeman on St. Patrick's Day as you used to," said an observant Englishman to O'Hoolihan. "No, sorr," replied O'Hoolihan. "We hov plinty to do now foightin' among oursilves."

An Irish labourer, who was "touring" the country, picking up a job here and there to enable him "to pay for his bed," as he expressed it, one day called at a farmhouse to see if he could get employment. The farmer surveyed his man all over, being a bit doubtful of his farming abilities, then asked him if he had ever done any work on a farm. "Yis, be jabers!" "Can you make a drill?" "Drill, be hanged! Do you think Oi've been in the militia for three years without having learnt to drill?"

There was an Irishman who on going to America was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the ould sod he grew especially roseate, and said—"Why, the baze in that counthry is twice as big as in this, bedad.

Indade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this counthry!" "Bees as big as sheep!" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of hives do they have to keep them in?" "No bigger than the ones in this counthry," was the reply. "Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked. "Well," replied the Irishman, "that's there own lookout!"

"I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you," said the parson when he called to see a man who had been worsted in a melee. "Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well, an' then pray for Casey," replied the patient.

"So ye wur foined £1 fur assaultin' Clanty," remarked Mr. Rafferty. "I wor," replied Mr. Dolan; "an' it wor a proud moment when I heard the sintince." "For what rayson?" "It showed beyond a doubt which man had the best iv the contest."

"Well, Pat, did you fight that duel with Simpson that you threatened?" inquired Frisbie. "Oi did not, sorr," replied Patrick. "You weren't afraid, were you?" "Oi wuz not, sorr; but, ye see, Oi am a portly mon an' Simpson is thin." "Well?" "Well, sorr, Oi thought it would only be fair 'r me t' shtand nearer t' him than him t' me whoile we wuz shootin', sorr; but the second wouldn't listen to it, an' so there wuz no duel."

"I hear your son Mike has gone into literature," said Mrs. Casey to her neighbour. "So he has. He's got a job as door-keeper in a library," replied Mrs. Clancy, proudly.

The world was ringing with the news of the wonderful Land Bill, and what it was going to do for the Irish peasantry; but still poor old Michael O'Rooney smiled not as he surveyed his almost hopelessly waterlogged fields, for which recent heavy rains had done their worst. Presently his landlord came riding past. "Well, Mike," said he, "you will soon be rid of me altogether now that you are to have the Land Bill. I suppose

you are delighted?" But Michael said never a word. "Why, don't you approve of the idea?" continued the landowner. "Surely you don't see anything wrong with it?" "Nothing much, sir," the man answered, casting a patient eye over his submerged acres—"nothing much, except the title." "The title!" the landlord exclaimed. "Why, what's wrong with that?" "Well, yer honour," replied Mike, "so far as my holding goes, I'd as lief call it a 'Water Bill'!"

A Dublin firm once advertised for a commercial traveller, and, out of the numerous applicants for the post, selected an individual who had plenty of confidence but very little experience. He started out on his journeyings, and nothing was heard of him for a week. Then a letter came: "I have not succeeded in obtaining any orders yet, but have had a long interview with the principal of Messrs. Brown Bros. This, I flatter myself, is a feather in my cap, as he is a very difficult man to get at." Three days passed, no order came, but another in which the ambassador of commerce "plumed" himself on the fact that he had talked to the secretary of a large company for two hours. Yet another week rolled by, and the traveller wrote claiming another feather in his cap on the strength of an interview with the managing director of a syndicate, and asking for more cash. The firm wrote him as follows: "Dear Sir,—We have received your letter, and note your request for money. We are not enclosing any, but, noting that you have a good many feathers in your cap, we should advise you to make them into a pair of white wings, and fly home."

It was at a small school in Kilkenny, and the village pedagogue was doing his best to elicit the meaning of the word "conscience" from his attentive, but somewhat dull-headed pupils. "Now, boys," said the genial old master, "suppose one of you stole a piece of sugar from the basin and popped it in your mouth, and mother came in, what would happen?" Small boy: "Get a lickin', sorr." "Yes, I suppose so. But your face would become red, wouldn't it?" Chorus: "Yis,

sorr.” “And what is it that makes your face turn red?” queried the master, thinking he had gained his point. But the small boy answered with a solemn look: “Troyin’ to shwallow the sugar quick, sorr.”

After a recent International match at Cardiff between Ireland and Wales, when Wales won by 18 points to 0, a street urchin met one of the Irish players, and asked him if he would buy a mourning band for poor Old Ireland. “No, thanks,” was the reply, “I have just come from the funeral.”

Billings was spending his holidays in rest and quiet at a little Irish town boarding-house. He was peaceful and happy, but much tormented by flies when he sought repose out of doors. “What do you mean,” he demanded, “by stretching your hammock in that fly-haunted field of torture you call a lawn?” “Oi’m sorry!” answered Michael, who was the man-of-all-work. “But ye ought to use the hammock durin’ the hammock hours, and you’d have no throuble from the floies.” “What are hammock hours?” “From noon till two be the clock.” “Why are there no flies around the hammock between twelve and two?” “Och!” rejoined Mike. “Shure, at that toime they’re all busy in the dinin’-room!”

An Irishman in low circumstances having had £5 bequeathed him by a deceased relative, and the amount being to him considerable, decided for safety to place it in the savings bank. When leaving after depositing the money he collided with a young man entering, who, raising his hat, said politely—“I beg your pardon, sir.” “Arrah,” said Pat, “don’t apologise. Man, sure, I was poor meself once.”

The contractor of a large building in course of erection in Edinburgh, while making a round of inspection one morning, suddenly came upon a bricklayer’s labourer comfortably seated on a barrel, smoking a very black short pipe with evident enjoyment. “Here, my man,” exclaimed the contractor, “why are you putting off your time in this way?” “Oi’m kapein’ a lookout fur that spalpeen of a gaffer, whilst Oi get a whiff,”

replied the man. "But don't you know I'm the master on this job?" asked the contractor. "By me sowl an' I didn't, but now that I do, shure it's yerself will be another of thim I shall have to be afther watchin'," said Pat, resuming his hod-carrying operations.

"So you're goin' to make yer b'y a musician," said Mrs. Rafferty. "I am," answered Mr. Dolan. "I'm goin' ty have 'm learnt ty play the clar'net." "Why don't ye learn 'im the vi'lin? It's the graand instrhument it is." "Because I want 'im ty have every advantage. A vi'lin's a graand instrhument and makes fine music; but a clar'net is a heap more ty be depinded on in a scrimmage."

There had been a slight shock of earthquake, and Mr. Dooley and Mr. Dolan had both felt it. "Tim," said Mr. Dolan solemnly, "what did you think whin firrst the ground began to trimble?" "Think!" echoed his friend scornfully. "What man that had the use av his legs to run and his loongs to roar would waste his toime thinkin'? Tell me thot!"

"If I were not an Englishman," said Smith patronisingly, "I should wish to be an Irishman." "Indade?" exclaimed O'Brien. "Faith, if Oi was not an Irishman, Oi'd wish Oi was one."

Captain Williams, a jovial Irishman, known everywhere as "Bob," used to be a favourite in certain circles. His stories were famous. Give him an incident, and he would set it out to the general admiration. One evening he began telling the true tale of rescuing a lady and her daughters from a dangerous situation, into which their spirited horses had brought them. "I quieted the ladies," said he, "and I quieted the horses. And the gratitude of the ladies! Me boys, I shouldn't be surprised if her ladyship left me——" At that moment a little Irish page in livery appeared. "Sir," said he, "Lady A—— says she lost her purse when ye helped her out of the carriage; and, plaze, she says, do ye know anything about it?" The captain's story was never finished.

Two gentlemen, neighbours, on the morning of St. Patrick's Day were giving their reasons for wearing the shamrock. "I am wearin' it," said one, a true son of Erin, "in honour of St. Patrick and the land that gave me birth." "Well, I'm not an Irishman," responded the other, "and I wear the shamrock merely to show that I appreciate the gallant deeds of plucky Irishmen." At that moment the last speaker's little son put in an appearance with a sprig of shamrock in his buttonhole. "Hullo, Johnny!" remarked his father, "and why are you wearing the shamrock?" "Because Micky M——" (the son of the neighbour present) "said he'd break my head if I didn't!" was Johnny's unexpected reply.

Some time ago, while on a holiday, cycling in Ireland, a young man saw a curious sight. Turning a bend in the road, he saw a collection of household furniture scattered in every direction outside the door of a small cabin. In the midst of this scene of disorder sat an old woman. It led him to believe that an eviction had taken place. Full of sympathy, he dismounted, and, placing a few silver coins in her hand, asked why she was evicted. "Ah, shure, sir," said she, after pocketing the money, "Pat is whitewashin' to-day!"

Everybody had enjoyed themselves at the party, for like every Irish festive gathering it had ended, according to the decrees of conventionality, in a fight, and the sequel was now being fought out before a magistrate. The witness for the prosecution, who had a lump over one eye, a black and blue spot under the other, a nose that pointed decidedly awry, and various strips of courtplaster on his face evidently arranged without any regard to their artistic effect, testified that the defendant had knocked him senseless and then kicked him in the head and face for several minutes. "If he knocked you senseless," asked the magistrate, "how do you know he kicked you after you were down?" The witness scratched his jaw and reflected. "I know it, yer honour," he replied "'cause

that's what I'd 'a' done to him, the playbhoy, if I'd got him down, an' I'm sure he'd sarve me the same way entoirely!"

Pat had come over from the "old counthry" to make his fortune, as so many of his compatriots had done before him. He had read all about Dick Whittington, Carnegie, P. Morgau, and others, who had climbed the ladders to fame and wealth from the bottom round, and had set his heart on doing likewise. Still, he was not too ambitious. Two thousand pounds was the sum he fixed upon as the summit of his aspirations. Therefore, after having been told that he could "start" on a job the following Monday morning as a hodman, he mused somewhat as follows: "There's two ways of doin' it if I'd loike to see me two thousand pounds. I must lay by two hundred pounds a year for ten years, or I must put away twenty pounds a year for wan hundred years! Now, which shall I do?"

A grimy working-man entered a small railway station in Ireland and hammered industriously for some minutes at what he took to be the ticket-hole of the booking-office. But the train rumbled in, though still the ticket-clerk did not appear; and the workman commenced to make a noise. "Hallo! and fer whoi are ye making yer row, anyway?" inquired a porter who was passing. "Shure haven't I been waitin' here tin minutes for a ticket, and I haven't got it yet!" growled the workman. "Troth, an' you'd betther go to the bookin'-office, hadn't you? You can't get a ticket here, me bhoy. This is the station-masther's dove-cote!"

An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later, while conversing with a friend in his office, he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout stick. "You rascal," he yelled, springing towards the agent, "you want to cheat me!" Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully-built man. "Let me git at the spalpeen!" shouted the Irishman. "Think of it—chargin' me a pound for insuring me ole woman agin

accidents, an' she jest broke her leg a-fallin' downstairs! What's the good of the ticket, anyhow?"

An Irish gentleman's servant, who was very hard to please, called at the village grocer's one day to choose a piece of cheese for the kitchen. With an air of some importance, she asked to taste some cheese. First one and then another were brought forward, until she had tasted half-a-dozen different sorts, but she liked none of them. At length the shopman, fairly ruffled, could stand it no longer, so putting his iron into a bar of mottled soap which was under the counter, he, with all the politeness at his command, offered a piece to her, remarking, "This is the best I can do for you." She took a sharp chew at it, and with a frown she made for the door. The orders for cheese are now sent by post.

"Come home an' teck supper wid me, Flannigan," said Mr. Brannigan to his companion. "Shure," replied the companion, "it's past yer supper time, now; yer wife'll be mad as a hatter. "That's jist it," replied Brannigan; "she can't lick the two of us."

A certain Irish sailor, who had been employed for many years on a coasting "tramp," found that he was out of work on one occasion, and so he toured the rural parts of Connemara to find if anyone would employ him. At length, in sheer despair, he accosted a farmer, and begged him to give him anything in the way of a job. "But," said the farmer, "phwat can ye do on a farm?" "Och," replied the man, "I'm a handy sort of a chap. I can do a hand's turn at anything. Just thry me, and see." The farmer, being a kindly soul, had pity on him. "D'ye see them sheep in that field? Well, if ye bring them all up inside this walled place I will pay ye a good round sum." The sailor set to work with a will, and the farmer, returning a couple of hours afterwards, found to his pleasant surprise that all the sheep were safely enfolded, but that the sailor was leaning wearily against the wall, wiping the heavy perspiration from his brow. "Ye did it well," said

the farmer. "But why on earth have ye put that hare with the sheep?" "A hare is it? Is that what you call the little spalpeen? I can tell you that he gev me more throuble gettin' him inside than all the rest of the bigger things put together!"

It was one of those country funerals in Scotland where most of the males in the district, attired in sombre black, tile hat, and white tie, had turned out to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased. As the mourners wended their way to the place of interment they were met by a group of Hibernians newly over for the harvest operations (one evidently for the first time). These ranged themselves by the wayside, respectfully doffing their caps. Just as the cortege had passed them, those in the rear visibly relaxed their features as they overheard one remark, "Well, now, did yez ever in all your life see a funeral wid so many clargy?"

A lady who had been travelling abroad was describing an Irishwoman whom she met. "She was so refined, so well-educated!" she said. "Why, she was so careful in avoiding all temptations to brogue that she invariably called the crater of Mount Vesuvius 'the creature'!"

An Irishman wanted to sell a dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious, and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell. "You see," he said, "I bought the dog and thrained him meself. I got him so he'd bark all the toime if a person stepped inside the gate, and thought I was safe from burglars. Then me woife wanted me to thrain him to carry bundles—and I did. If you put anything into his mouth the spalpeen'd keep it there till someone took it away. "Well, one night I woke up and heard someone in the next room. I got up an' grabbed me gun. They were there, three of the blaggards and the dog." "Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man. "Sorra a bark, he was too busy." "Busy! What doing?" "Carrying the lanthorn for the burglars!"

A passenger in a Belfast tramcar, feeling that one of his

boots troubled him a great deal, took it off and sat in his stocking-foot. This gave umbrage to an old swell sitting opposite, who complained of the offence it was to the ladies in the car. The boot, however, was not replaced, and nothing more was said on either side. But when the remonstrant quitted the car, he contrived to pick up the boot and carry it away with him unperceived of his victim, who, when he got ready in turn to leave the car, looked for his boot in vain. The last that was seen of him, as the car passed on, was him hopping on one foot across the muddy street, uttering language which, though fully equal to the occasion, was somewhat too objuratory for repetition in print. The other passengers were divided in opinion as to whether it was a kindness or not to carry off a boot which was too tight for its wearer.

An Irishwoman was looking at refrigerators in a house-furnishing establishment. After inquiring into the merits and qualities of a number of them, she purchased the one that the salesman assured her would keep food the best. Some days afterwards the woman called and requested them to take that refrigerator back, as it would not keep anything better than in the old-fashioned meat-safe in the larder. The salesman mildly suggested that possibly she had not put enough ice in it to keep the things cold. "Enough ice in it? Why, is it crazy, ye arre? I didn't put anny ice in it. Shure anything will keep cowl'd if you put ice in it. I bought the refrigerator so as I wouldn't need the ice."

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Flannigan, "me husband's a wonderful man indade. Sure, he can do anything ye like, and can mend clocks better than any of yer jewellers. There's a man for ye!" "Mend clocks, can he?" interjected Mrs. O'Dougald. "Sure, I didn't know that." "Bedad, I should think he could!" continued Mrs. O'Flannigan. "Sure, Mrs. O'Brien, didn't he mend your cuckoo clock so that it keeps beautiful time now?" "That he did, Mrs. O'Flannigan," said Mrs. O'Brien. "He

mended it till its got only one single fault now; sure it 'oos' before it 'cucks'."

In connection with a motor race for the Gordon-Bennett cup a good tale is told of an Irish "jarvey's" gratitude. A visitor was informed that no tip, however large, would be considered enough. To make the test thorough he gave the man a sovereign. "That's for yourself," he said, "to buy a drink." The jarvey looked at it pathetically and said nothing. "Isn't it enough?" asked the visitor, and then the jarvey's gratitude broke out. "'Twould be a shame," he said, "to break upon that bonny piece for the price of a dhrink! Maybe ye've as many coppers about ye as 'ull pay for a glass for me?"

A clever ruse adopted by a Dublin newspaper boy in order to secure a speedy sale of his papers is described in a letter a Scotsman received from a friend residing in that city. A short time after the termination of a great motor race a crowd might have been seen standing around this newspaper vendor gazing somewhat ruefully at a bill affixed to the pavement announcing the victory of the German. Owing to that fact trade was a trifle depressed, and in order to arouse the curiosity of the onlookers somewhat the lad remarked—"Shure, and the Germans are goin' to get into a foine row over this race. They placed somethin' on the road that preventit the rest of them from winnin'." "What was that?" excitedly asked the crowd in a chorus. "Shure an' it'll tell yez all about it in here," said the young Hibernian slyly, indicating his bundle of unsold papers. In about as short a time as it takes to tell it his stock was exhausted; and during the ensuing search he discreetly withdrew. The search to find the startling piece of information hinted at was snort, and evidently unsatisfactory. "You young scamp," shouted one of the victims after the retreating figure, "there's no word here of anything being placed on the road to keep the other from winning." "Bedad, an' it's there all roight," was the response; "it wor

that German chap on his motor caur I was manin' all the toime."

"Stand up, M'Nutt," said the police magistrate. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, an' it's meself as can't tell thot till Oi hear th' ividence," replied M'Nutt. After the evidence had been led M'Nutt said—"If you please, your hanner, Oi wud like to withdraw my plea of 'Not guilty' an' put in a plea of 'Guilty.'" "Then why didn't you plead 'Guilty' in the first place and save all this trouble?" queried the judge. "Sure, your hanner," said the prisoner, "Oi had not heard the ividence!"

In the Dublin Police Court, the magistrate addressing the prisoner said: "What are you?" "Dhock labourer," was the reply. "Whoi," exclaimed a constable, "he's scarcely ever out of prison, your hanner." "Hould yer tongue!" said the prisoner. "Oi'm always sentenced ter hard labour in this dhock! So, begorra, if Oi ain't a dhock labourer, what am Oi, shure?"

"What's the charge, constable?" queried the magistrate. "Attmpted suicide, sor," was the reply. "State the particulars," said the judge. "Well, he wanted to foight me, sor," replied the constable.

Senator Mason tells this story: "Out in Chicago we have a police justice who was formerly a bar-tender. Mary Mulcahy was up before him for drunkenness on the occasion of his first appearance on the bench. The justice looked at her for a minute, and then said, sternly: 'Well, what are you here for?' 'Plase, yer honor,' said Mary, 'the copper pulled me, sayin' as how I was drunk. An' yer honor, I don't drink, I don't drink.' 'All right,' said the justice, unconsciously dropping into his old habits. 'All right, Mary; have a cigar.'"

A lawyer was instructed by an Irishman to recover a debt of £30. He charged £15 for his services, and, on handing the remaining £15 to Pat, said—"I am your friend; I cannot charge you my full fee. I knew your father well." Pat, heav-

ing a sigh as he pocketed the £15, replied, "How fortunate you didn't know my grandfather."

It was out in the Far West. John Connor had just received a missive summoning him before the local judicial luminary for assaulting one Pete Haynes. He was in a quandary, and, being so, thought he would consult Mr. Tirell, the only lawyer the district could boast. Fortunately the man of law was at home, but, unfortunately, he had to act in an important case at a town some distance away on the day when Mr. Connor would be arraigned. "But what am I to do, sur?" John pleadingly asked. "Prove an alibi, man," Mr. Tirrell said, curtly. "An Alley Boy, sur?" "Yes, show that you were at some other place when the assault took place." After racking his brains, which (he not being overburdened in that respect) did not take very long, John thought he could manage it. He had a mate in a distant settlement who, he said, would stand by him. The lawyer told him that formality was one of the essentials to success; and having imparted to him instructions as to how he was to proceed, so as to appear most impressive at the hearing of the case, John took his departure with a much lighter heart. The eventful day arrived. The evidence for the prosecution, which seemed absolutely conclusive, had terminated, and all eyes were fixed on John. Slowly and solemnly he rose, striving to combine an air of injured innocence with that of dignified unconcern, and in an impressive voice said—"Call Ted Lane!" A rough, uncouth figure, who was dreamily looking at the bald head of the dispenser of justice, rose from a seat next to John himself, and took the oath. John, having managed to get proper hold of his voice, commenced:—"Your name is——" "Ted Lane, sor." "You live a good distance from here?" "About fifty miles, sor." "You understand the nature of the oath you've taken?" "I do, sor." "You have heard the evidence given of an assault on Pete Haynes outside the White Hart?" "I've heard it, sor." "You have known me for a long time, and you can

swear to me identity?" "Oh, that I can, sor." "You remember the day of the alliged occurrence?" "Yes, sor." "Now, remember you are on your oath, an' state the whole truth and nothin' but the truth." "Yes, sor." "Where was I whin I struck Pete Haynes outside the White Hart?"

It was a negligence case, and a good humoured Irishman was a witness. The judge, lawyers and all the rest were trying their best to extract from the Irishman something about the speed of a train. "Was it going fast?" asked the judge. "Aw, yis, it were," answered the witness. "How fast?" "Oh, purty fasht, your honour." "Well, how fast?" "Aw, purty fasht." "Was it as fast as a man can run?" "Aw, yis," glad that the basis for an analogy was supplied; "as fasht as two min kin run."

In the days when Irish Home Rulers needed to be cautious in their utterances, a Galway gentleman named Martin made a political speech in which some strong passages occurred, and the reporter underlined them. Upon the plea of privilege, the printer of the paper was called to the bar, but offered to prove that the report was an exact transcript of the member's words. "That may be so," said Martin; "but did I spake them in italics?"

Serjeant Thomas Gould, whose name was pronounced as if written "Gold," was a contemporary at the Irish Bar of Daniel O'Connell. He and Dan, although diametrically opposed in politics, were fast friends. He was frequently rallied upon his "unhoused free condition," and it was only when approaching his eightieth year that he decided to put himself "in circumscription and confine" by marrying a very young girl. This resolve he communicated to Dan in a letter, concluding with a couplet—

"So you see, my dear Dan, that, though eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen fell in love with old Gould."

To this O'Connell immediately replied,

"That a girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true,
But, believe me, dear Tom, it is gold without 'u.'"

An Irishman, who had had the misfortune to get hit with a brick while following his employment, engaged a lawyer to put in a claim for £25. The claim was granted, and in a short time the lawyer sent for Pat. Pat went to the lawyer's office, and got £10, but stood looking at it in his hand. "What's the matter?" said the lawyer. "Begorra," said Pat, "I was just wondering who got hit with the brick—you or I."

A young and newly-fledged member of the Bar visited a successful K.C. and requested his advice as to the best general course to pursue in building up a practice. The other gave him some good hints, and added, "Above all, keep up your fees. Don't work cheap. If you do, people will think you're good for nothing." "But, sir, nobody will pay my fees, and I shall die of starvation." "Oh, well, you must expect to die for a while; but after that you'll be all right!"

Many readers will remember the action which Mr. William O'Brien brought against the late Lord Salisbury. The first question put to the plaintiff by Sir Edward Clarke in cross-examination was: "You have called Mr. Balfour a murderer, I believe?" Mr. O'Brien explained, "I referred to his myrmidons, not to himself." "What do you mean?" asked the learned counsel. Said Mr. O'Brien, in reply, "I will tell you. In accordance with his telegram, 'Don't hesitate to shoot,' a poor young man was run through the back with a bayonet."

"It wasn't me husband at all that hit me, yer honour, an' Oi hope ye'll let him go," said Mrs. McGrath. "Do you mean to say you lied before when you testified that he did hit you?" queried the judge. "Shure, Oi had no cause to lie then, but Oi hov now, that's the truth," was the answer.

J. Philpot Curran has himself told the story of his rise out of poverty and squalor into wealth and fame. That rise took place

in Dublin, where he found himself without brief or prospects, but with a wife and family to support. He tells the story with rare humour and succinctness: "I then lived," said he, "upon Hog Hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my apartments; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the national debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what was wanted in wealth, she well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which from my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence; I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked upon the back of it; I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it; and that dinner was the date of my prosperity!"

Once—only once—in Curran's early days a judge had the temerity to taunt him with his poverty. Curran replied with spirit, and after he had proceeded some length the judge said: "Sir, you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Curran. "My Lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which, perhaps, you are not acquainted." He then briefly related the story of Strap in "Roderick Random," who, having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Curran thus drove home the tale: "So,

my Lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned.” “If you say another word, I’ll commit you,” replied the angry judge. To which Mr. C. retorted: “If your Lordship shall do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing that your Lordship has committed.”

Curran on occasions made some most curious defences. A correspondent of the “Standard” writes: Curran was once defending a Sir Valentine Blake for bigamy before Lord Fitzgerald at Dublin, and his assertions were so peculiar that at last his lordship said impatiently, “Mr. Curran, I fancy you take me for a fool.” “That, my lord,” answered Curran sweetly, “is an obiter dictum which, however creditable to your lordship’s discrimination, has no bearing on the case before the court. As I was saying, the first wife was dead before my client married again.” “Don’t talk nonsense,” interrupted his lordship. “It has been conclusively proved by your own witnesses that the first wife was living when he married the second wife, as you call her. The first wife died at noon, and the second marriage took place at eleven o’clock forenoon on the same day.” “Precisely,” asserted Curran blandly. “I’m glad you’ve come to your senses at last,” snarled the judge. “A man cannot legally have two wives at the same time. You admit that the first was living, when he purported to marry the second, and I therefore direct —” “Not quite,” broke in Curran again. “Your lordship,” he continued, as the Lord Chief Justice lay back in his chair, speechless at his audacity, “forgets to take judicial cognisance of the fact that the earth goes round, and this trifling circumstance has, as I will prove to you, a curious bearing on this case. It is now a quarter to six by the correct Dublin time, but the correct time in New

York, where the second marriage took place, is exactly thirty-five minutes past one. The solar system, as your lordship may possibly know, has not altered since the date of Sir Valentine Blake's second marriage. When it was twelve o'clock in Dublin it was only twenty minutes past seven in New York, so that on the admitted evidence in this case, the first wife had been dead at least three hours and forty minutes before my client married the second lady, and I therefore demand an acquittal for him." There was no help for it. The jury, without leaving the box, gave their verdict as not guilty, and Curran received the heartiest congratulations.

The great barrister was a brilliant mimic. Lord Byron relates of him: I was much struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manners in private life: they were odd, but they were natural. Curran used to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and "thanking God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance," in a way irresistibly ludicrous. And Rogers used to call him "a Sentimental Harlequin;" but Rogers back-bites everybody; and Curran, who used to quiz his great friend, Godwin, to his very face, would hardly respect a fair mark of mimicry in another. To be sure, Curran was admirable! To hear his description of the examination of an Irish witness was next to hearing his own speeches: the latter I never heard, but I have the former.

Curran was himself an object of amiable mimicry to his friend Mathews, the actor; and in this connection Sir Walter Scott tells a pathetic story: When Mathews first began to imitate Curran in Dublin—in society, I mean—Curran sent for him and said, the moment he entered the room, "Mr. Mathews, you are a first-rate artist, and, since you are to do my picture, pray allow me to give you a sitting." Everyone knows how admirably Mathews succeeded in furnishing at last the portraiture begun under these circumstances. No one was more aware of the truth than Curran himself. In his latter and feeble days, he was riding in Hyde Park one morning, bowed

down over the saddle and bitterly dejected in his air. Mathews happened to observe, and saluted him. Curran stopped his horse for a moment, squeezed Charles by the hand, and said, in that deep whisper which the comedian so exquisitely mimics, "Don't speak to me, my dear Mathews; you are the only Curran now!" And, indeed, the end was not far off. Curran had retired from the noise of London to a quiet house in Brompton, and there he died on October 13, 1817. His patriotism had been disappointed, his career as a barrister had been blighted, and even his wit had become but a fitful flame. Perhaps the tragedy of his life is sufficiently indicated in his own sad words: "Depend upon it, my dear friend, it is a serious misfortune in life to have a mind more sensitive or more cultivated than common—it naturally elevates its possessor into a region which he must be doomed to find nearly uninhabited."

A witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" asked the magistrate. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive answer. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly, "stand down!" The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, yer honour?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, with a twinkle in his eye. This time everybody laughed except the magistrate, and it is on record that he never again attempted to be smart at the expense of a witness.

The special jury panel in connection with the great Gavan Duffy trial, says a writer in a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine," contained 170 names. Of these only 90 attended, despite heavy fines. The prisoner was entitled to challenge 20 peremptorily, which he did. This reduced the number to 70. Three were away through illness—"sick," a witty barrister

said, "of the Queen against Gavan Duffy." Sixty-seven names then remained, from which to select a jury. The empanelling of the jury gave rise to great merriment. A juror was called. He stepped into the box and took the book. Butt rose, and with a genial smile said, "May I ask, sir, if you served on any of the grand juries which found a true bill against the prisoner?" The juror answered "Yes." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have your services in this case, but I must ask you to stand aside," and he waved the juror out of the box. Another and another and another came forward, to be asked the same question, and to disappear the same way. At length a juror came forward who had not been on any of the grand juries. Butt said, "May I ask, sir, where you reside?" The juror said, "In Blackrock." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have you in the case, but you live out of the district." Another came who lived in Rathfarnham, another who lived in Kingstown, until a score was disposed of. Then some one was called who had not served on any of the grand juries, and who did not live out of the district. "May I ask, sir," said Butt, "if you are over sixty years of age?" And the juror answered, "Yes." "Very sorry, sir," said Butt, "that we cannot have the benefit of your experience in this trial, but I must ask you to stand aside." Finally the list was so attenuated by this process that the Crown was forced to put on the jury Catholics who were not "tame" and Protestants who were Liberal.

In Donegal there is a custom of engaging both farm hands and servants for six months at hiring fairs, the girls receiving board and only a low wage because their ignorance hitherto has made them only fit for the roughest work. It is, however, more astonishing that girls from these poor homes should know anything at all about service than that they should be, as some of course are, bad servants. Their own homes having mud floors, windows that do not open, no stairs, hardly any kitchen utensils, how can they know even the names, still

less the uses, of the thousand and one things in our houses? asks one writer on the subject of the Irish domestic servant. How learn to scrub, or sweep, or dust? Yet, given a short training (not too late in life) and a good example, there is not a servant the world over to compare with a good Irish servant. She has a heart which is wholly given to her mistress, she never degenerates into a mere machine, and she may be trusted to cling even closer in times of trouble, sickness or poverty than when all goes smoothly. Many of the stories in this book bear witness to these traits of character.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Hiram sternly, "I met that policeman to-day who sat in the kitchen with you so long last night. I took advantage of the opportunity to speak to him." "Oh, ye needn't think that'll make me jealous, mum," replied cook. "Oi have got him safe enough."

A lady employed a very ignorant servant who would not rise in the morning at a sufficiently early hour. An alarm clock was therefore bought and presented to the girl, with the words—"You know, Mary, that I require the fire alight every morning by seven o'clock; but I cannot get you to do it, so I have bought you this alarm clock." Mary examined it, and said—"Thank you, mum; it's very nice. But fancy a thing loike this bein' able to loight a fire; sure it's a wonderful invention, mum!"

"Kate, I found the gas escaping in the kitchen last night. You must never blow it out." "I didn't, mum; I turned it out, then turned it on again to have it ready to light in the morning."

"I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?" asked a mistress of her cook. "Please, mum," replied the cook, "I think he's suspicious of me neglectin' me work or somethin'."

"Bridget," said a mistress, angrily, "I find that you wore one of my evening gowns at the 'bus-drivers' ball last evening.

It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "Oi wus, mum," said Bridget, meekly; "Oi wus, and me young man said as if Oi ivir wore sich a frock in public agin he'd break our engagemint."

"Bridget, that pitcher you broke this morning belonged to my great-grandmother," exclaimed a mistress. "Well, Oi'm glad ov thot!" replied the servant in a tone of relief. "Sure, Oi was afroid it was somethin' ye had just bought lately."

"Now, Jane, there is no use of further argument as to how this dish should be prepared," said the lady of the house, "but our ideas on the subject are so different that it is evident one or the other of us is crazy." "True for you, ma'am," replied Jane; "an' it's not the likes of me as would be after sayin' the likes o' you would have no more sinse than to keep a crazy cook."

"I think I'm not hard to get along with," said a lady engaging a servant. "Faith, nayther am I, mum!" replied the applicant. "Whin a mistress is doin' her best, 'tis mesilf thot overlooks lots av things."

"This is a very good reference you have from your last place," said a mistress. "It was the best they could do, ma'am," answered the domestic. "That was all I got when I asked for my wages."

Mary gave her mistress thorough satisfaction during the short time she had been in her service, and the mistress was greatly surprised when Mary gave notice. "Don't you like your place?" the former inquired. "Well, yes, mum, I likes it in a way," said Mary slowly, "but I 'as my own soshul statis amongst my own class to consider, mum, and I finds that it's bein' lowered by remainin' with you, mum." "How?" was all her astonished mistress could gasp. "You don't keep yer moti-car, mum," said Mary stiffly.

"Well, Bridget," said a lady visitor to an old family servant, "did Master Arthur shoot any tigers in India?" "Of

coorse he did," replied Bridget proudly. "Shure we have the horns of the craytures hung in the hall!"

Bridget had a kitchen full of her company, and her mistress, looking from the head of the stair, said—"Bridget!" "Yes, ma'am," replied the servant. "It's ten o'clock," observed the mistress. "Thank ye, ma'am," said Bridget. "And will ye be so koind as to tell me whin it's twelve?"

On one occasion the Duke of Connaught alighted from a train in Queen's County, and while awaiting another train an irate Irishwoman roundly accused him of stealing her bonnet box, for which she proceeded to search by turning over His Royal Highness's traps. Being unsuccessful, she attacked the laughing prince with her choicest vituperation, and was only prevailed upon to desist when the errant box was discovered elsewhere. The Duke was too considerate to reveal his identity, but he told the story with great gusto for many a day.

Perhaps his most diverting experience occurred when a dance was being given by the Duchess at the Royal Hospital in Dublin. A majestic dowager approached her hostess, and asked for the privilege of dancing with Prince Arthur. "But wouldn't you prefer a dance with my husband?" asked her Royal Highness. "No, no," was the disconcerting response, "it is with your handsome son I want to dance." Prince Arthur has to endure to this day the chaff with which his brother officers sometimes remind him of his portly partner in that memorable waltz.

The Castle Guard in Dublin was on one occasion furnished by an Irish regiment stationed there. The orderly officer of the day inspected the guard, and told the sentry to read over his orders, which he did as follows:—1st.—Take charge of all prisoners confined to the Guardroom. 2nd.—Take charge of all Government property in view of your post. 3rd.—In case of fire or any unusual occurrence alarm the Guard. The officer interrupted him here, and said: "Now, before you go any

further with the orders, tell me what you would call an unusual occurrence?" The sentry thought for a moment, and exclaimed, "Sor, phwat oi wud call an unusual occurrence wud be to see the sintry box markin' toime."

A sergeant of a regiment, stationed in Dublin, was recently married, and as the bridal pair emerged from the church they were subjected to the regulation fusilade of rice and old foot-gear, which, in this instance, included one of the regimental "Wellingtons," thrown with such unerring aim that it caught the "non-com." just above the eye, inflicting a cut sufficiently serious to warrant an immediate visit to the local hospital. The surgeon on duty, after examining the injury, inquired how it came to be inflicted. "Well, sir," replied the soldier, "it was this way. I got married this morning, and——" "Oh, ho!" laughed the doctor, "I see. That explains it, me bhoy; but, be the powers! she's bin after sthartin' early!"

While the — Hussars were stationed in Dublin they frequently lost a wheelbarrow from the stables, and were quite unable to catch the thief. One night the matter was being discussed in the officers' mess, when Lieut. Softleigh undertook to solve the mystery. Several young brother officers laid him wagers that he would fail. A certain foggy night being selected for the experiment, Lieut. S., wrapped in his overcoat, crept stealthily towards where the sentry was posted. As he came nearer he heard an unmistakable snore, and peering closely, he saw Tommy seated in the barrow enjoying a profound sleep. Without disturbing the sleeper, the officer began to trundle Tommy to the guard-room, when suddenly he was seized by the collar and pushed into the sentry-box with the remark: "So you're the bounder who has been 'nicking our barrows, are yer." When the corporal of the guard came with a file of men, the prisoner was marched to the guard-room, and, being identified, was at once released, to be greeted with shouts of laughter from his brother officers who had secretly given the sentry instructions how to act.

A staff-sergeant at Aldershot was instructing a squad of recruits in the use of the rifle. He had been explaining to them the course taken by a bullet when fired at an object some distance away. "Now, Private Murphy," he said, turning to one of the rear rank men, "you seem to be doing everything except looking to your front and paying attention. Perhaps you'll answer me a few questions. Suppose I was standing a thousand yards away by yonder farmhouse, and a body of men were firing at me from here, and you were half-way between us, what would happen to you?" Private Murphy: "The bullets would pass over my head, sergeant." "Quite right; and what would happen to me?" Private Murphy: "I hardly know, sergeant. I'm afraid ye'd get dodging behind the house."

The subject of the fare has given rise to much of the humour associated with the Irish jarveys. A military officer who passed through the Tirah campaign was once on a visit to the Irish metropolis. He engaged a car to drive him from Richmond Barracks to Kildare Street, and on arriving at his destination presented the driver with a shilling. Pat fixed his eye attentively on the coin, and ejaculated viciously, "Wisha, bad luck to the Afradays!" "Why?" asked the officer. "Because, thin, they've killed all the gintlemen that fought agin 'em." The officer was so tickled by the witty remark of the Irishman that he promptly doubled the fare.

A sentry, an Irishman, was on post-duty for the first time at night, when the officer of the day approached. He called, "Who comes there?" "Officer of the day," was the reply. "Then what are ye doin' out at night?" asked the sentry.

When Morris Quill was asked why he had bought his commission in the 31st regiment, he replied, "To be near my brother, of course, who is in the 32nd."

"Why were you late in barracks last night, Private Atkins?" demanded an officer. "Train from London was very late, sir,"

was the reply. "Very good," said the officer. "Next toime the thrain's late take care you come by an earlier one."

A young Irishman, who had volunteered for the war, was parting with his sweetheart, who clung to him tenderly, whispering passionate words of love. When the youth was about to go the girl sobbed out—"Pat, dear, say one sweet word to me before you go." Pat reflected for a moment, and then said—"Treacle, my darling, treacle."

One fine day two soldiers, Mike and Pat, went for a walk by the banks of the Suir. When they came to where the Amur flows into it, Mike saw a dead salmon, and, taking it out of the water, examined it. "Pat," he said, "I don't know what can have happened to it. There is no mark on it." "Where are your eyes?" said Pat. "Don't you see it was the meeting of the waters crushed it to death?"

"I'll lead the van. You bring up the rear," said Captain Braveman with a show of bravado. "Say, Captain," said Private Hooligan, "phwat's the matter wid me bringin' up the rear an' gittin' in the van wid it?"

He was a raw recruit, but he marched along the street the more proudly for that. Presently his colonel came into view, dressed in mufti; but Pat passed him without any attempt at giving the usual salute. That, however, did not suit the colonel, and he called him back. "Why didn't you salute me?" he inquired sharply. "Faith," was the answer, "sure, colonel, when I saw you in plain clothes I thought you'd bought your discharge."

Apropos of Lord Roberts' complaint respecting the bad spelling of officers of the Army, the following may be of interest. "Spud" Murphy held the responsible post of Lance-Corporal—after 18 years' service, too—in the 1st Battalion — Regiment. One day he was directed to take a squad of men to perform some fatigue duty, in the course of which one of the men deliberately refused to obey Murphy. Murphy, with his cap in one hand, and scratching his head with the

other, indicated that he was evidently on the horns of a dilemma, for at length he observed:—"Look 'ere, Smith, it's a foine thing for ye that I can't spell 'insubordination,' or else, be jabbers, I'd run ye in."

I have just heard, says "M.A.P.," a well-told story of Lord Roberts at Bisley. I fear that it is only a variant of a well-known legend of Lord Charles Beresford, but it is a clever variant in any case. The Commander-in-Chief was watching the firing, and noticed two or three mistakes on the part of the markers. So he went to the telephone on the firing line and rang up the officer in charge of the butts. "The marking is very bad," said Lord Roberts. "It's the best you'll get," retorted the officer. "Do you know who I am?" sternly demanded Lord Roberts. "No, I don't." "I am Lord Roberts." "Well, I'm Lord Wolseley." The butt officer afterwards explained that he thought some one was playing a joke on him, but history does not relate what value Lord Roberts attached to the excuse.

The drill-sergeant was getting hoarse. The squad of recruits he had to train were as dunderheaded a set as ever drove a man to distraction. Order after order he bawled, but his commands were either obeyed wrongly or ignored altogether. "Right-turn!" he yelled. There was a swaying, hesitating movement among the squad, but beyond that no one attempted to obey. One man in particular had, he noticed, stood as a rock. He strode up to this man with rage in his eye. "Why don't you pay attention?" he shouted. "Do you know what your ears are for?" "O' course!" said the startled embryo field-marshal. "They're to keep me hat on, sorr!"

"Now, remember your salutes," said the corporal when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a Lieutenant—he wears one star—slope arms. If you see two stars—slope arms—slope arm. If you see a Major—a crown—present arms; if the Colonel—stars and crown—present and turn out the guard." Pat pondered his orders carefully; but presently he

was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the General. The worthy son of Mars surveyed the crossed swords on the gallant officer's shoulders, and as he was not included in the corporal's category, simply nodded cheerfully. "Well, my man," said the genial General, "and who are you supposed to be?" "I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick; "and who are you supposed to be?" "Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a General," said the latter. "A Gíneral, is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then ye'll want something big. The corp'ral tould me about the others, but nothing about yourself at all, at all! But hould hard a minute, and I'll give ye the bayonet exercise."

A son of Erin, who had volunteered to go to South Africa, was, during the war, discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service. "Come out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly. "Get out of it this minute!" The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature. "You may be my superior officer," he said boldly, "but all the same Oi'm the one that found this hole first!"

The colour-sergeant was calling the roll of the company on commanding officer's parade, when it was noticed that Private Fitzgerald did not answer to his name. "Fitzgerald," shouted the non-commissioned officer three times, without receiving a reply. "Why do you not answer to your name, Fitzgerald?" inquired the captain. "Shure, sor, me and the sergeant's not on spakin' terms," was the unexpected reply.

Mrs Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville, in her recent volume of Irish sketches, "Father Tom of Connemara," puts into the mouth of an Irishwoman a vivid description of the "hedge schools" which so long afforded their only chance of education to the peasant folk of the "distressful counthry," before the better days began. "A hedge school," says Molly Mullaney, "was a cabin protected by a mountain and a hedge, and kept

warm by the sods of peat carried by the childher every morning undher their arms. The hedge schools turned out some good scholars, too. I niver larned anything, but that was just me luck. I was always last, and there was only one book to each class, and that was passed round from hand to hand when we stood up to read; and before it reached me it was always time to ate the dinners; and whin we started again in the afthernoon it was the same thing. Before me turn came round it was time to go home, for on account of the t'ree miles of a lonely mountain road before me, I had to lave airly. I t'ought," she added reflectively, "that the master might have started sometimes at the foot, to give me a chance; but I suppose he niver t'ought of it." "But you must have learned something?" "I did. I larnt to make ten different kinds of cat's cradles wid the aid of me knuckles and a sthring. I larnt how many laves there was on a daisy, and how many seeds in the heart of a wild strawberry, as well as how many times I could skip to the beat of a rope widout stopping, and how long I could hould me breath undher water. I could swim like a duck and climb like a goat. I knew where the blackest sloes and the reddest bottle-berries grew; and how to tickle a boy or girl in front of me wid a bunch of nettles that would raise a blisther half an inch high, just before their turn came to read. And I knew how to run away from the rache of the master's cane when a complaint went in." "Did your mother never find out?" "She did, in time; but what cud she do to a cripple?" "Oh, the master was a cripple?" "An' d'ye think any one but a cripple would sit all day long and tache childher, wid fish in the say widin a rod of him waiting to be caught, and kelp on the beach waiting to be gathered? But he was a great tacher entirely. He had the longest rache I iver knew, wid a cane at the end of it."

Dean Swift was annoyed, after preaching a charity sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, to find that his sermon had wearied the people, and that they had shown their resentment by

giving a very small collection. "They won't have that complaint next time," said the Dean. Accordingly, when the next charity sermon was to be preached, he took for his text, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." "Now," said he, "look at that text. If you give to the poor to-day, you are lending to the Lord. Do you consider that a good security? If so, down with the dust. The collection will now be taken." That collection "broke the record."

A priest, meeting an Irishman who had lately got married, said to him—"Well, Pat, I hear you have got married." "Yes, sir," replied Pat. "Whose daughter did you marry?" asked the priest. "Shure, sir, I married nobody's daughter; it was the servant lass," was the response.

Some fifty years ago the sexton of Lisburn Cathedral incapacitated by illness from performing his duties and pending his recovery an illiterate old man, who kept what are known as the Castle Gardens in order, was engaged as a substitute to do duty as best he might. Three or four Sundays after his advent the Dean was robing himself in the vestry when he complained to the old man that the fire was none of the best. "I'll put some more paper in it, your reverence," said he. Before the Dean had the slightest idea of what he was about he had torn a wisp of leaves out of one of the marriage registers and thrust them into the fire. The Dean was dumfounded, and to his horror and consternation found that this old sinner had used nothing else for fire lighting since he had come there, evidently regarding the registers as of no more value than used copy books. The registrar of marriages for the district having been made acquainted with the facts, put the matter before the Registrar-General in Dublin. He at once replied that the gravity of the situation could hardly be over-estimated, and at once despatched an inspector to investigate the matter. On inquiring into the case the inspector said it would be useless to prosecute the old man who, being unable either to read or write, had merely acted through ignorance. Fortunately

copies of all the marriages were lodged with the local registrar as well as at Dublin Castle, and the registrar was instructed to make fresh entries in a new book in lieu of those destroyed, and then go before a magistrate for the County of Antrim and make a separate statutory declaration in each case that it was a true copy of the original, and even then the Registrar-General stated that the case was to the last degree unsatisfactory as the original signatures were gone for ever. Not many years ago the wife of an American millionaire requested a gentleman to obtain for her a copy of the certificate of her marriage solemnised in the Parish Church at Belfast fifty years before, when a young girl of eighteen, and this he obtained for her without the slightest difficulty.

Whateley and Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, often sat side by side in the board-room of the Commissioners of National Education, and knew one another well. At some vice-regal dinner, Whateley gravely asked Dr. Murray, "What's the difference, doctor, between you and me?" The doctor began to enumerate a number of momentous differences. "No, that's not it," said Whateley; "the difference is that you are a Roman, and I am a Rum-un."

When we remember that since Shakespeare the sweetest, jolliest, best-humoured comedies in English have been written by four Irishmen, Farquhar, Steele, Sheridan, and Goldsmith, we are surprised to find a critic saying that most of the popular Irish wit is sardonic. Perhaps hardships have stiffened the Irishman's humour. However that may be, there is still no lack of the quick analogy, genial animation, and generous farce in the jokes of the Irishman. Here are two bits that never grew east of the Irish Sea:—A boy on a Dublin corner was asked why he stared so intently after an old gentleman who was tripping up the street with all the jaunty elasticity of youth. "What is the matter with the gentleman?" "What's the matter wid him? Look at the walk of him! He only touches the ground in an odd place." The late Father Ryan

overheard a similar comment on senile spryness, made by an old beggar woman. The priest was talking with a dean of his church, a man of seventy, who suddenly broke off the conversation to catch a passing street car. "Yerrah, look at the ould dean," said the beggar woman to Father Ryan, "skippin' about like a new-married flea!"

On one occasion an attorney, dining at the same table with Swift, and thinking to make a joke at his expense, asked the Dean, "Suppose, doctor, the parsons and the devil went to law, which, in your opinion, would gain the case?" "The devil would," replied the Dean promptly, "for all the lawyers and attorneys would be on his side."

Terence, a powerful, good-natured Irishman, was one of a number of workmen employed in erecting a new building. The owner of the building, who knew him, said to him one day:—"Terry, didn't you tell me once that a brother of yours is a clergyman?" "Yis, sor." "And you are a hod-carrier! The good things of this life are not equally divided, are they, Terry?" "No, sorr," rejoined Terence, shouldering his hod and starting up the ladder with it. "Poor felly! He couldn't do this to save his life!"

An Irishman, having the good fortune to have £100 left to him from an old uncle, went to tell the priest the good news, and ask his advice. "Shure, Michael," said the priest, "the best advice I can give you is to prepare for a rainy day." Meeting Michael a few days after, he asked him how he was going on with his legacy. "Begorra," said Mike, "I've followed your riverence's advice. Shure, I've sent to Dublin for a hundred pounds worth of umbrellas."

"He must take the medicine in a recumbent position," said the physician who had been called to attend an injured Irishman. The man's wife was puzzled, but would not admit it. She confided her dilemma first to her husband. "Tim, dear," she said, "here's your midicine all roight, but the docther do be saying ye must take it in a recoombant position, and niver

a wan have we in the house!" "Ye moight borry wan," suggested Tim. "'Inere's Mrs. O'Mara, now—she do always be having things comf-table and handy-loike." So the wife made her appeal to the more provident neighbour. "Mrs. O'Mara, me Tim has been hurted." "The poor soul!" "Yes, and he's that bad the docther says, 'Give him his medicine in a recoombant position,' and, Mrs. O'Mara, we haven't wan in the house. Would ye moind giving me the loan av yours?" Mrs. O'Mara was puzzled in her turn, but she too refused to admit it. "Faith, and ye can have it and wilcome," she said heartily, "but me friend Mrs. Flaherty has it; she borried it Tuesday week—jist round the third corner beyant, forninst the poomp!" So the quest was continued. "Mrs. Flaherty, excuse me fer troubling ye, me being a sthranger entirely to ye, but me man is hurted, and the docther says, 'No hope of saving him onless ye give him his medicine in a recoombant position.' Meself didn't happen to have wan, so I stepped over to borry Mrs. O'Mara's. Would ye moind me taking it the while, me Tim being so bad?" "Moind? Av coorse not!" returned Mrs. Flaherty, with the polite readiness of her nationality. "But sorra the day! Flaherty—he do be moighty onstiddy betoimes—he dropped it on the flure last noight and bruk it!" "I'll have to pour it into him the best way I can, poor man!" said Tim's wife, as she hurried home.

"Mrs. M'Lubberty," said the physician, addressing the mother of the youthful patient, "something must be done to cheer up the little fellow—to raise his spirits and arouse his interest." Turning to the beside, he asked, kindly:—"My lad, would you not like to be out this pleasant afternoon, spinning your top, or watching the other boys at their merry games?" The sick boy closed his eyes wearily, as one who is not long for this world and has lost all interest in the frivolities of a mundane existence. "Wouldn't you enjoy trundling your hoop or playing 'touch' with your little school-fellows?" persisted the physician, sympathetically. The in-

valid's only reply was to sigh like one who is almost gone. "Sure, now, doethor," exclaimed the lad's mother, "thot's not the way to be afther livening the bye up at all, at all! Ar-r-r-r, Mickey, my dar-r-r-rlin', wudden't ye loike to be runnin' about, t'rowing stones through M'Rafferty's windy, or tying the Widdy Mulvaney's pet cat to the railway lines an' watching the trains squanch the loife out uv ut?" The sick boy promptly sat up, and demanded his trousers in a voice of authority.

Pat met the village doctor, who was a sportsman, and who was carrying his gun: "Shure, doctor," he said, "ye're a careful man, for if yer physic misses 'em, ye always carry yer gun."

"Well, nurse," said the doctor, "did my prescription prove effective?" "Shure an' it did, sorr," was the reply. "He died this morning as quiet as a lamb."

A man in workman's garb called one day at a local dentist's. The door was opened by a maid. "Is the gent. in as draws the teeth?" he asked. "No, sor," was the reply, "but I expect he will be in shortly." "Does he give gas?" queried the workman, as he paused on the doorstep. "Yes," was the reply. "What does he charge?" was the next question. "Seven and sixpence," said the servant. "What, seven and sixpence!" exclaimed the workman. Do you mean to say, Miss, a fellow's got to swallow over two thousand feet of gas to have a tooth hauled out. I reckon I knows a bit about it, Miss. I'm down working at the Gas Company's."

An old woman had occasion to call in the doctor to see her husband who had been ailing for some time. After seeing the patient the doctor told the old lady there was nothing serious the matter, but to give the patient a "black draught," saying he would call again. When he again called, he asked if she had done as he told her. "Well, doctor, she said, "I looked high and low for a black draught and could not find one, but I gave him the double six domino, and it nearly choked him."

A lady who had been ill and under medical treatment for some time without getting any better became very distrustful of her doctor's skill, and therefore wished to dispense with his services and to try another man in his stead. She had not, however, the temerity to inform him of this, so she communicated her state of mind to her maid, a gem from the Emerald Isle. "Lave 'im to me, mum, lave 'im to me," said Bridget. By and by the doctor knocked at the door, and Bridget opened it about an inch. "Very sorry, sor," said she, "but ye can't come in to-day, docthor!" "Can't come in? Why not?" "The misthress is too ill fer to see ye to-day, sor!"

A well-known medical man was attending an old Irishwoman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been verv ill, but was convalescent, when one day she said to the doctor—"Will ye tell me, doctor, dear, for certain, whether I'll be gattin' well again or no'?" "Oh, yes; I feel sure you will be all right very soon now," was the answer. "I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman, an' I subscribe to a buryin' society, an' I just wanted to know if I was likely to be gettin' any benefit out av it or no."

THE END.

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